

MARVEL

HERE COMES...
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITH NO FEAR!



WAID RIVERA RIOS KANO PHAM

HERE COMES...

DAREDEVIL



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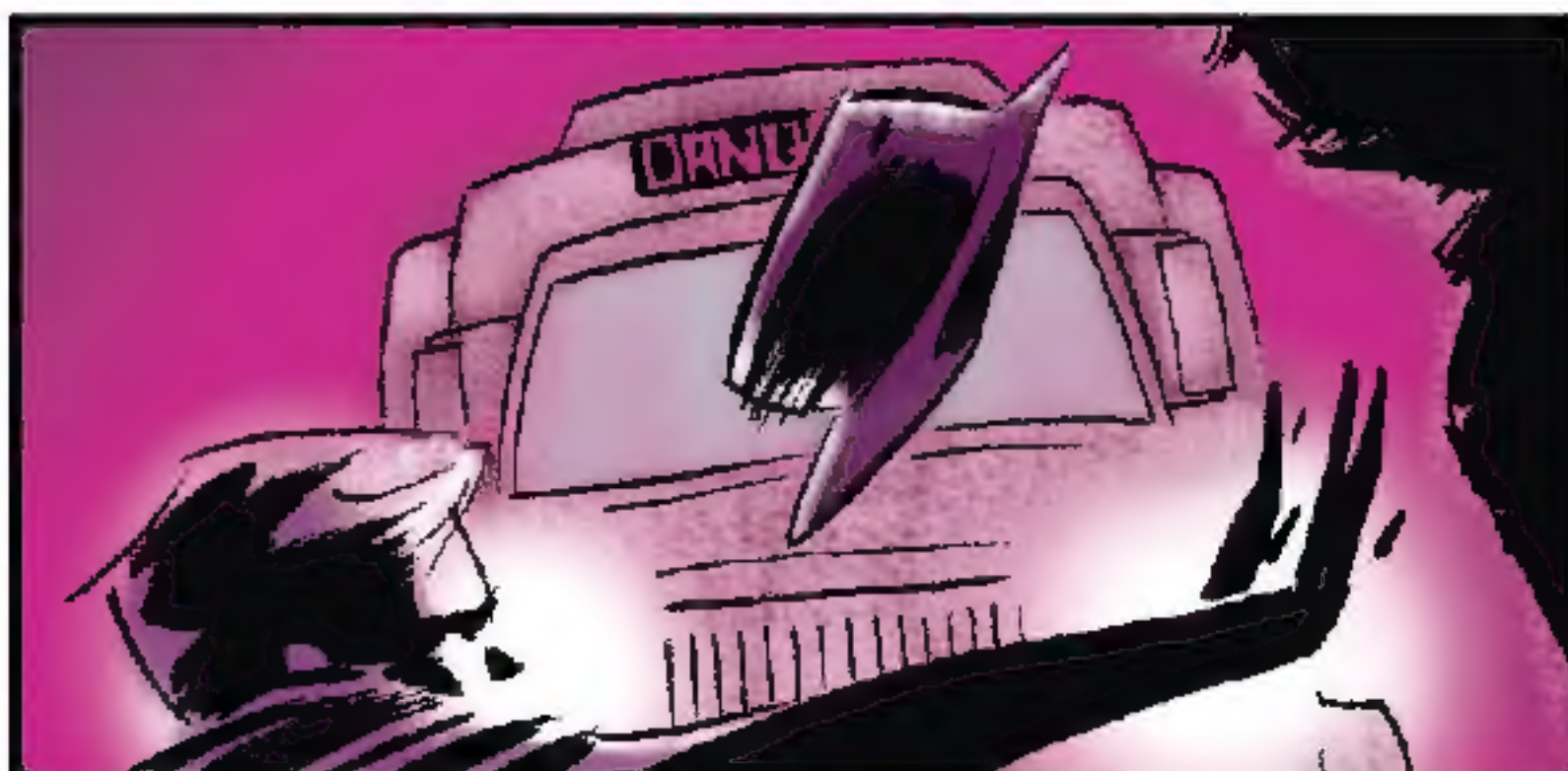
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BATTLIN' JACK MURDOCK WANTED HIS SON TO LIVE HIS LIFE WITHOUT FEAR.

HE URGED MATT NOT TO FOLLOW IN HIS FOOTSTEPS AS A SMALL-TIME BOXER... TO HAVE THE GUTS TO MAKE SOMETHING OF HIMSELF.



WHEN MATT WAS STILL A TEENAGER, HE SAVED AN OLD MAN ABOUT TO BE RUN OVER BY A RUNAWAY TRUCK.



BUT A RADIOACTIVE CYLINDER FELL FROM THE TRUCK AND BLINDED MATT FOR LIFE.



YET HE SOON REALIZED HIS OTHER SENSES HAD BECOME SUPERHUMANLY ACUTE!



HE COULD TELL WHETHER OR NOT SOMEONE WAS LYING BY LISTENING TO THE PERSON'S HEARTBEAT.

HE COULD RECOGNIZE PEOPLE BY SCENT ALONE.

AND HE HAD DEVELOPED A SIXTH SENSE, A RADAR-LIKE AWARENESS OF WHERE OBJECTS WERE.



MURDOCK DIDN'T NEED ANY SUPER-POWERS TO GRADUATE AT THE TOP OF HIS LAW SCHOOL CLASS.



HE BECAME A SUCCESSFUL ATTORNEY, FULFILLING THE DREAMS OF HIS FATHER.



BATTLIN' JACK DID NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SAVOR MATT'S SUCCESS.



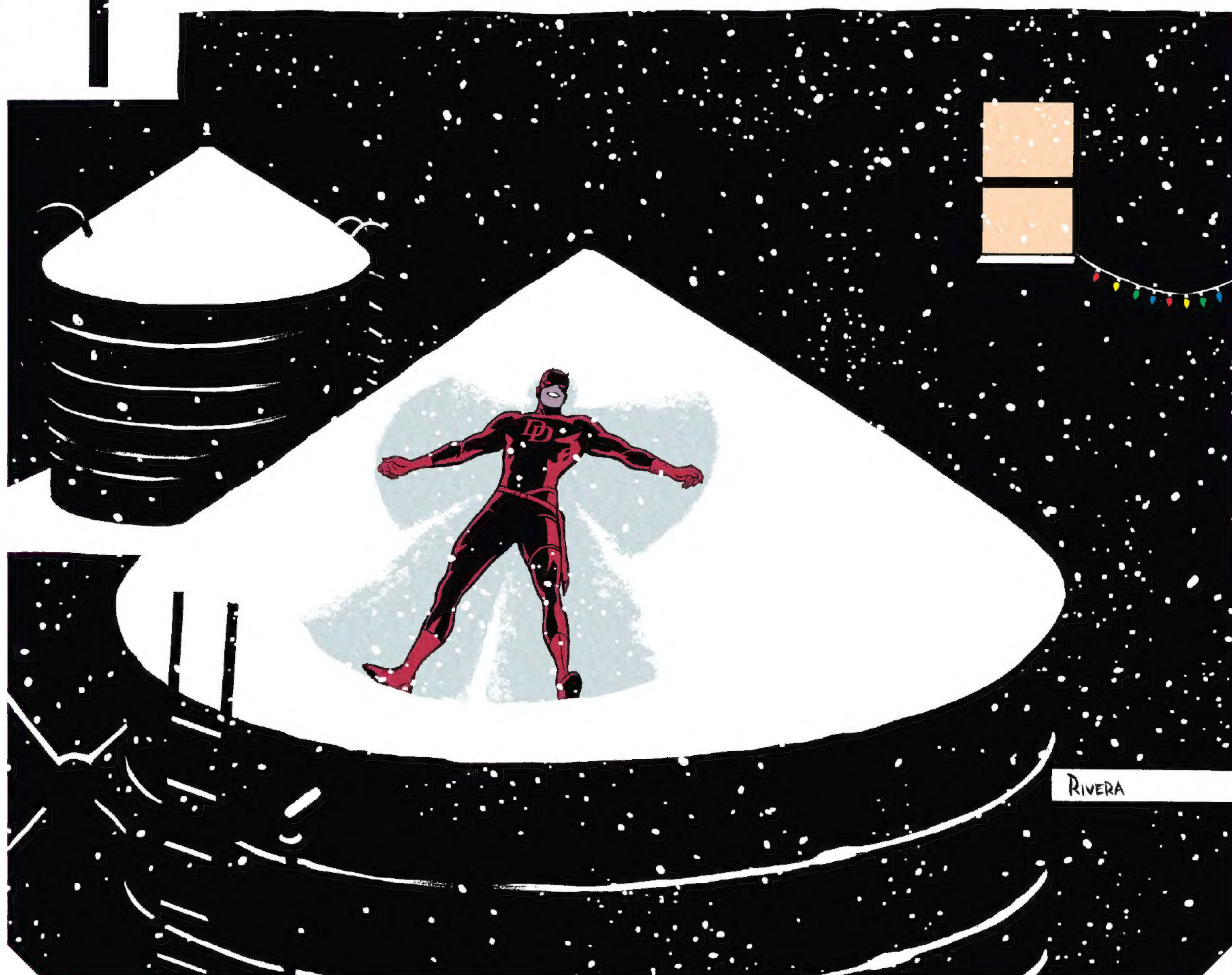
GANGSTERS' BULLETS CUT HIM DOWN AFTER REFUSING TO THROW A FIGHT.

JACK DIDN'T WANT MATT TO BECOME A FIGHTER. BUT TO BRING HIS FATHER'S KILLERS TO JUSTICE, HE BECAME A MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

HERE COMES...

DAREDEVIL

This page by:
Fred Van Lente, Marcos Martin,
and BlamBot's Nate Piekos



RIVERA

SEVEN

★★★★★
FINAL

DAILY BUGLE®

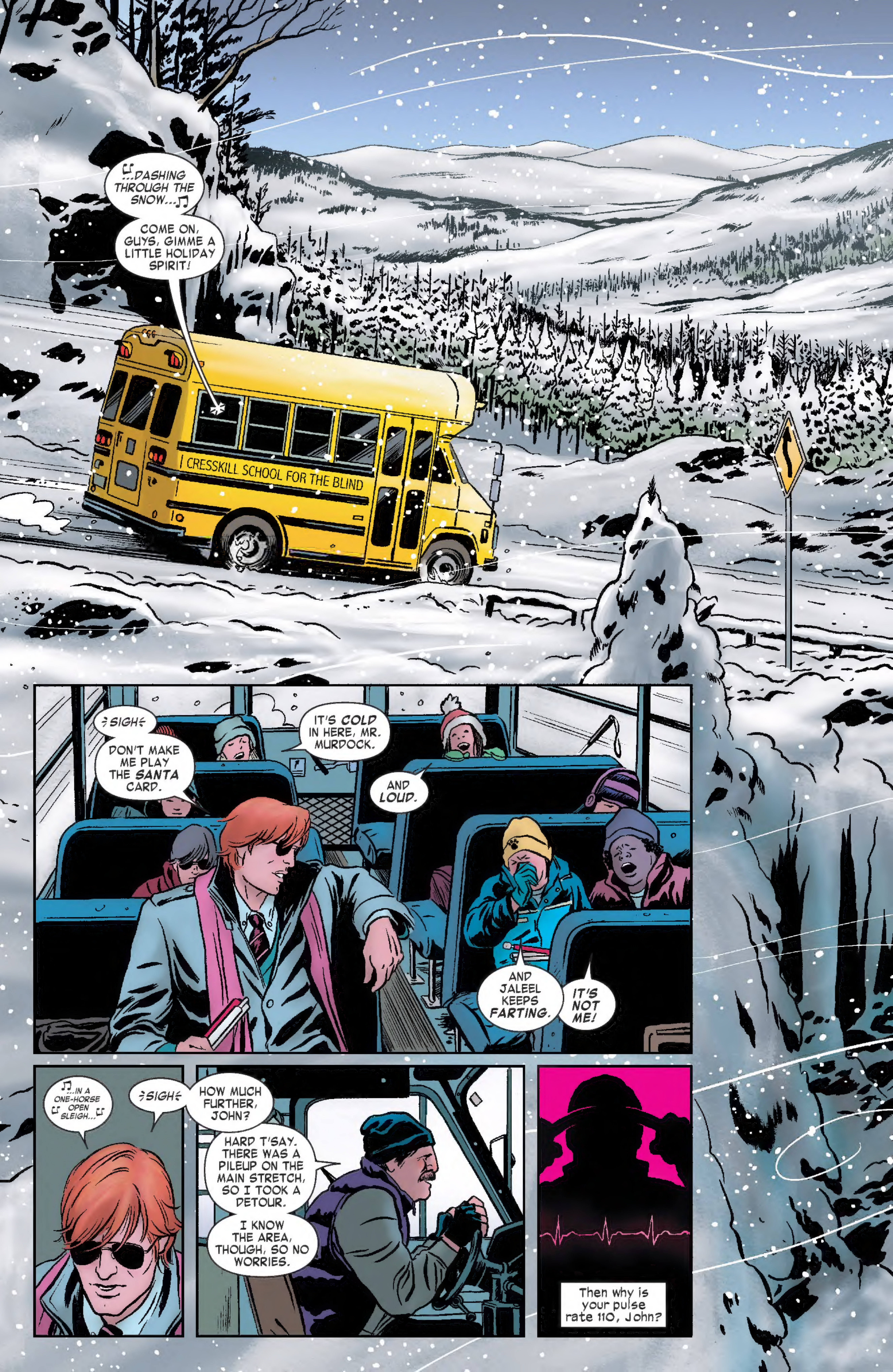
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

SINCE 1897
★★★★★
\$1.00 (in NYC)
\$1.50 (outside city)

INSIDE. SKI LODGE MASSACRE BLOODIES HUDSON RIVER VALLEY! MARATHON
OVERRUN BY MOLOIDS! MAYOR MISSING; MORE MUTANT AVENGERS?



THE MOST WANTED MAN ALIVE
DAREDEVIL WAS SPOTTED WALKING AWAY FROM A CONFRONTATION WITH A.I.M., HYDRA, AGENCÉ BYZANTIUM, THE SECRET EMPIRE AND BLACK SPECTRE. WHAT COULD HE HAVE THAT WOULD CAUSE ALL OF THOSE GROUPS TO JOIN FORCES FOR HIS DESTRUCTION? AND WHAT WILL IT MEAN FOR MATT MURDOCK, THE BLIND LAWYER WHO KEEPS CLAIMING HE'S NOT DAREDEVIL?
(PICTURED HERE WITH A.D.A. KIRSTEN MCDUFFIE)



♪...DASHING THROUGH THE SNOW...♪

COME ON, GUYS, GIMME A LITTLE HOLIDAY SPIRIT!



♫SIGH♫
DON'T MAKE ME PLAY THE SANTA CARD.

IT'S COLD IN HERE, MR. MURDOCK.

AND LOUD.

AND JALEEL KEEPS FARTING.

IT'S NOT ME!



♪...IN A ONE-HORSE OPEN SLEIGH...♪

♫SIGH♫



HOW MUCH FURTHER, JOHN?

HARD T'SAY. THERE WAS A PILEUP ON THE MAIN STRETCH, SO I TOOK A DETOUR.

I KNOW THE AREA, THOUGH, SO NO WORRIES.



Then why is your pulse rate 110, John?



DOUBLE
BACK IF YOU
NEED TO.

NOT AN
OPTION.
BLIZZARD'S
RIGHT ON OUR
BUTT.

MAN, IT
CAME OUTTA
NOWHERE...

RELAX.
WE'RE
GOOD.



120.

GUYS,
AGAIN, I'M
SORRY.

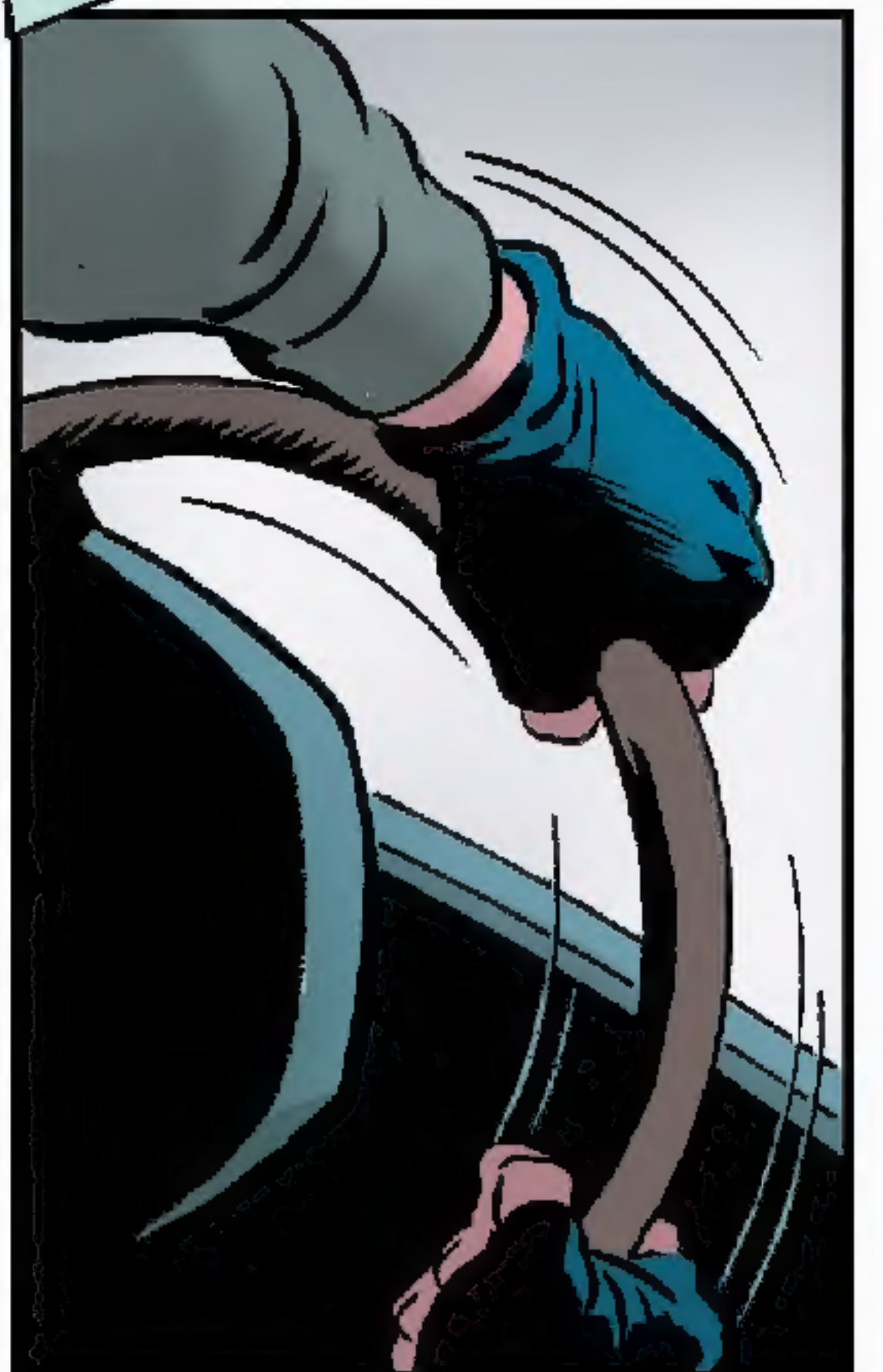
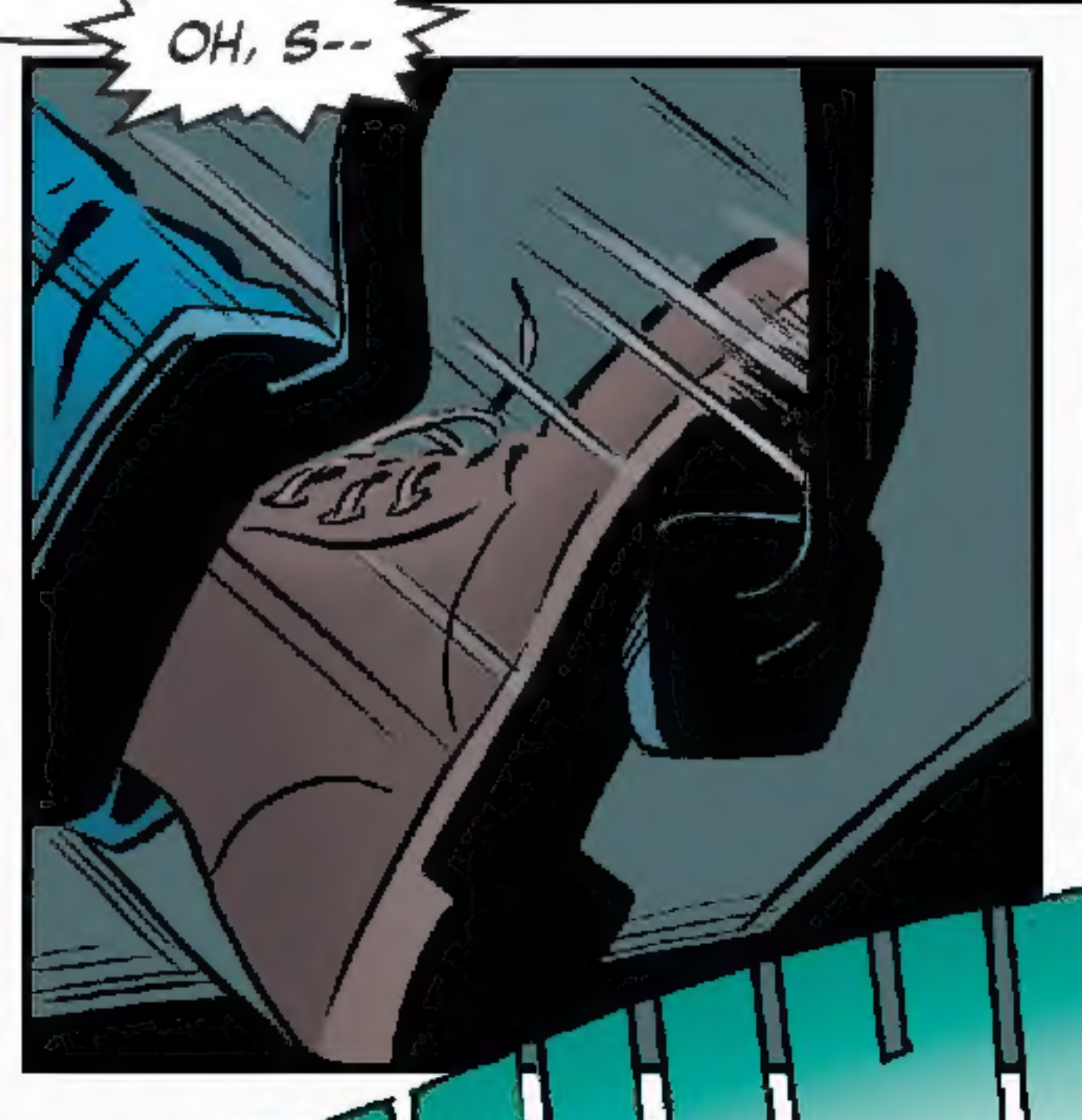


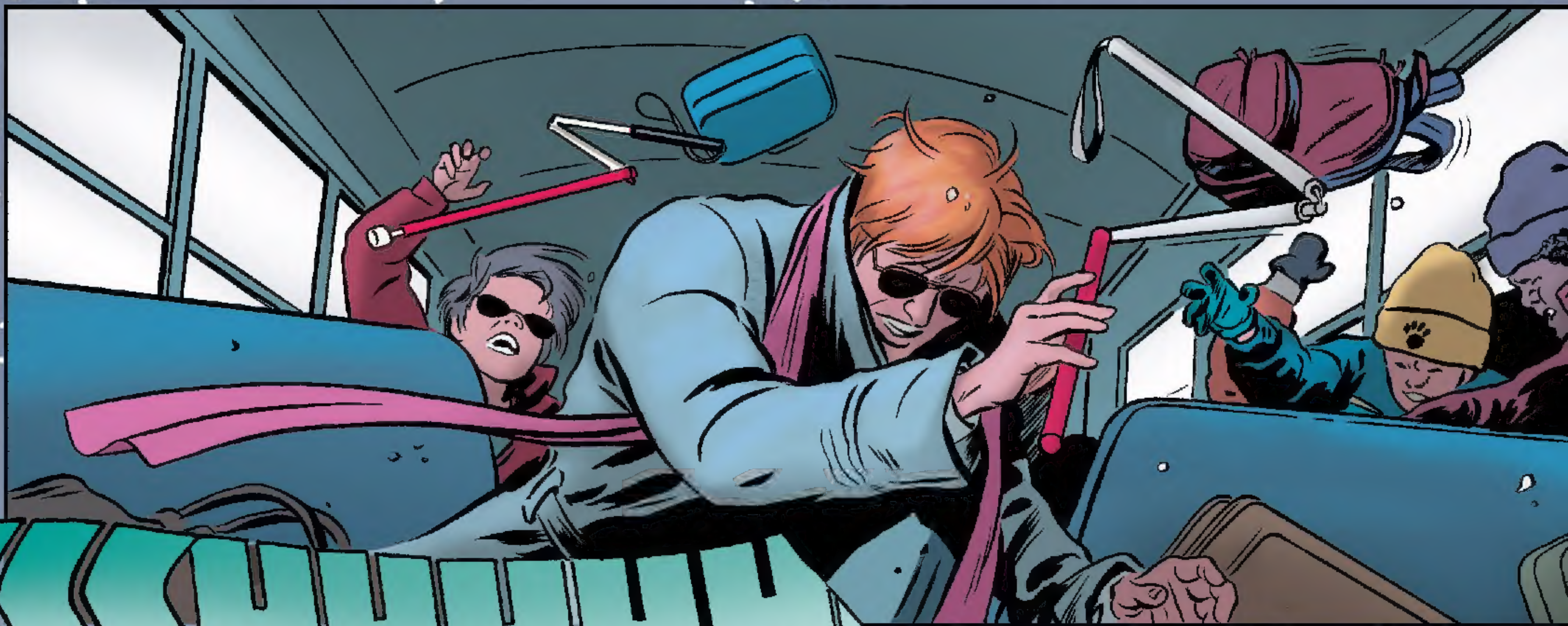
I BOOKED
THAT LODGE
MONTHS AGO. THEY
HAD NO RIGHT TO
DOUBLE-BOOK AND
TURN US AWAY.

TRUST ME,
THEY *WILL* HEAR
FROM YOUR
LAWYER.

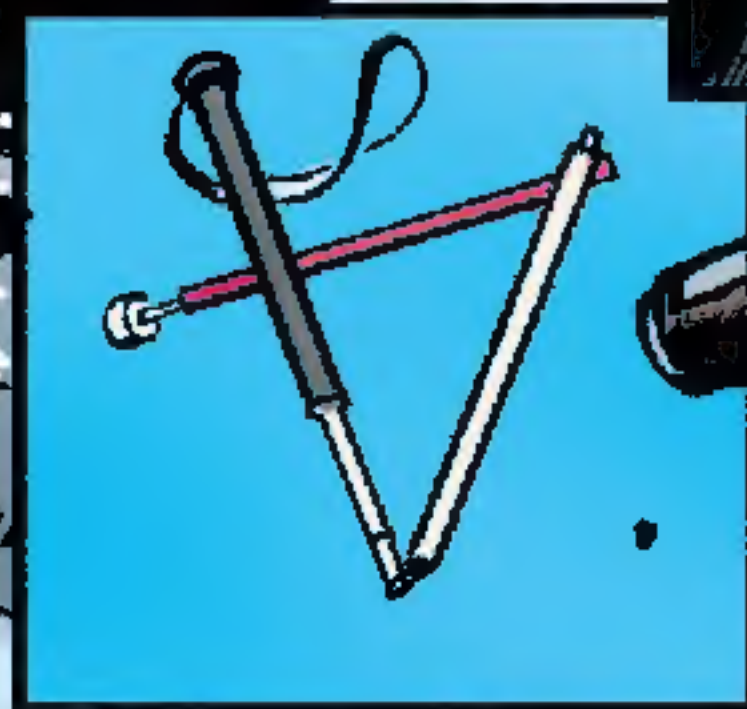
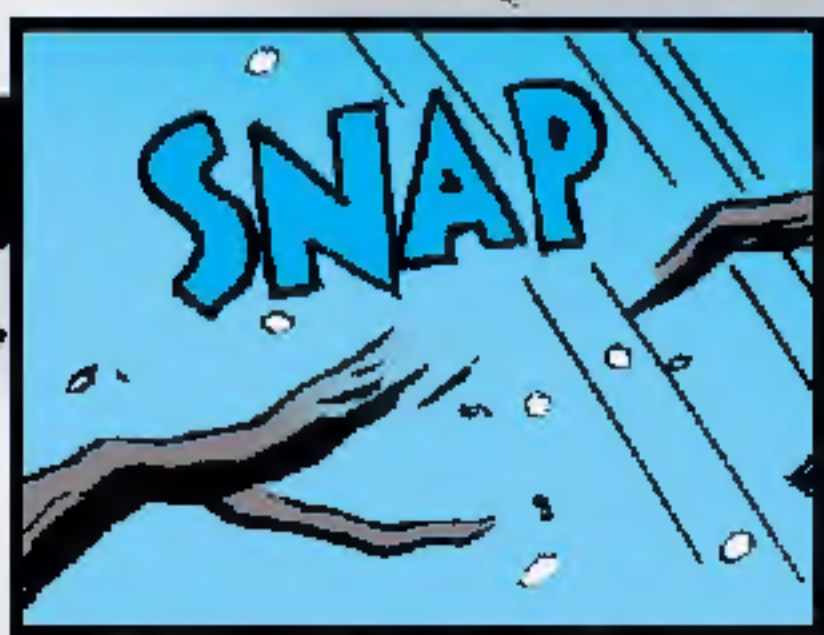
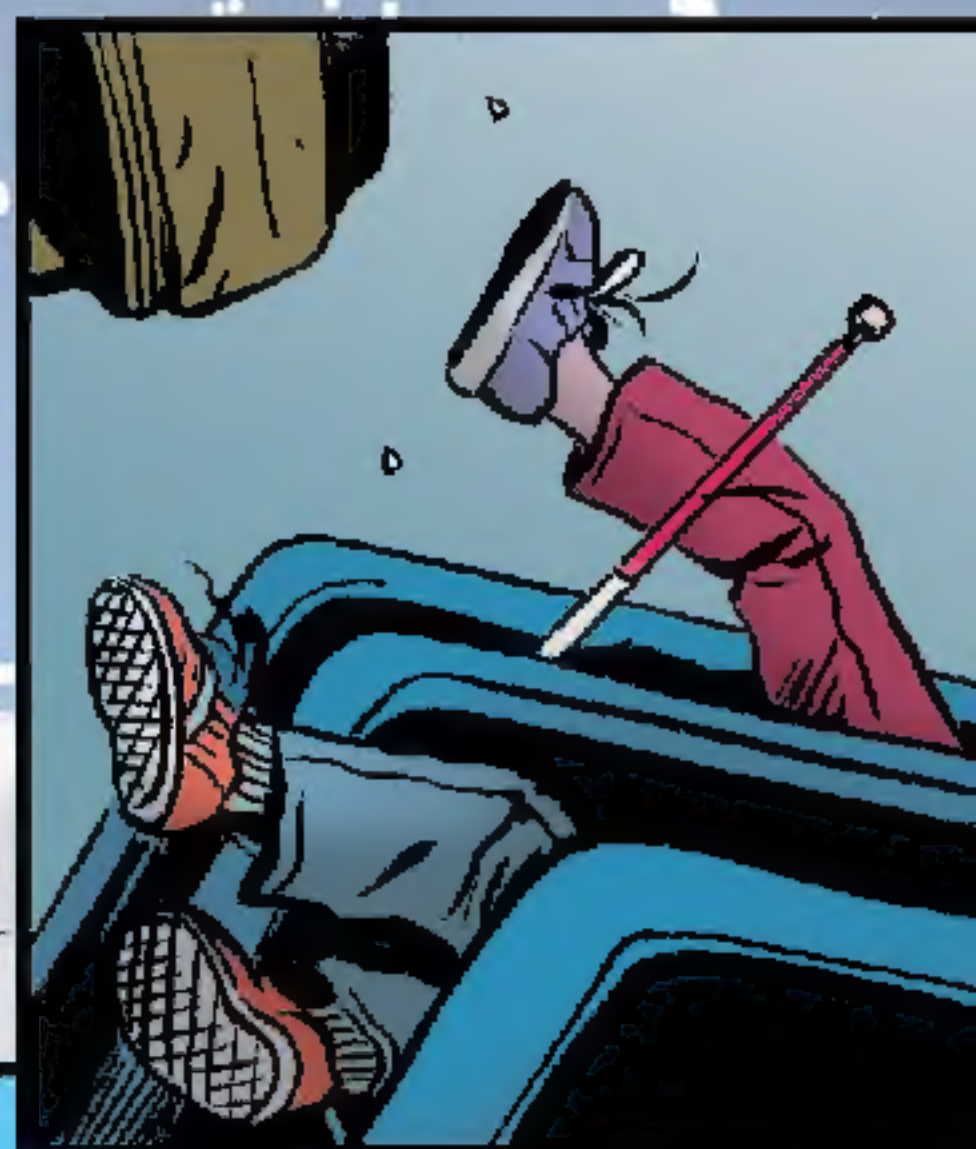
WE'LL GET
YOU HOME, WE'LL
GET YOU WARM AND
FED AND BACK TO
YOUR FOLKS, AND
I'LL MAKE IT
UP TO

OH, S---

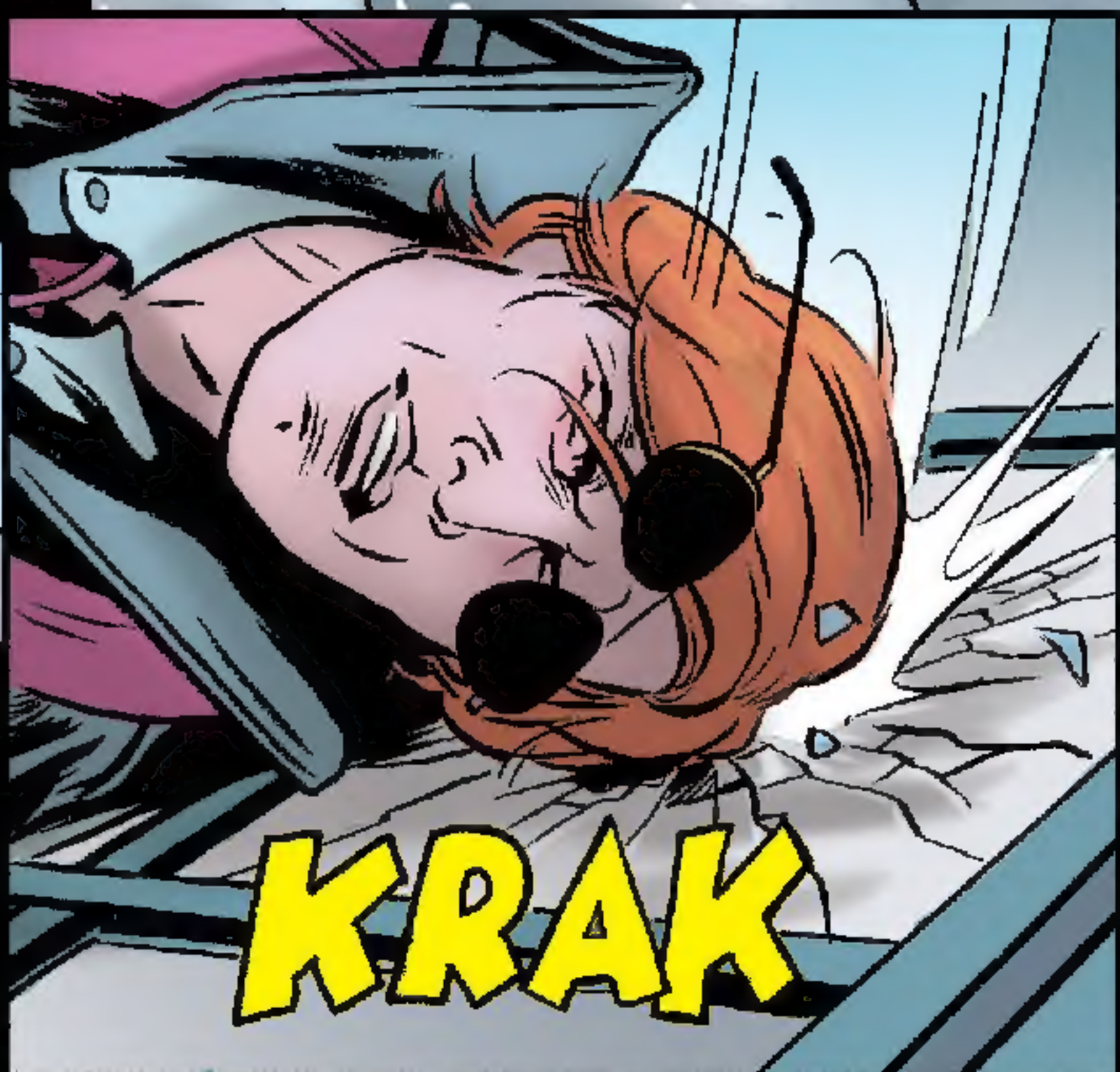




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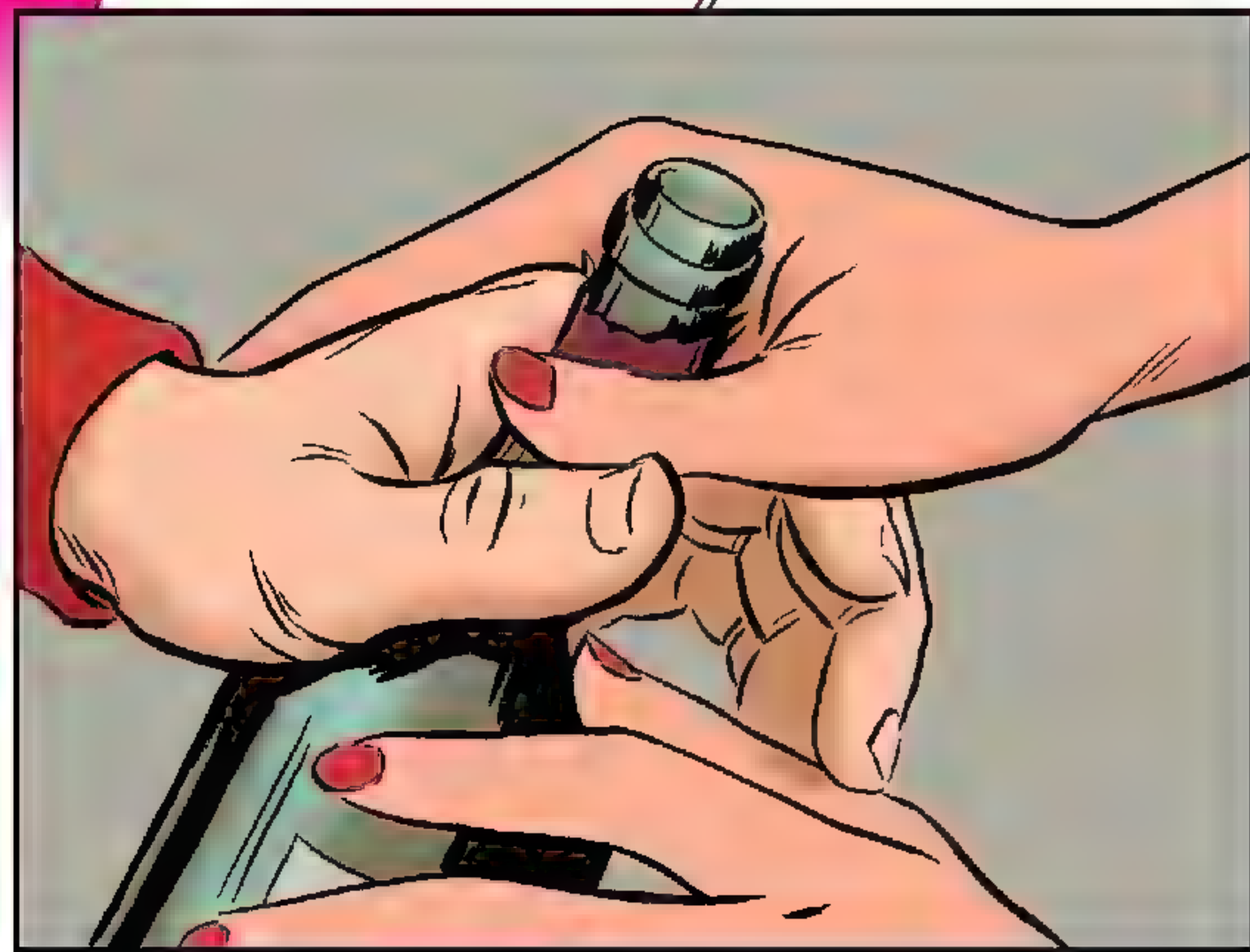
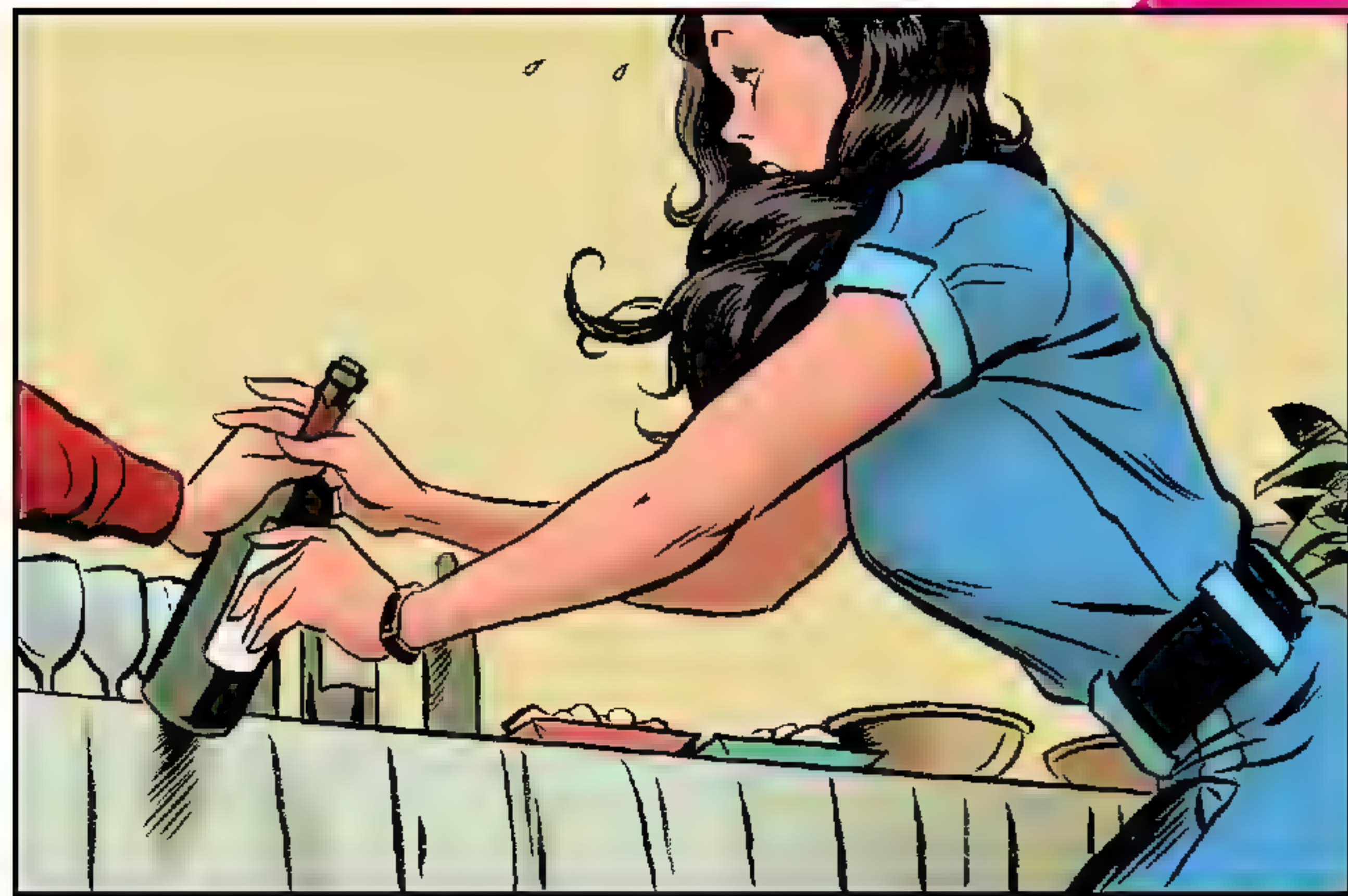


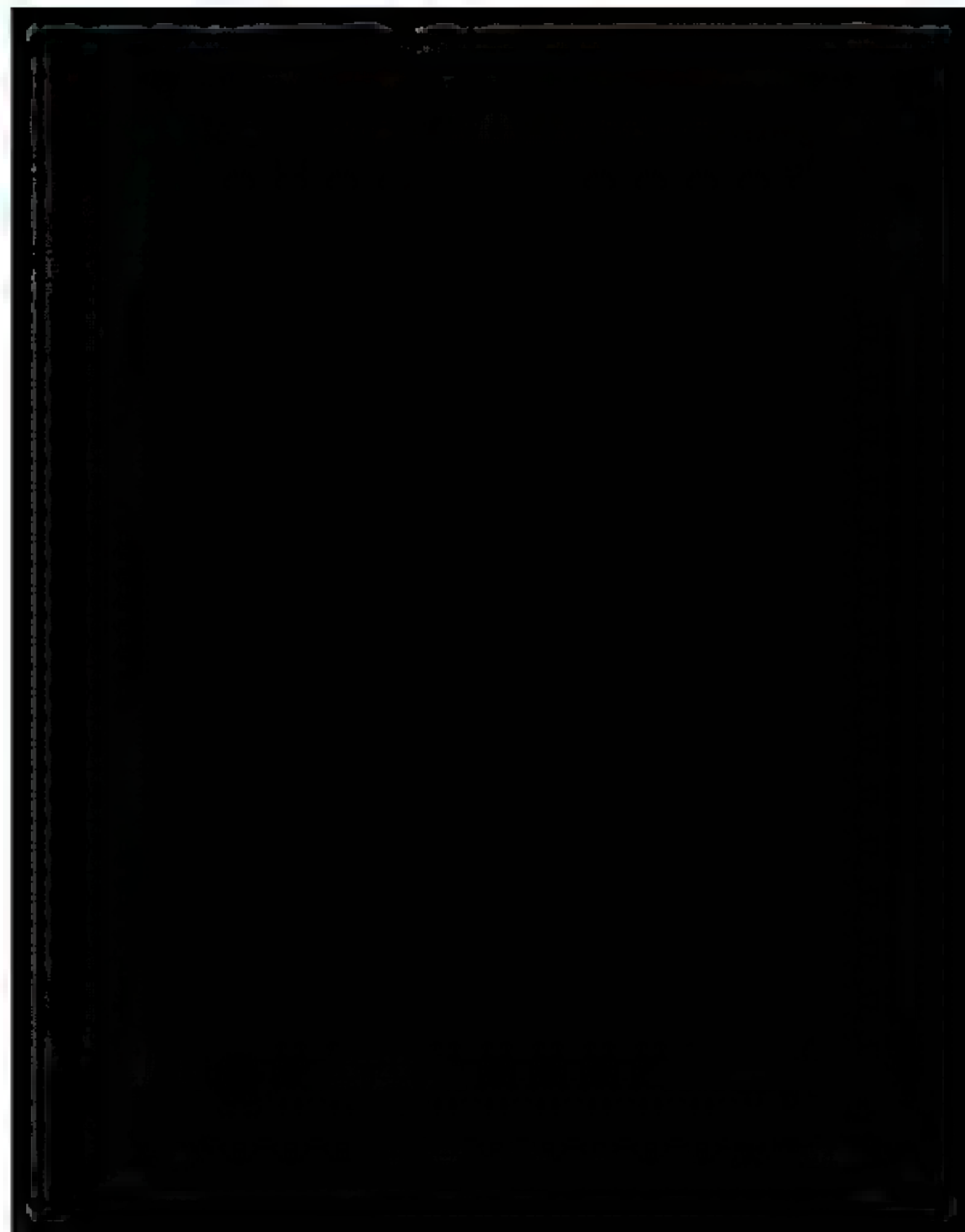
FATHOON

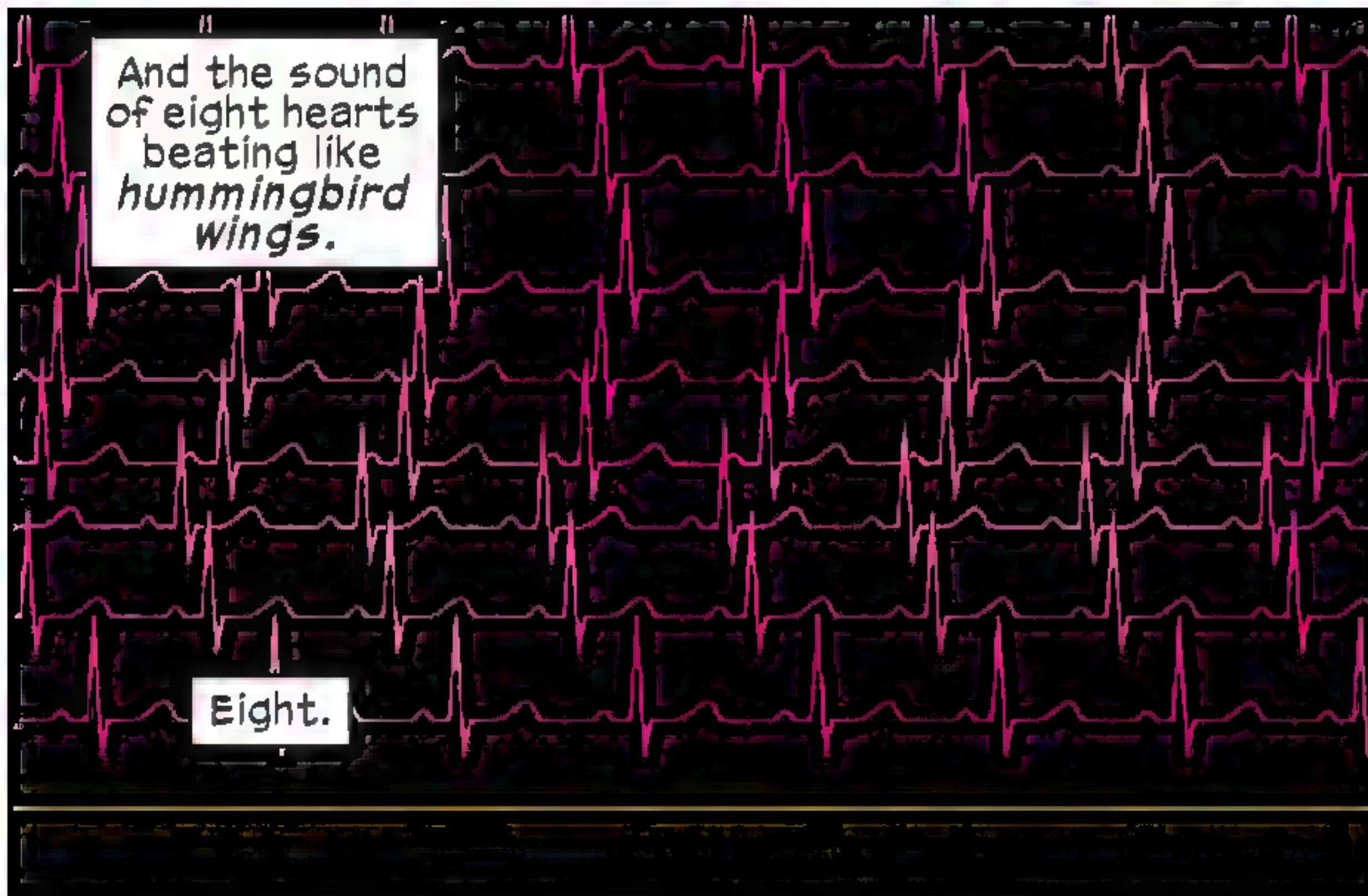


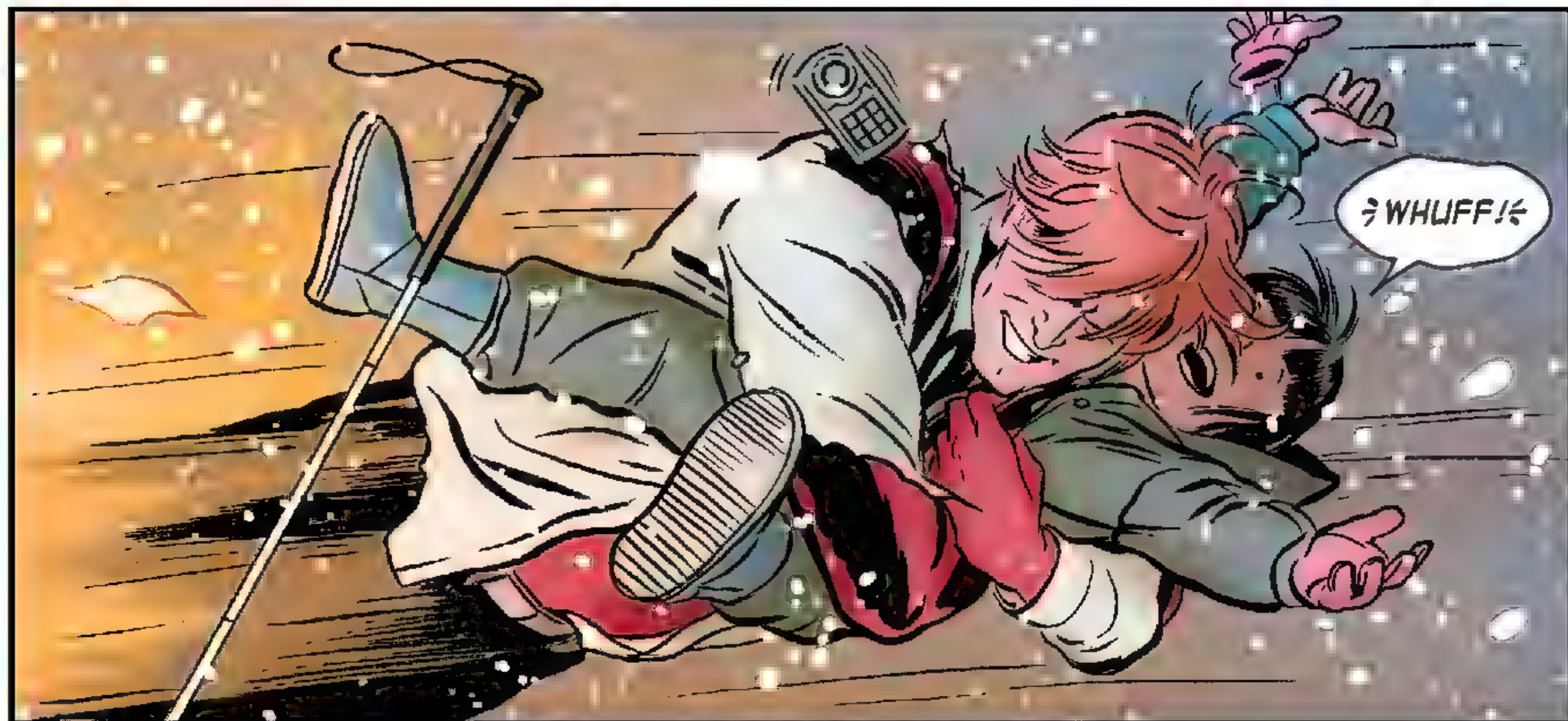
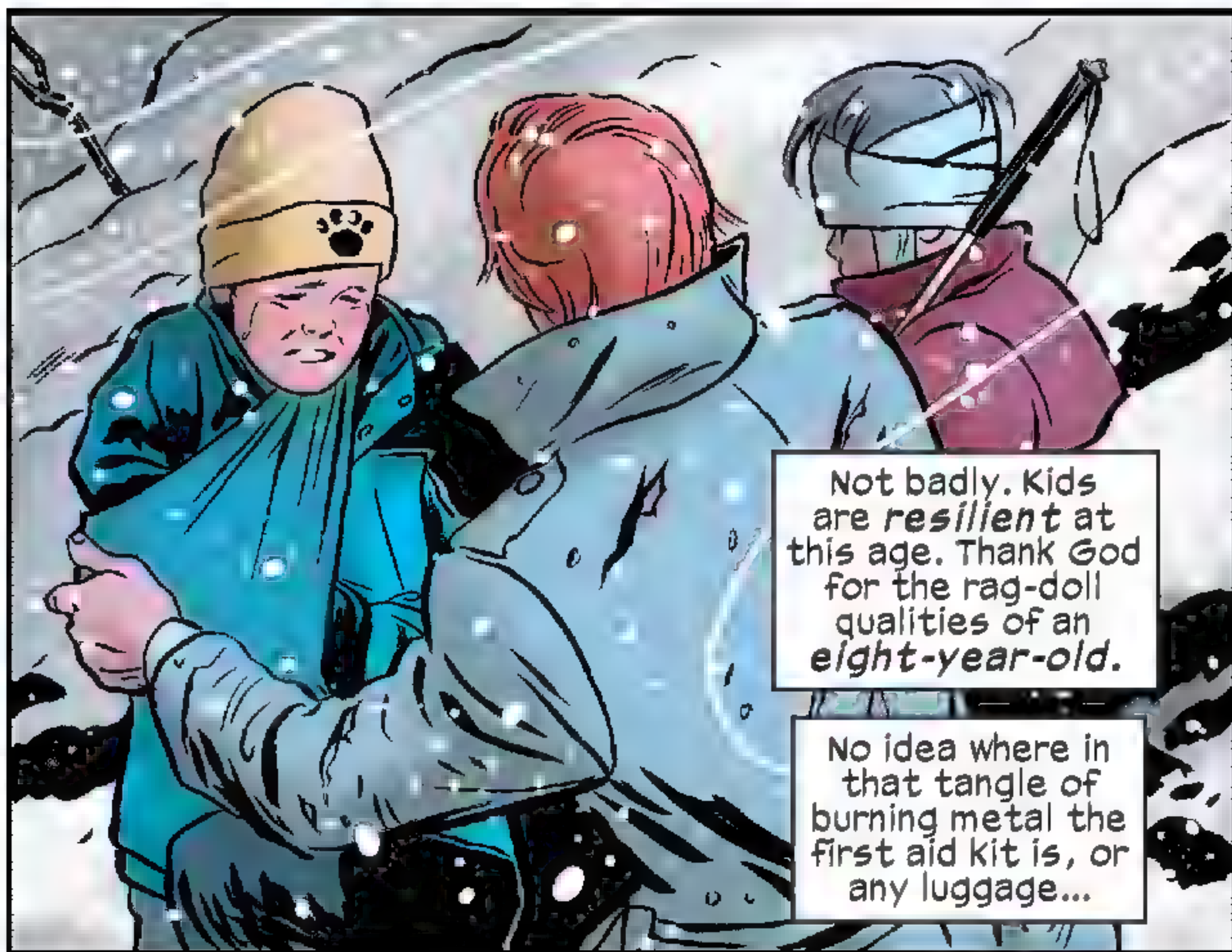
KRAK

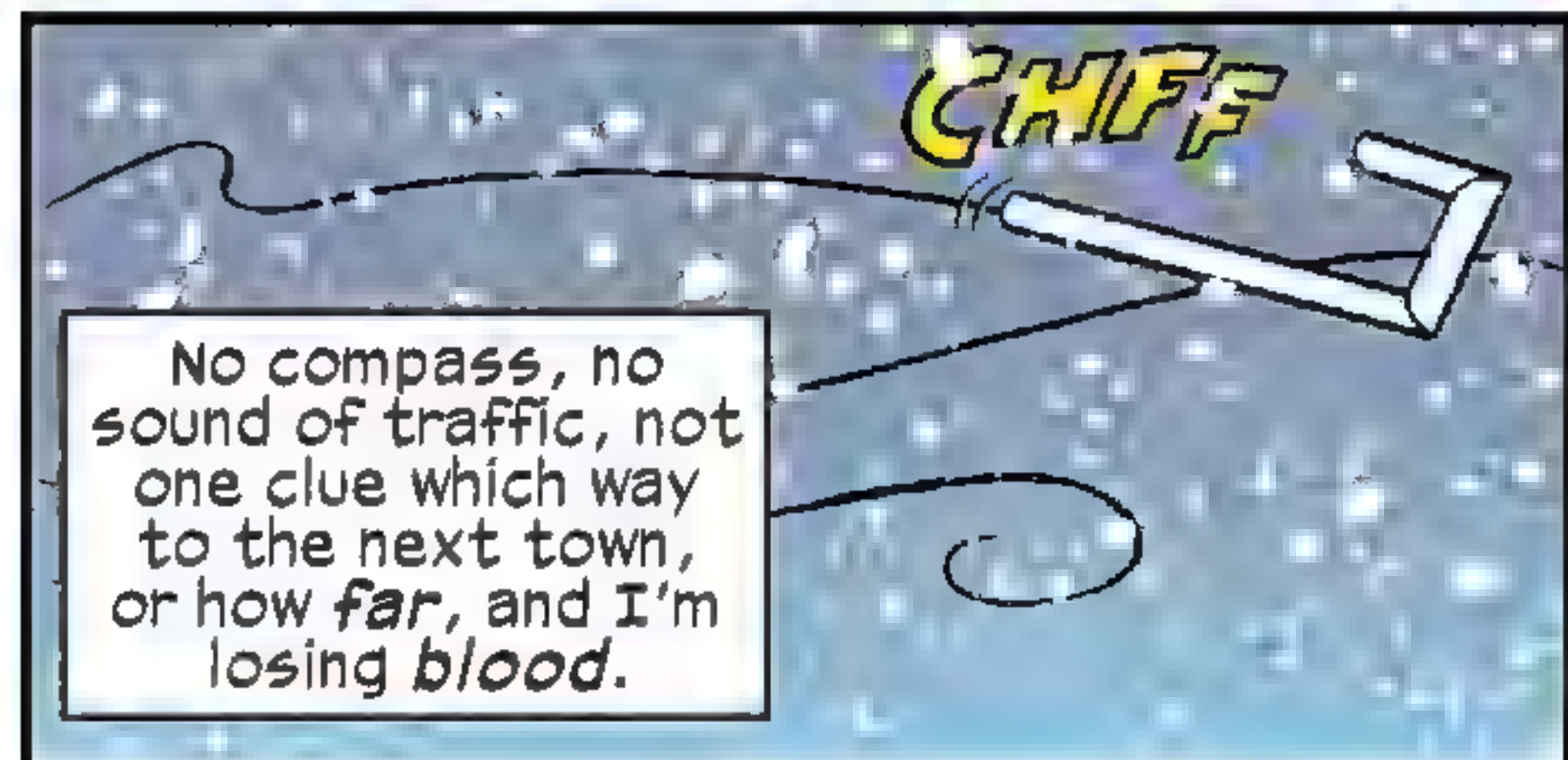
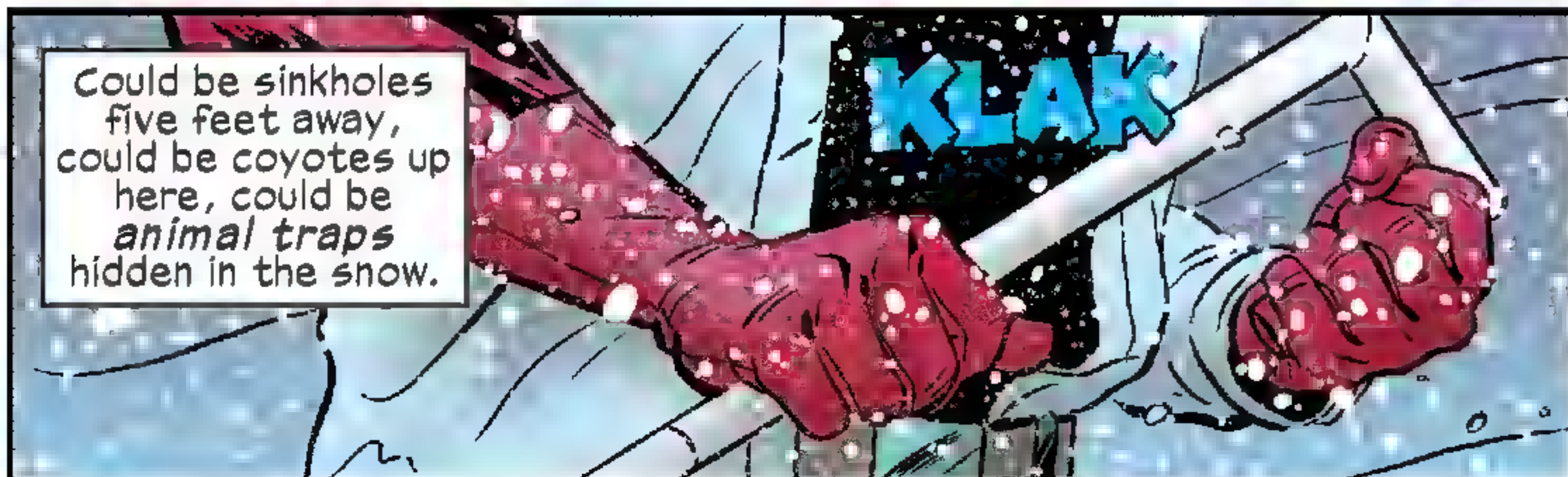
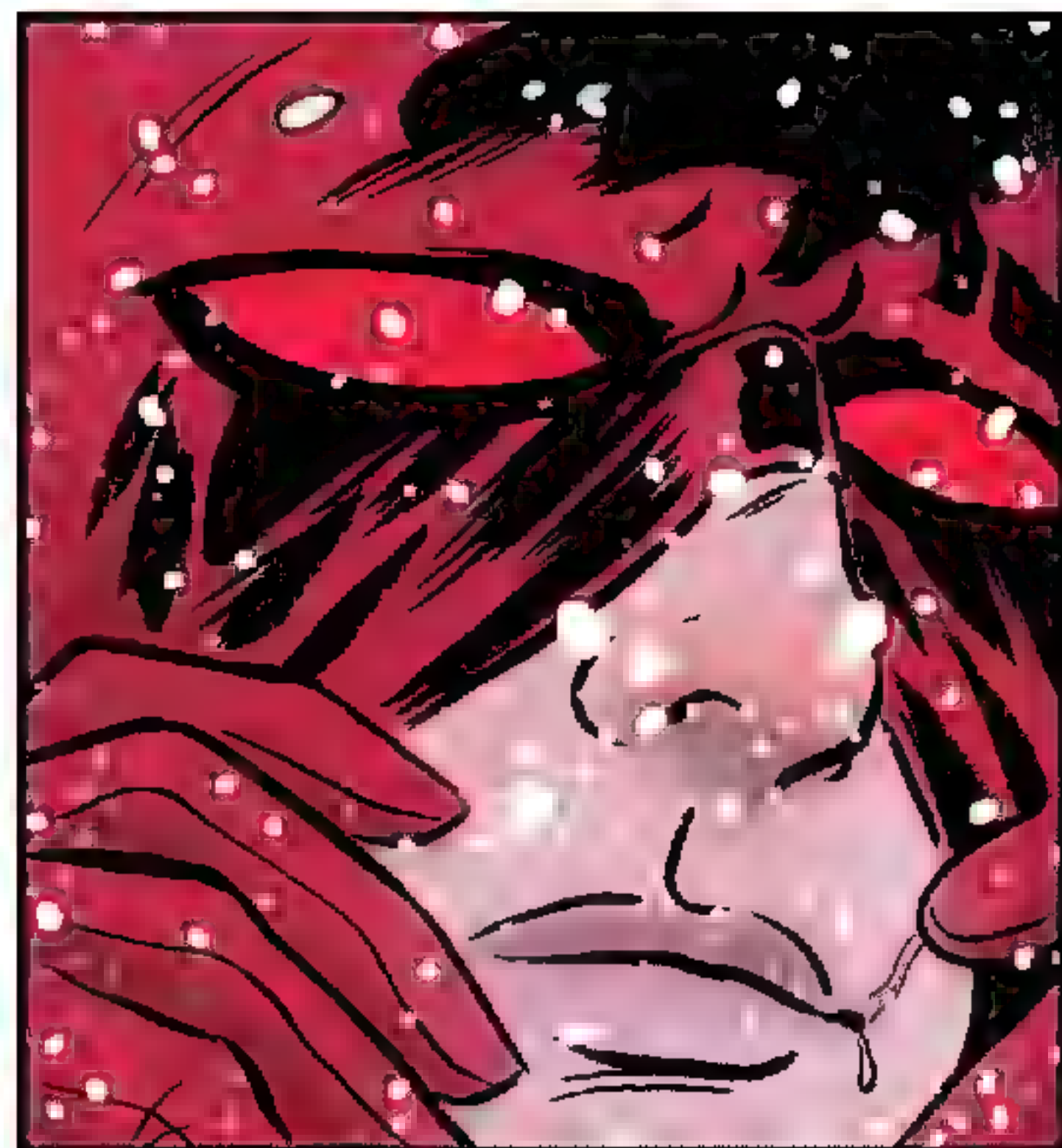
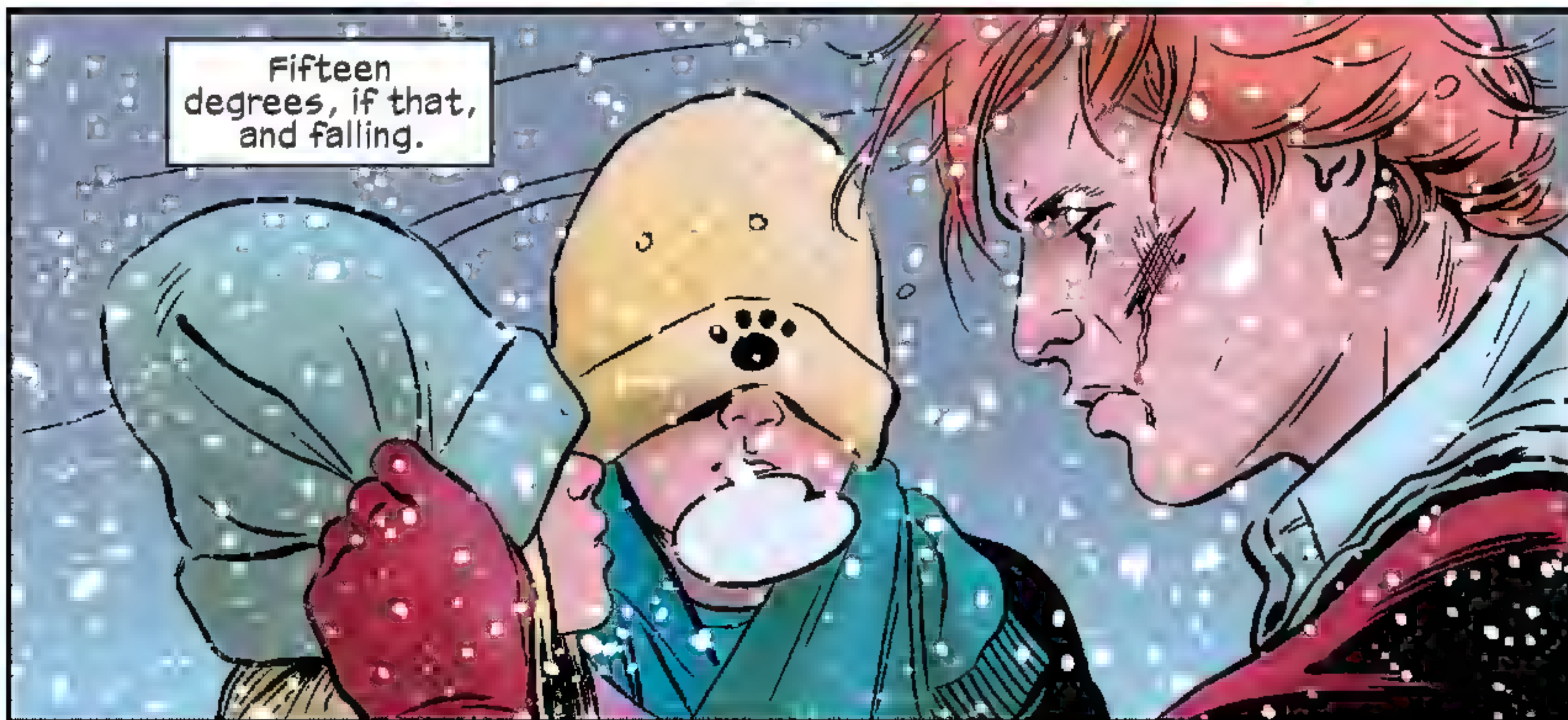
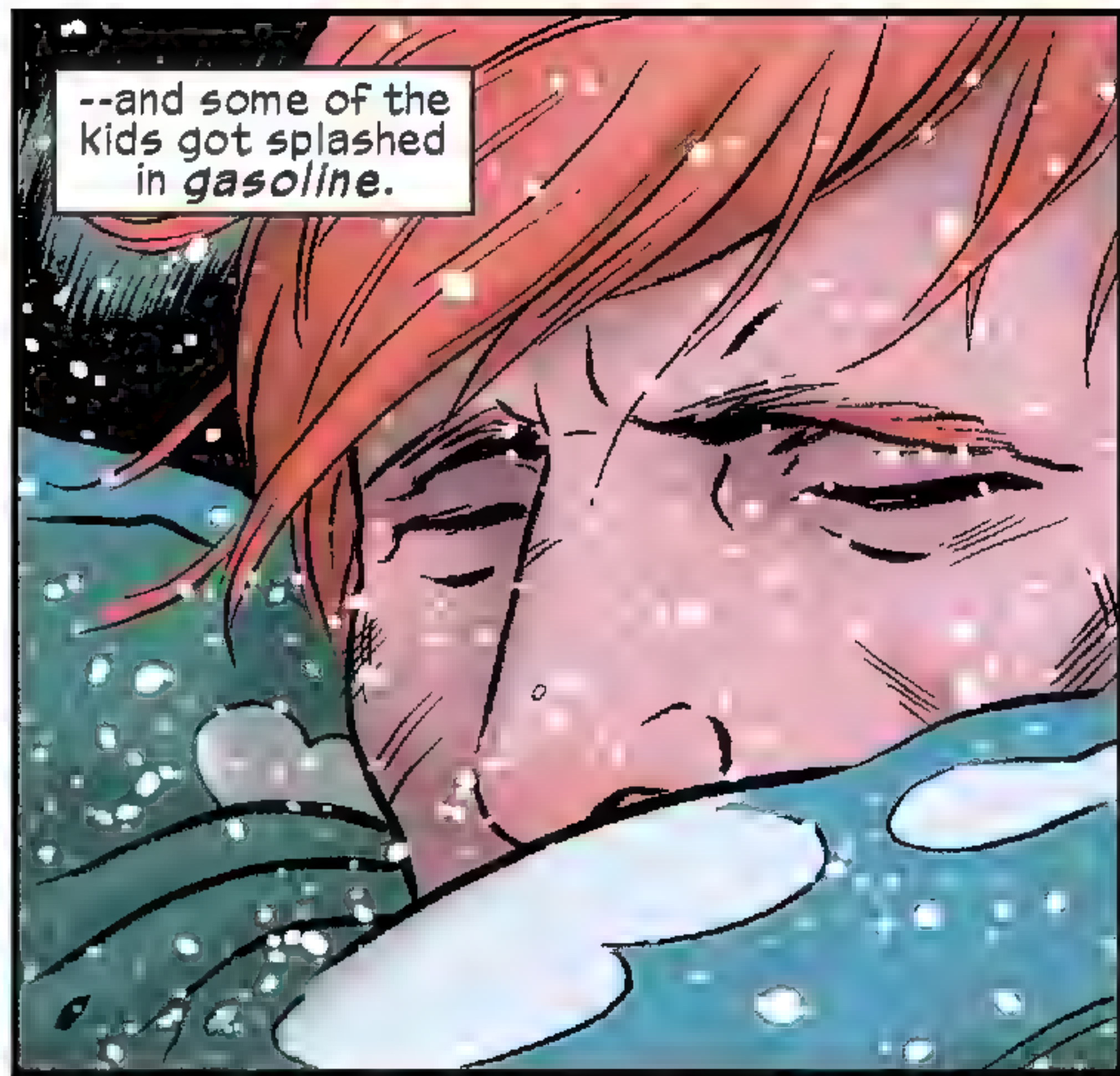
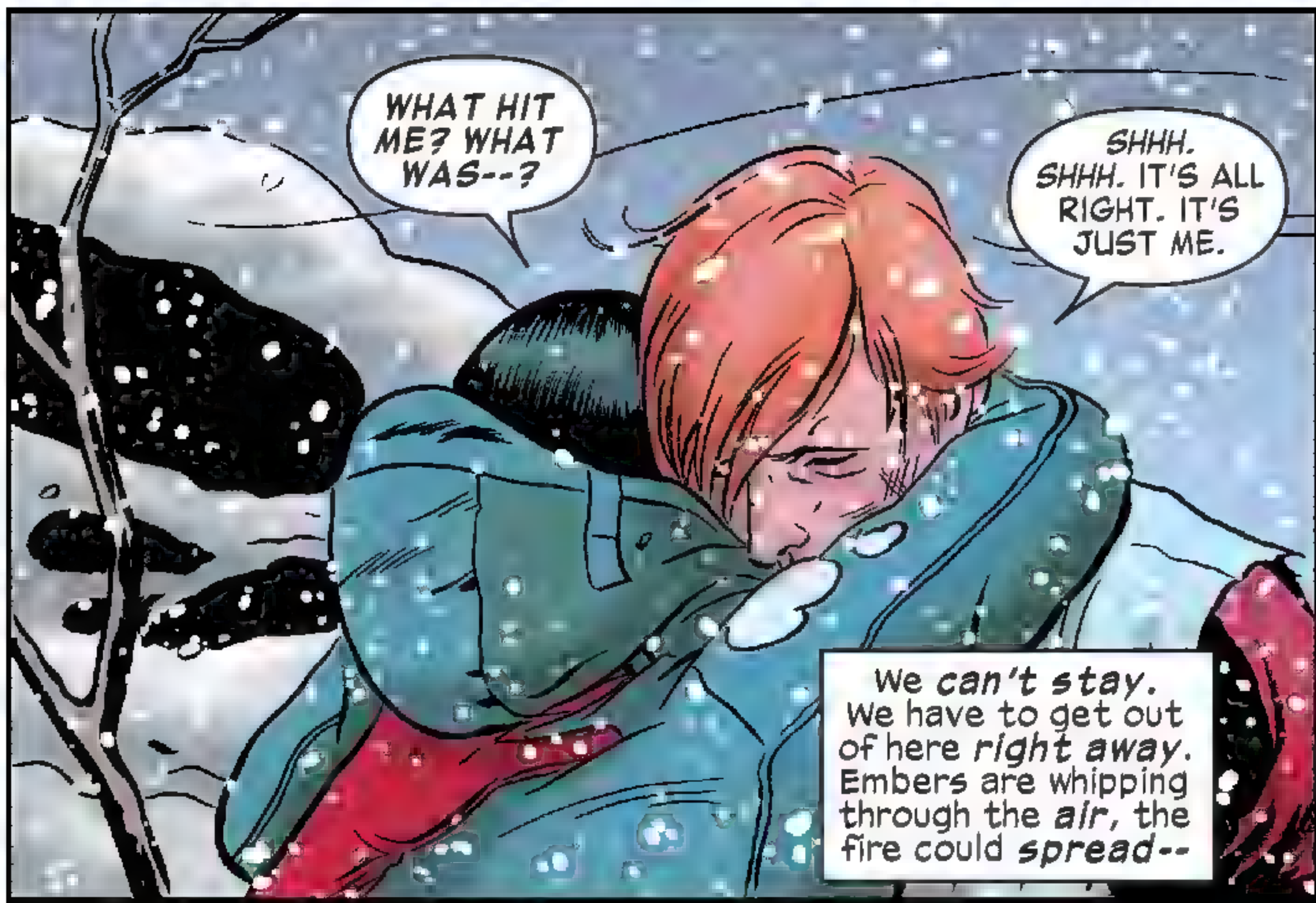


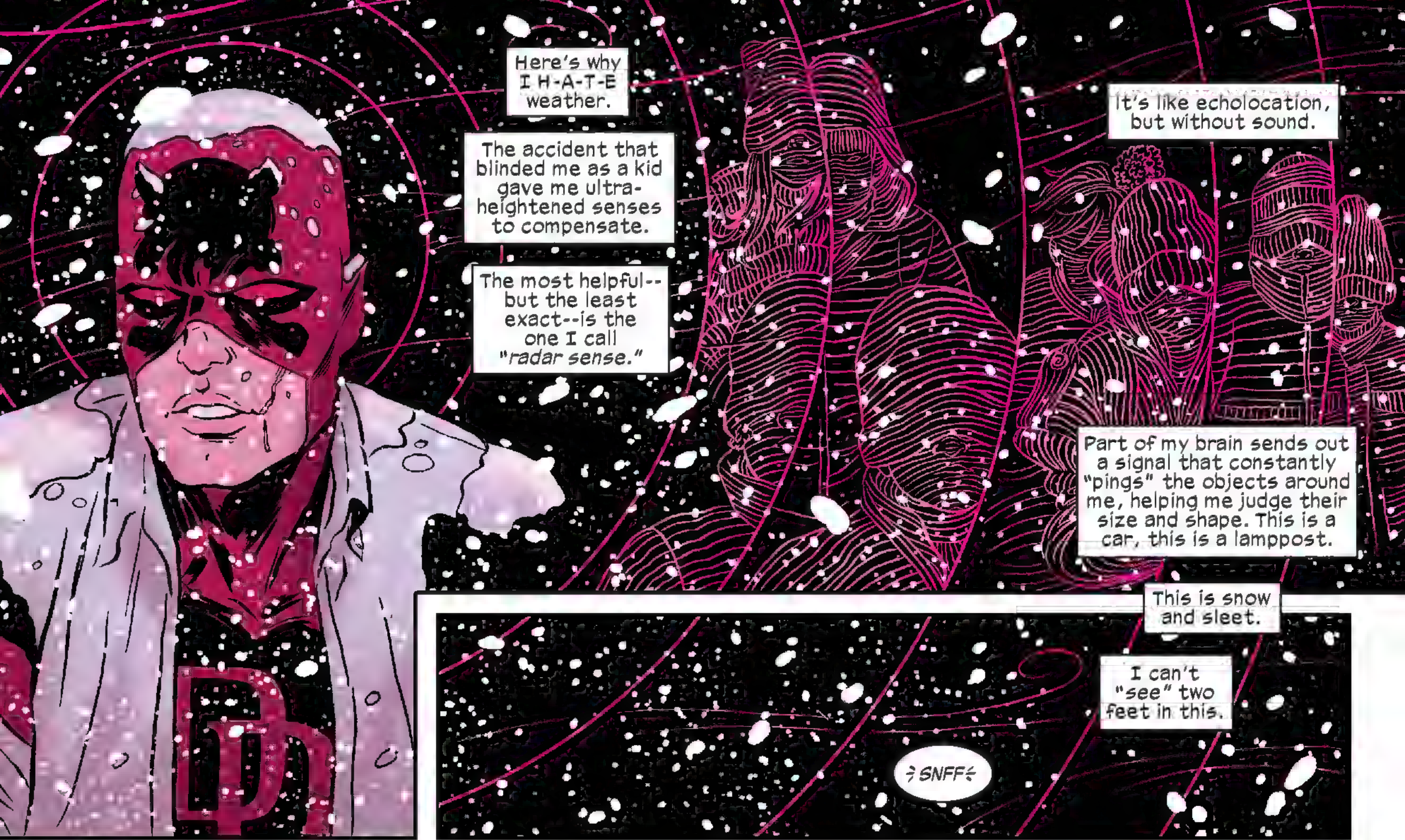












Here's why
I H-A-T-E
weather.

The accident that
blinded me as a kid
gave me ultra-
heightened senses
to compensate.

The most helpful--
but the least
exact--is the
one I call
"radar sense."

It's like echolocation,
but without sound.

Part of my brain sends out
a signal that constantly
"pings" the objects around
me, helping me judge their
size and shape. This is a
car, this is a lamppost.

This is snow
and sleet.

I can't
"see" two
feet in this.

⇒ SNFF ⇒



But I can
hear crying.

SYDNEY?
WHAT IS IT,
HONEY?

⇒ SNFF ⇒
I DON'
'NNERSTAND.
WHY DID HE
LEAVE US?

NO ONE'S
LEAVING YOU,
SWEETIE! I'M
RIGHT H--



NOT YOU!
WHY DID THE
BUS DRIVER
LEAVE US?

WHY
WOULD HE
DO THAT?









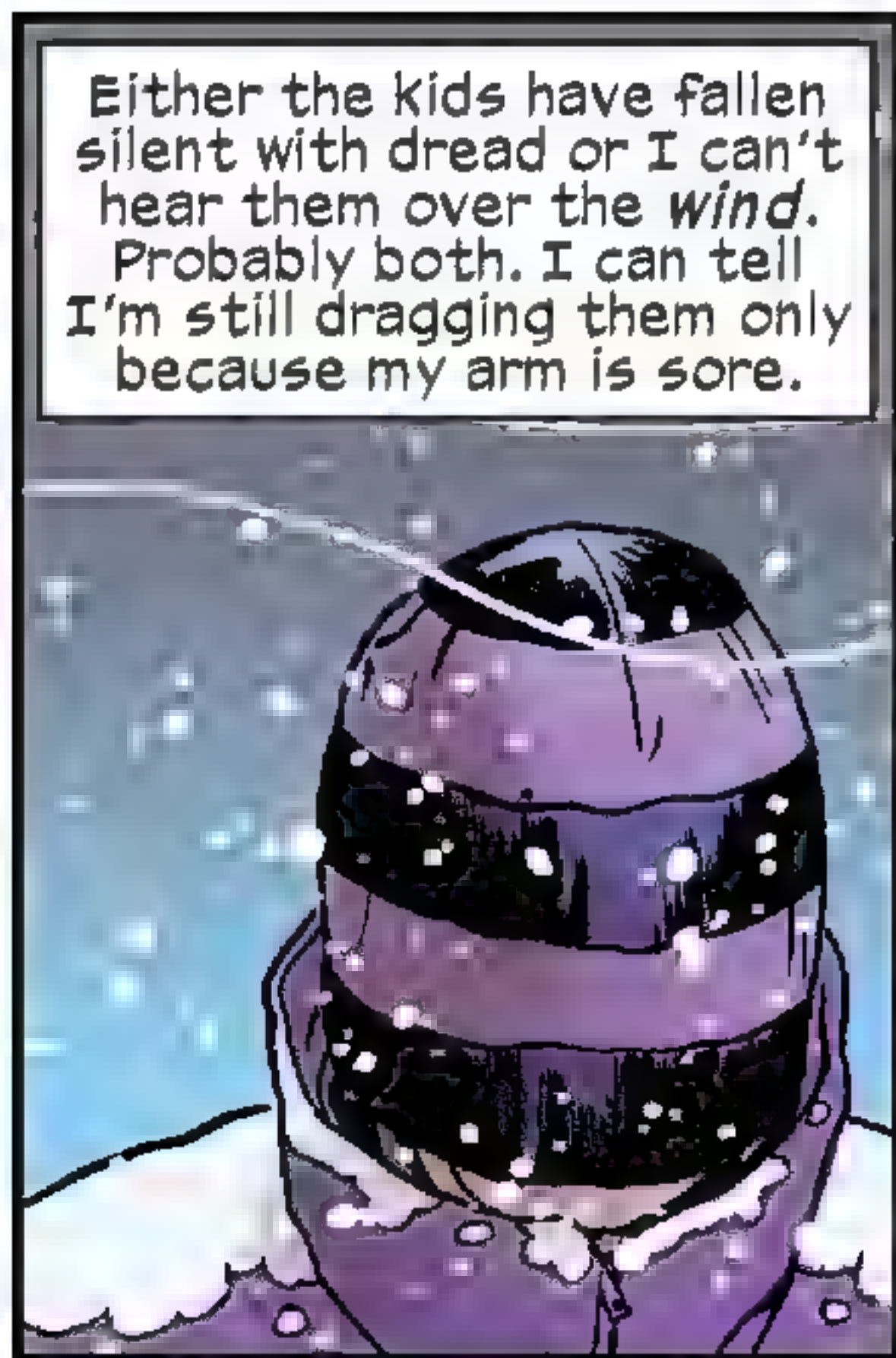
Three increasingly lackluster rounds of "Twelve Days of Christmas" later, and all it's getting is colder and darker.



It's the Catskills, for God's sake. It's not the Montana wilderness.



This is a gargantuanly stupid way to die.

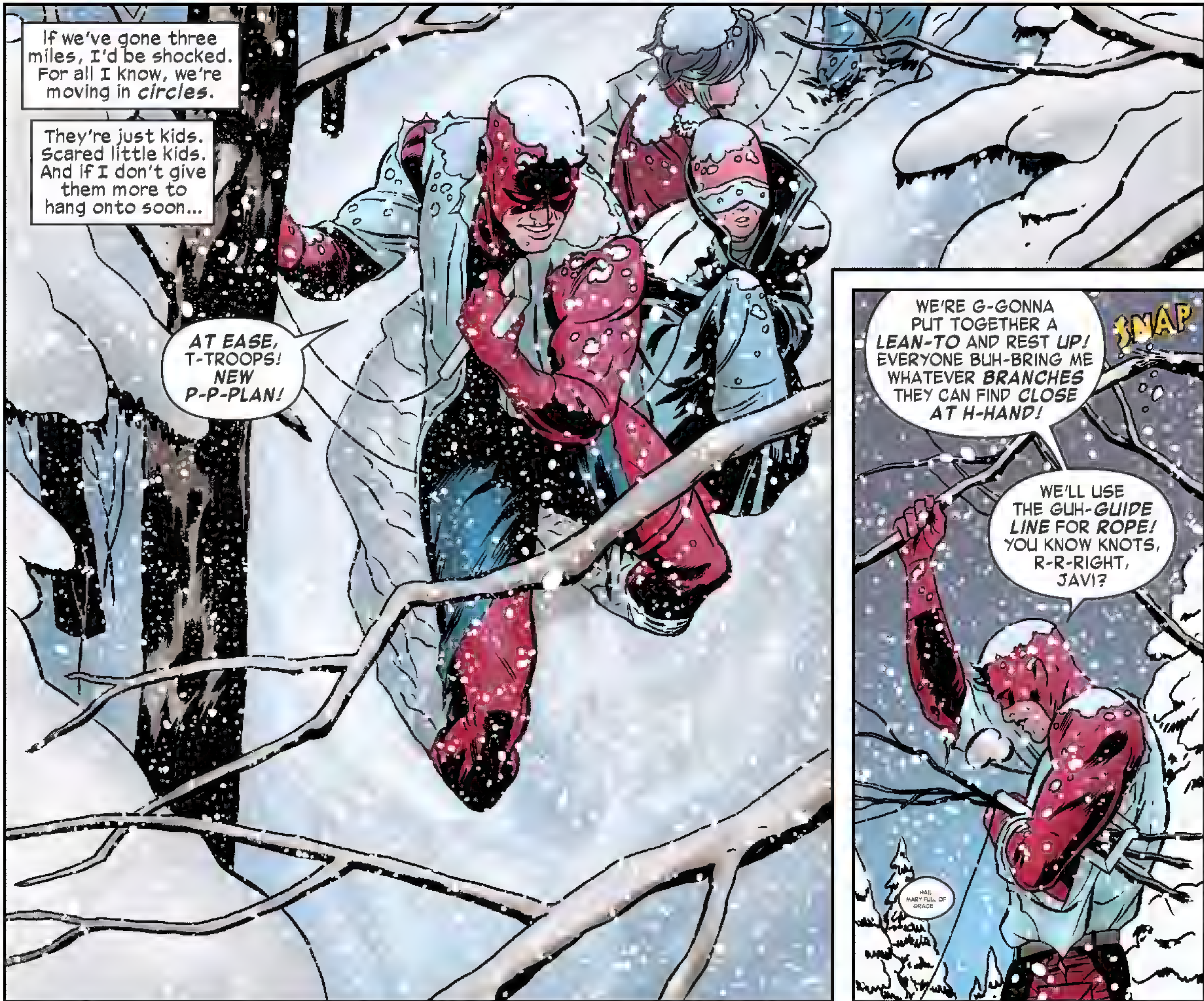


Either the kids have fallen silent with dread or I can't hear them over the *wind*. Probably both. I can tell I'm still dragging them only because my arm is sore.



I lost the feeling in my hands and feet a while back.

Good thing I've got gloves.



If we've gone three miles, I'd be shocked. For all I know, we're moving in *circles*.

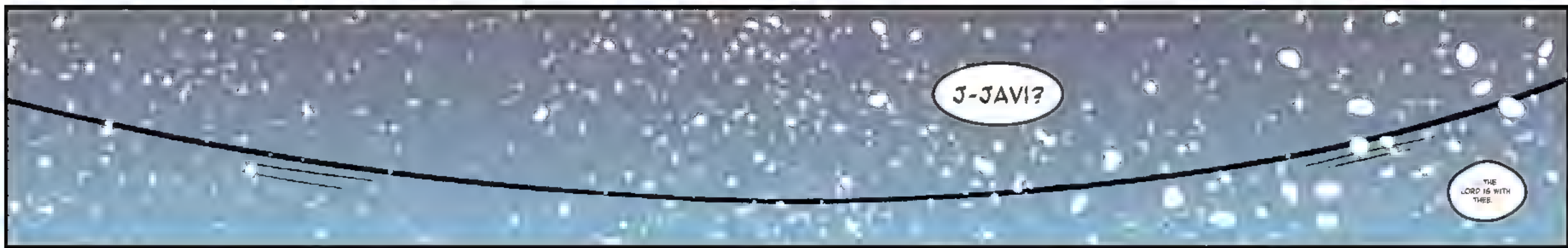
They're just kids. Scared little kids. And if I don't give them more to hang onto soon...

AT EASE, T-TROOPS! NEW P-P-PLAN!

WE'RE G-GONNA PUT TOGETHER A LEAN-TO AND REST UP! EVERYONE BUH-BRING ME WHATEVER BRANCHES THEY CAN FIND CLOSE AT H-HAND!

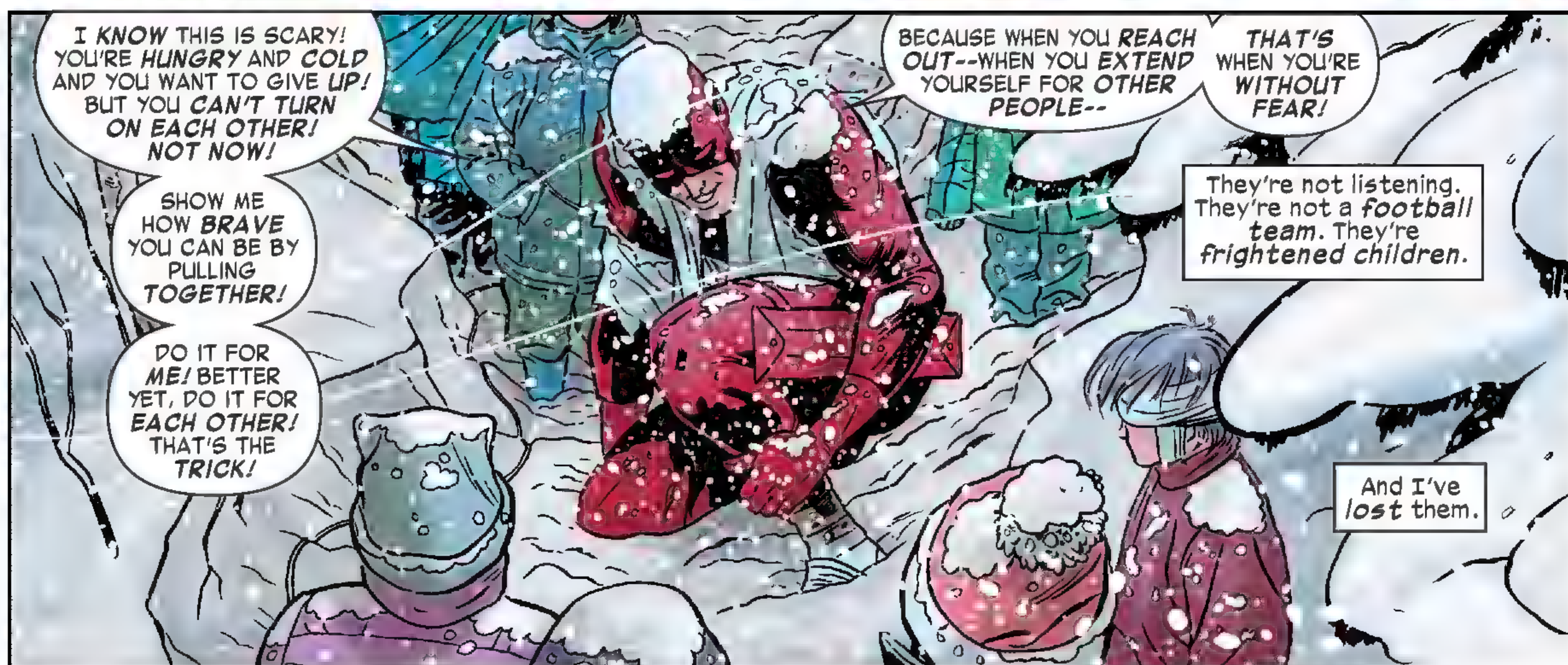
WE'LL USE THE GUH-GUIDE LINE FOR ROPE! YOU KNOW KNOTS, R-R-RIGHT, JAVI?

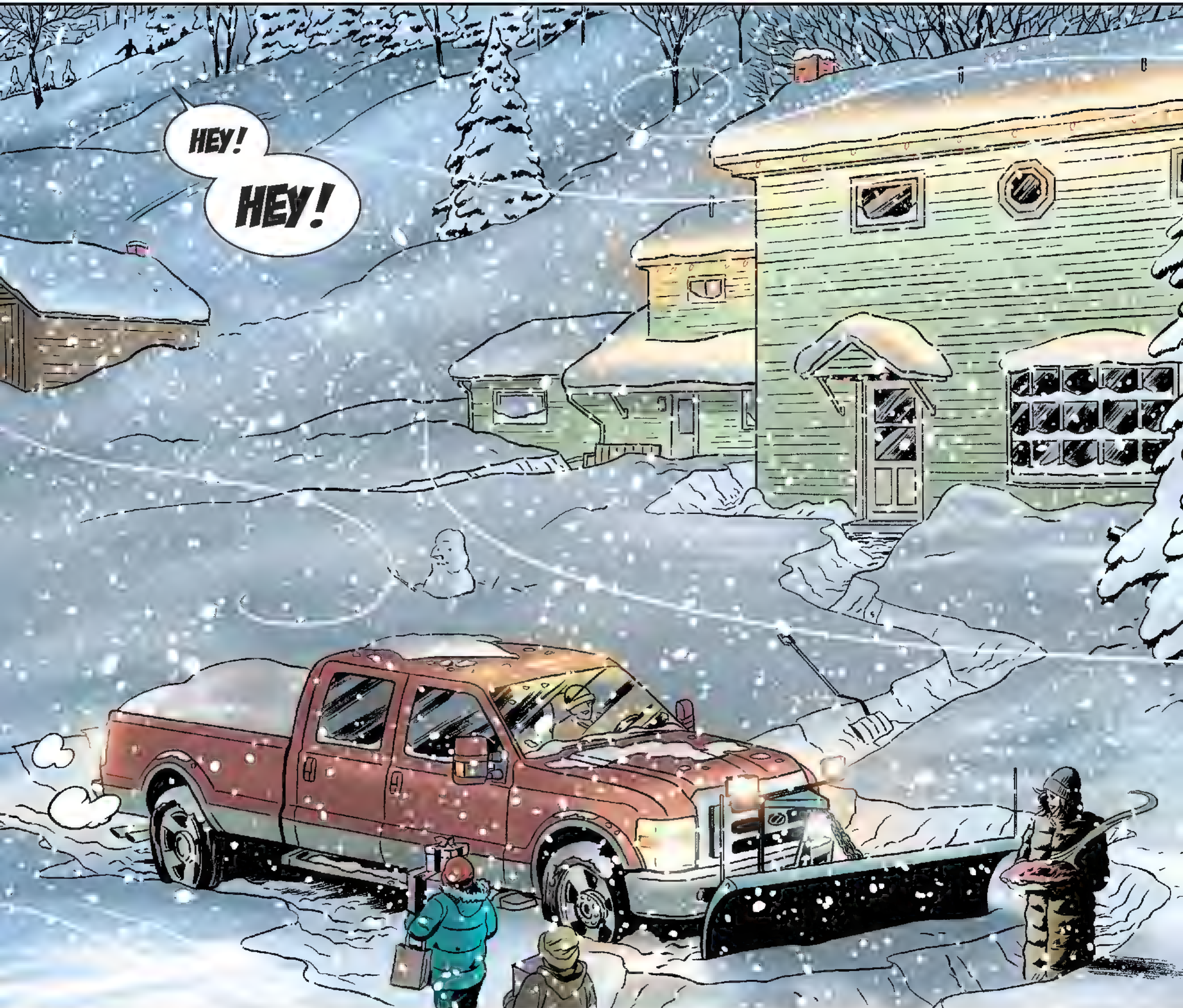
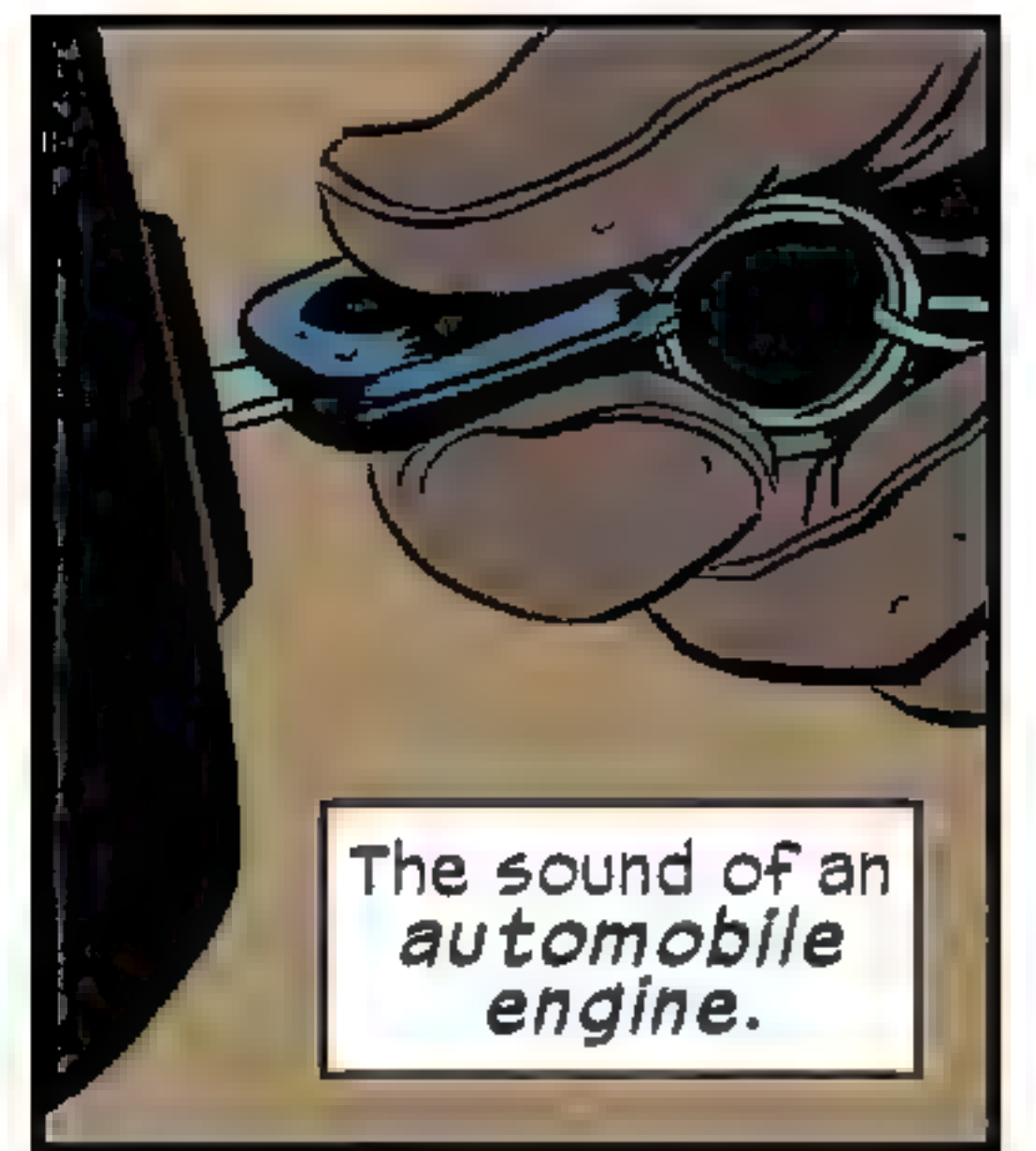
HAIL MARY FULL OF GRACE

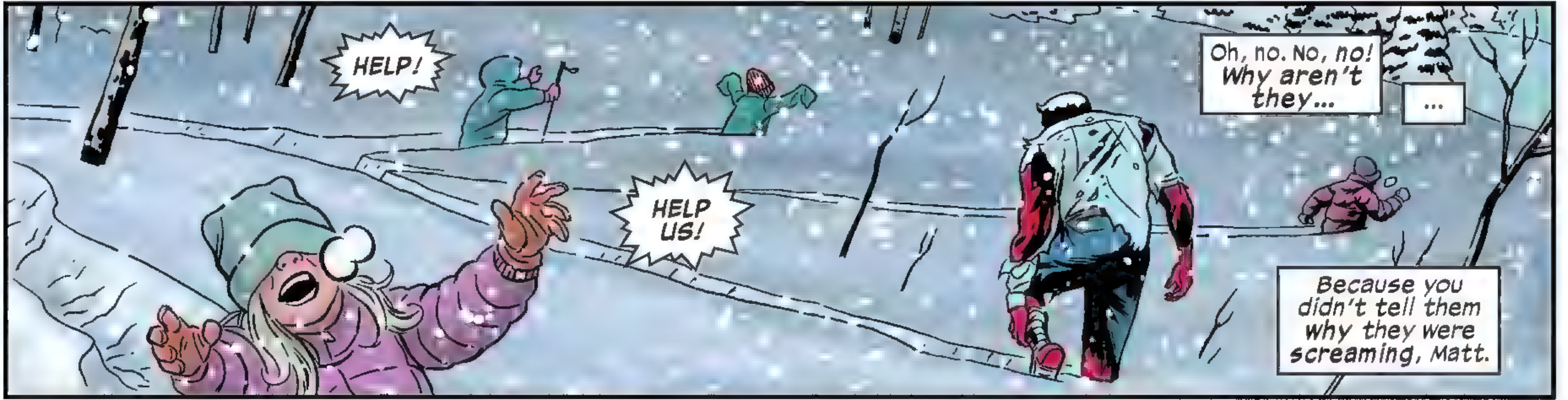


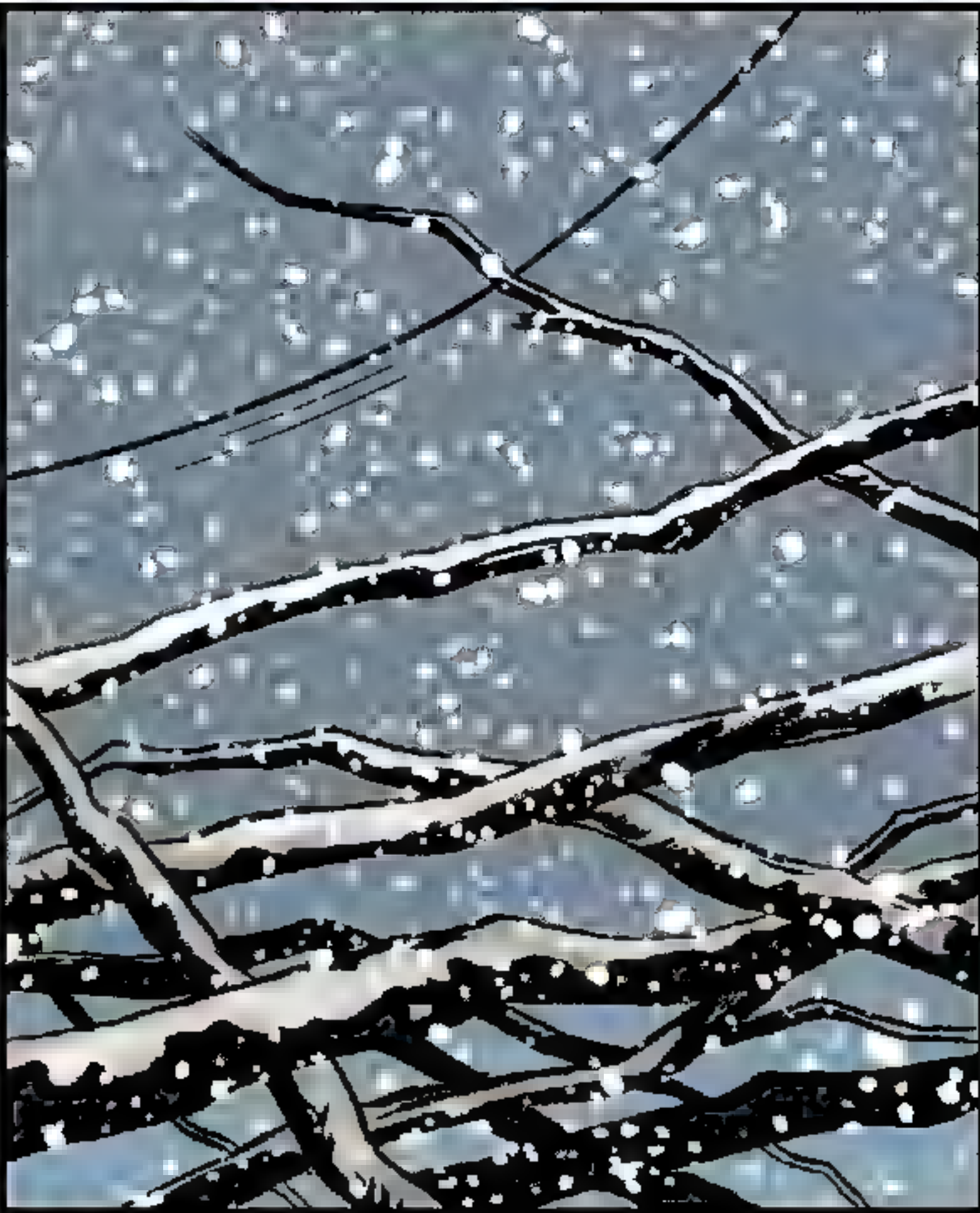
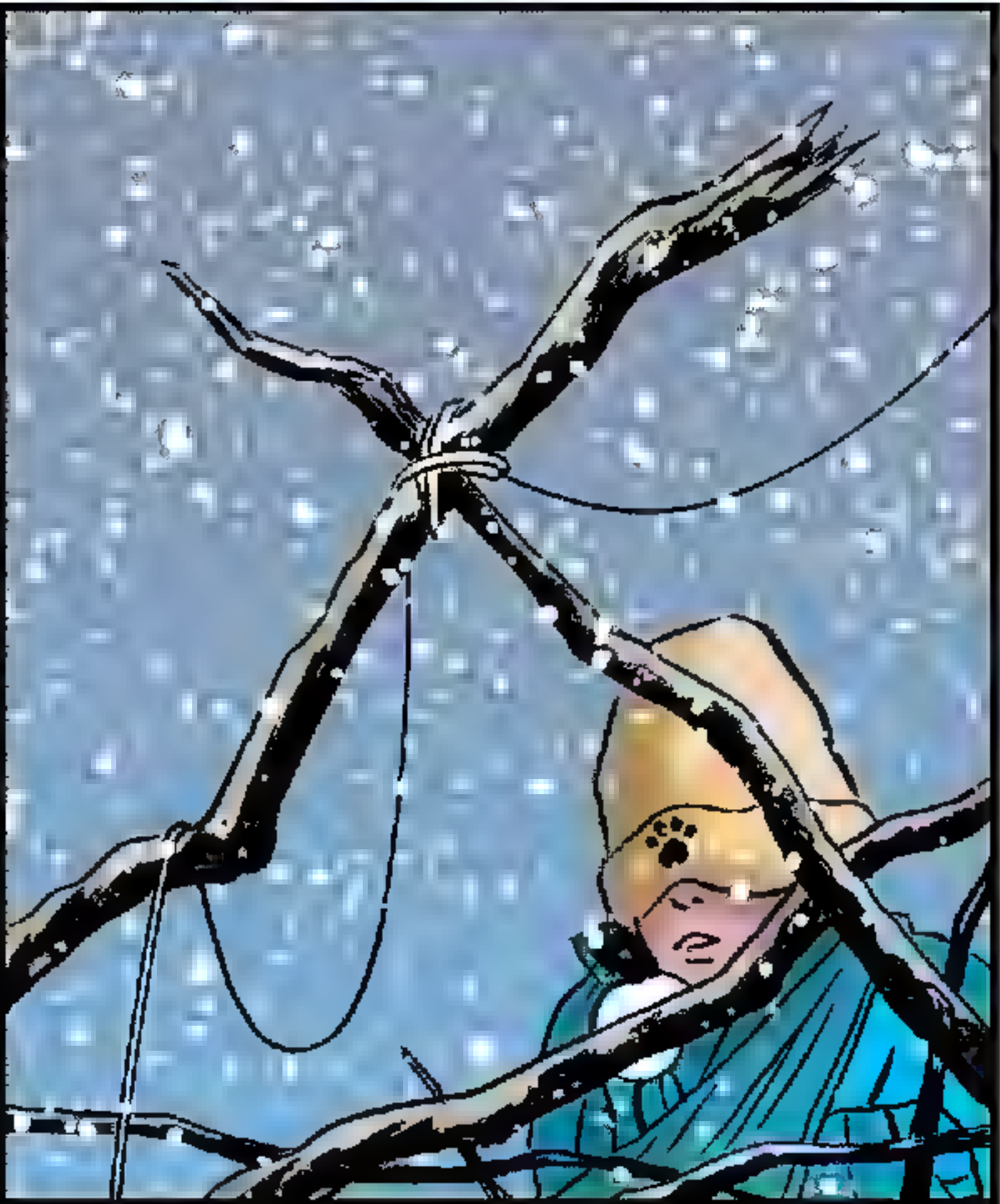
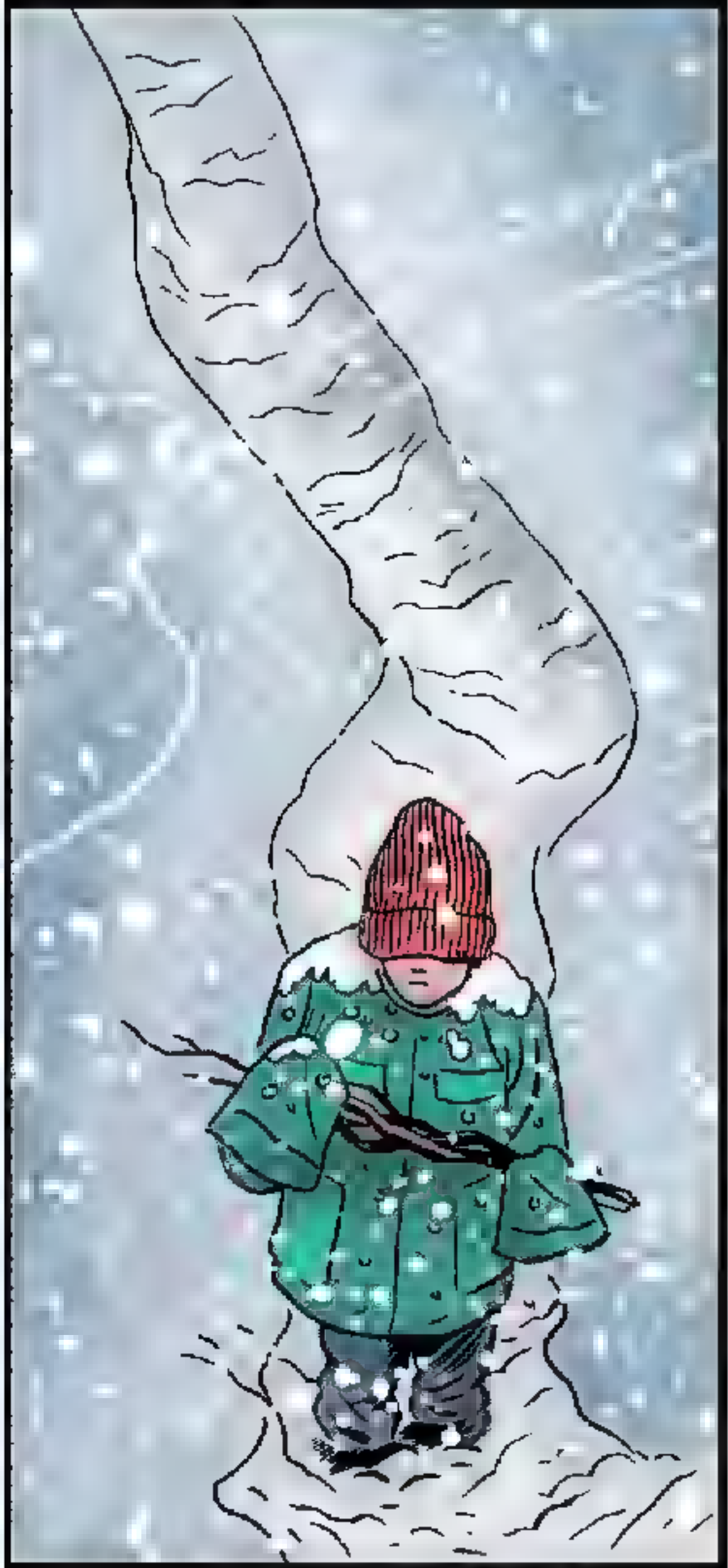
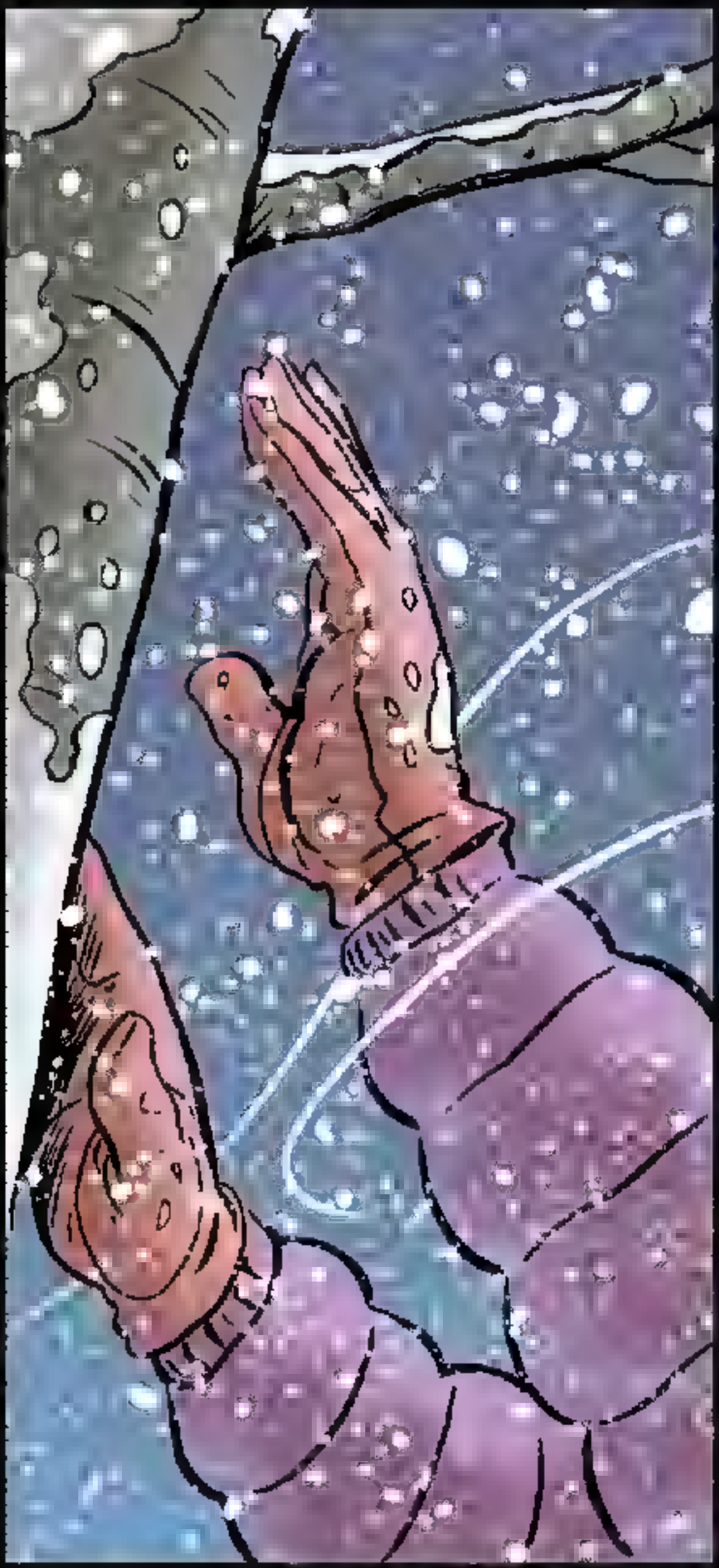
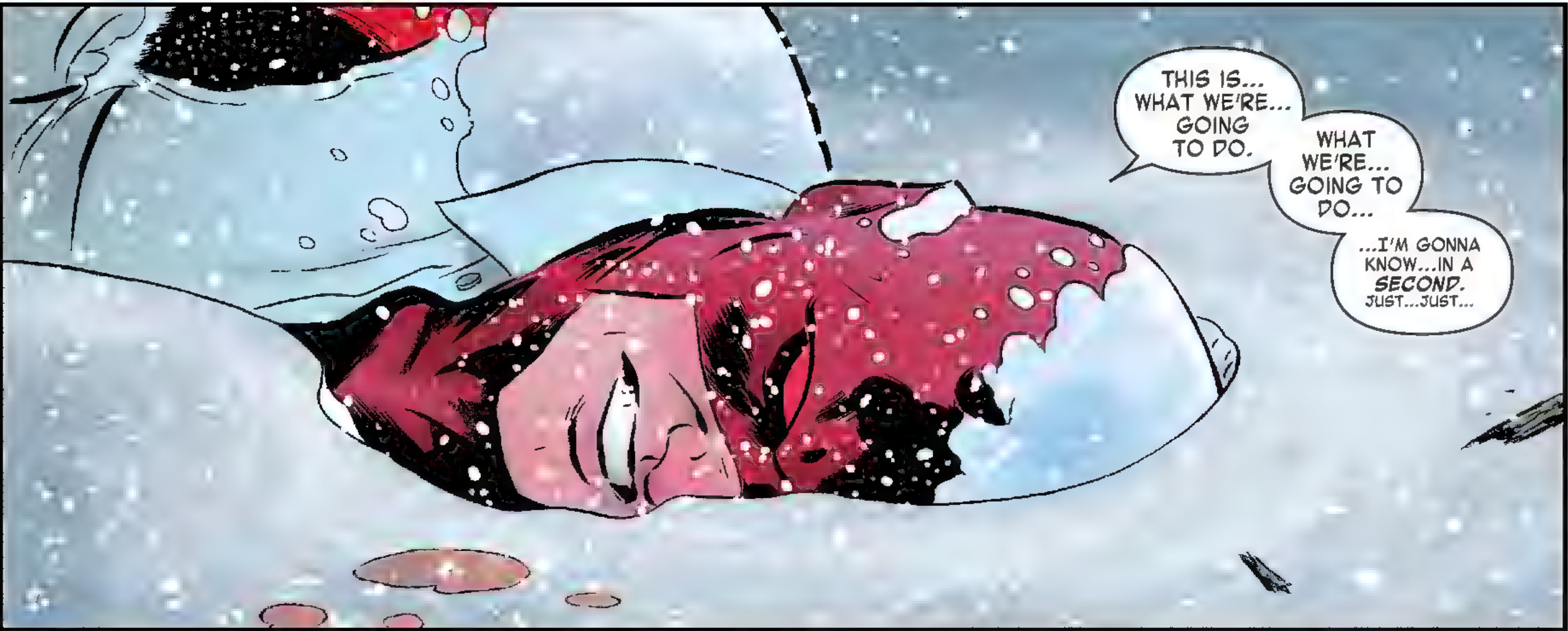
J-JAVI?

THE LORD IS WITH THEE

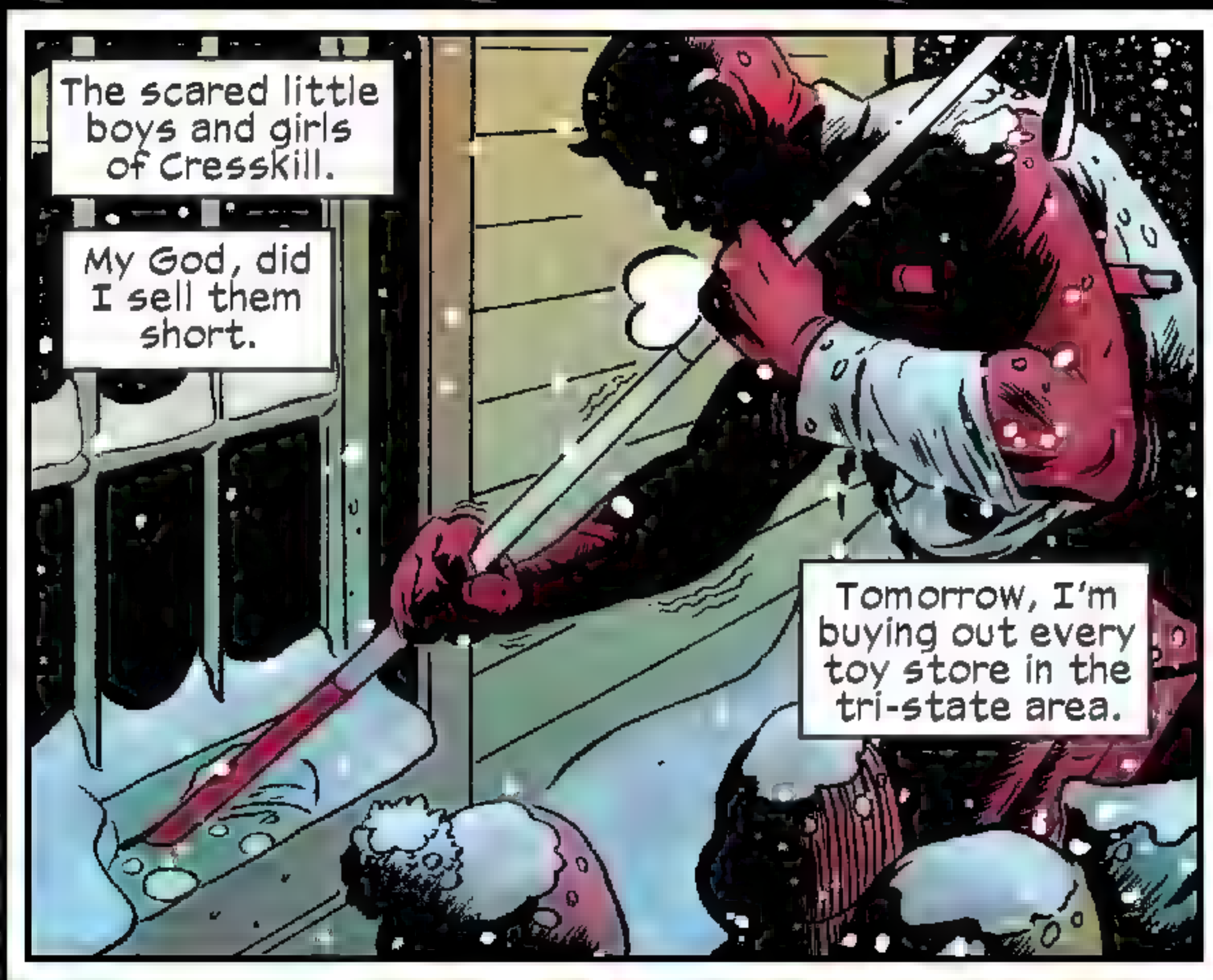








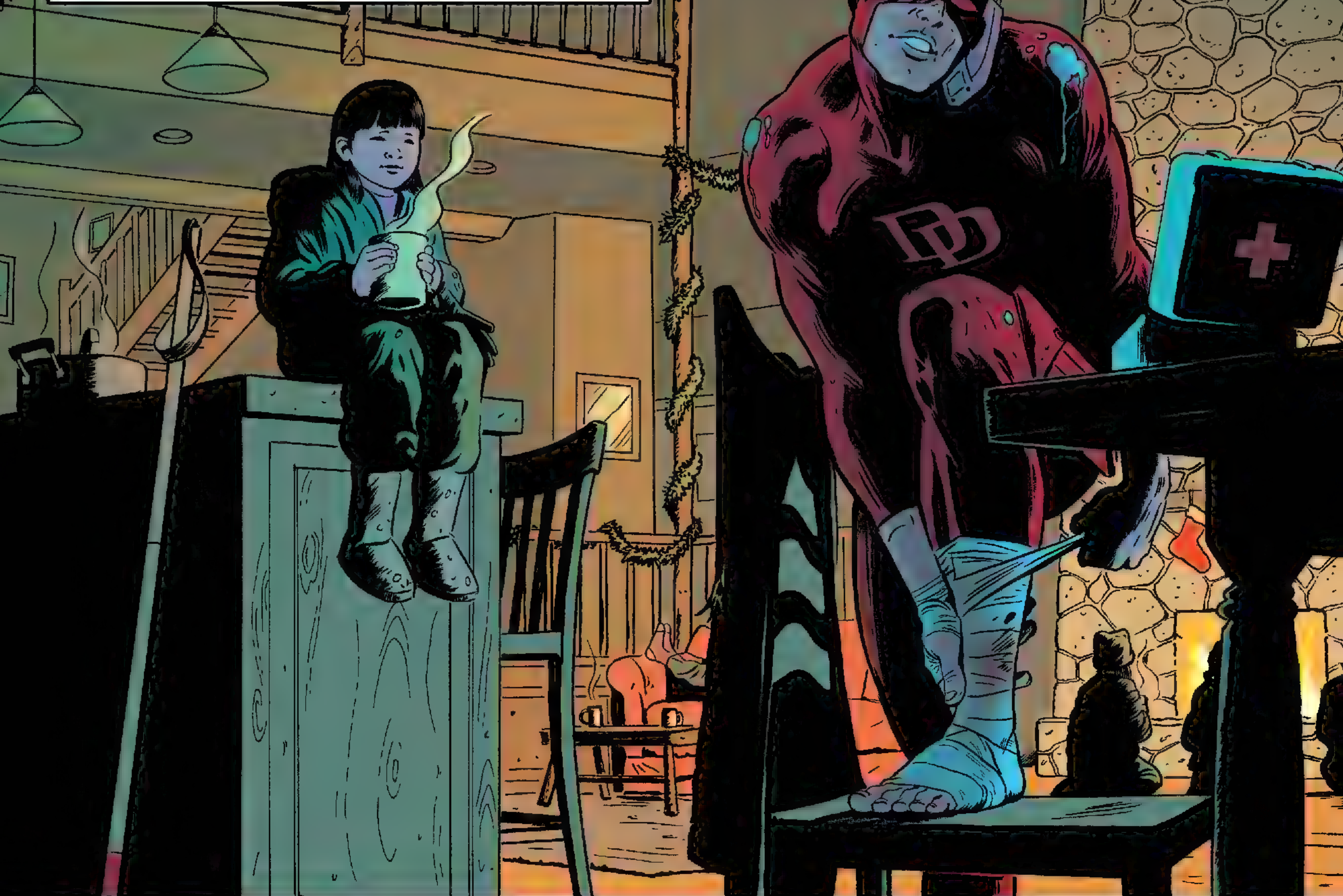




The scared little boys and girls of Cresskill.

My God, did I sell them short.

Tomorrow, I'm buying out every toy store in the tri-state area.



For now, I'm just happy to be warm and full of stolen *ibuprofen*...

...and able to call the local *cops* on a *landline*.



There was a farmhouse just past where the truck was. Makes sense.

I'll pay for the window and the food we devour.



The best is how proud I am of these miracle kids.

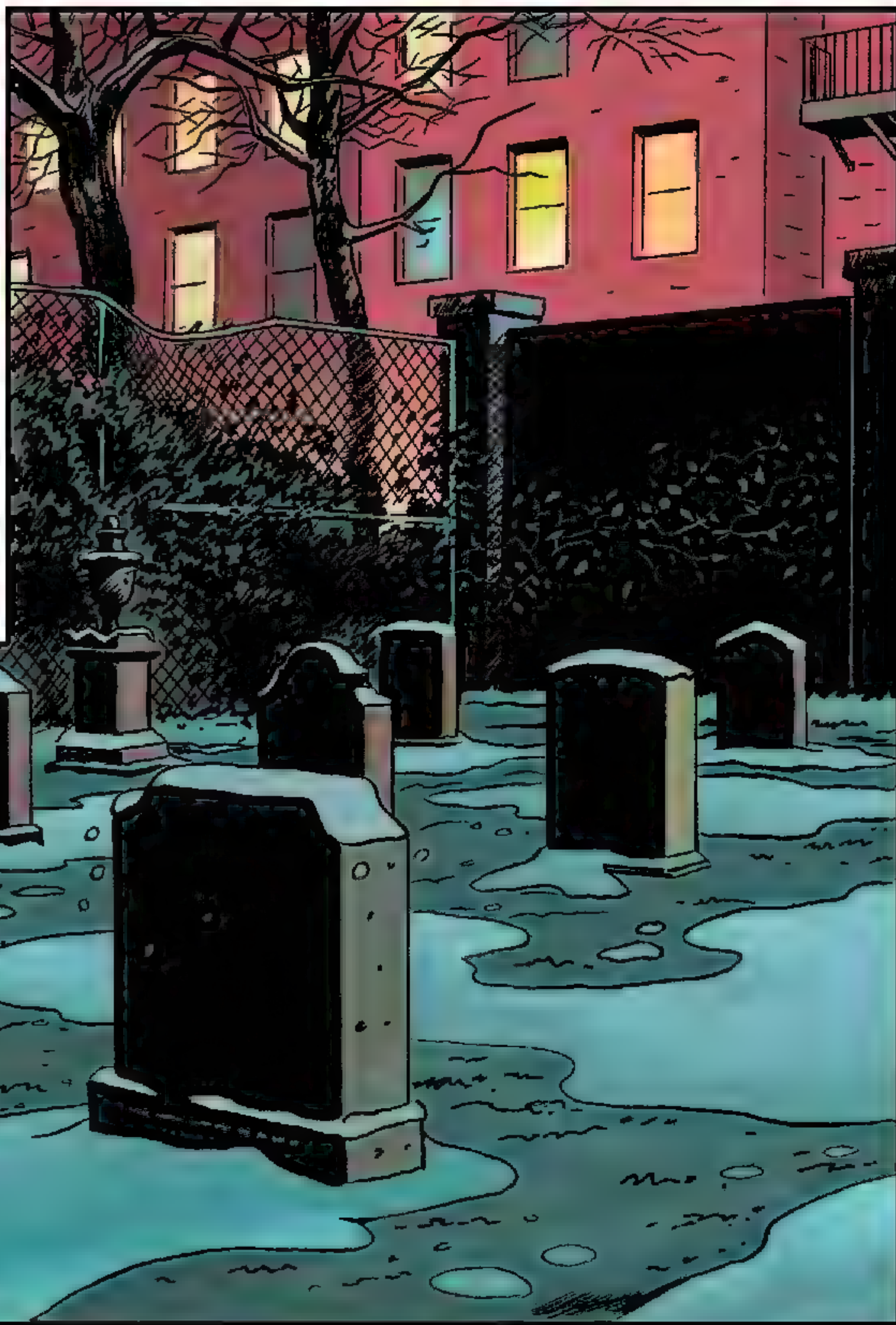
Next Christmas, they'll probably want me to take them *skydiving*. Who knows?

For right now, all I want to do is get them back where they *belong* at Christmas. *Home*.

By nightfall, it's over. In a hushed tone, the police tell me they found our driver. That's the worst of the rest of the night.

To be
with their
parents.

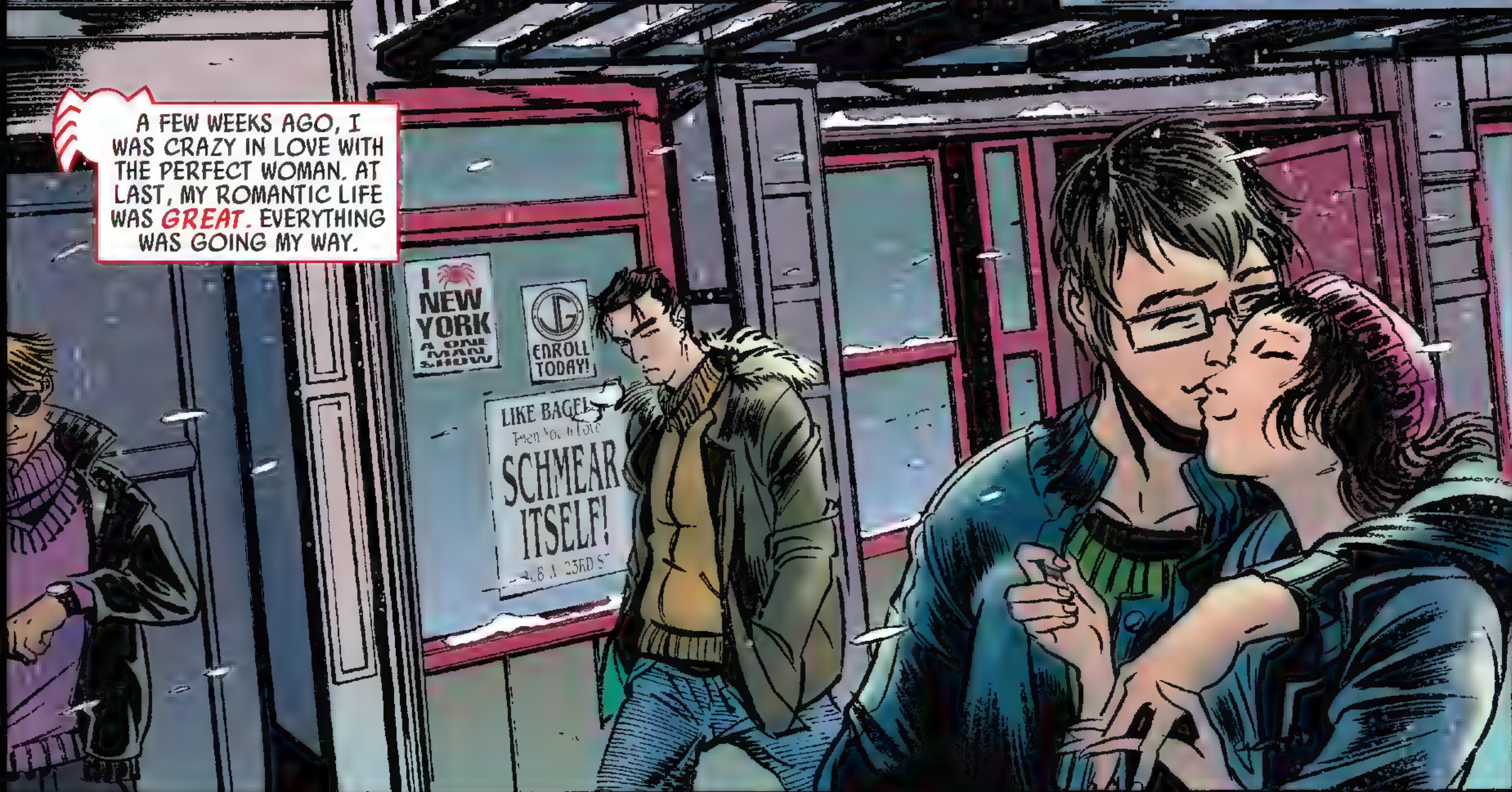
MURDOCK



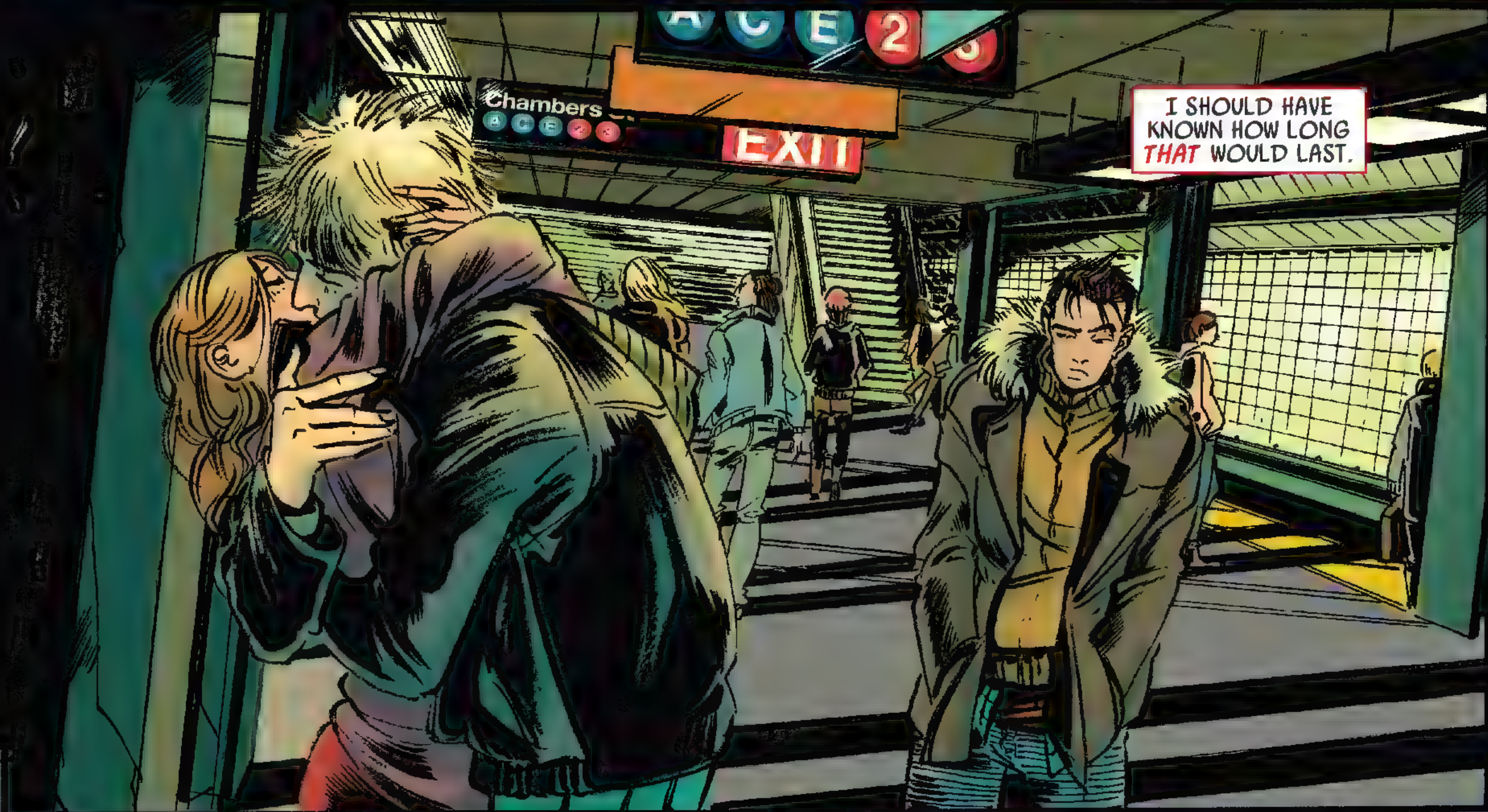


AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #677

A FEW WEEKS AGO, I WAS CRAZY IN LOVE WITH THE PERFECT WOMAN. AT LAST, MY ROMANTIC LIFE WAS **GREAT**. EVERYTHING WAS GOING MY WAY.



I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HOW LONG **THAT** WOULD LAST.



DEAR GOD.



WHERE IS **DOCTOR OCTOPUS** WHEN YOU NEED HIM?



KSSSH



WHY CAN'T SPIDER-SENSE WARN YOU WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET **DUMPED**?



I GOTTA ADVISE YOU, BUDDY:

YOU PICKED A CRAPTASTIC NIGHT TO CRIME IT UP ON MY BEAT.

THWAM!

HNNNGH!

SO MUCH FOR MOOD-ELEVATING **Distractions**. THIS GUY FOLDS FASTER THAN QUICKSILVER ON **LAUNDRY DAY**.

MAN, I REMEMBER WHEN CROOKS COULD AT LEAST THROW A **PUNCH**. TAKE SOME **PRIDE** IN YOUR WORK NEXT TIME.

SNUGGLE IN. BY THE TIME THIS EVAPORATES, THE BOYS IN BLUE WILL SWOOP IN TO HAUL YOU AWAY FOR A GOOD, LONG WHILE.

TELL... TELL MY WIFE I LOVE HER...

NO.

WOW. ROMANCE IS DEAD.

AND, SUDDENLY, THE NIGHT TAKES A TURN FOR THE **BETTER**.

BLACK CAT!

SPIDER.

BE COOL.
BE COOL.
BE COOL.
BE COOL.

LONG SEE NO... TIME...!

GHUH.

WHAT BRINGS YOU AROUND **THIS** NEIGHBORHOOD? LAST TIME I SAW YOU, WE WERE SHAKING DOWN THE **KINGPIN**.

I WAS JUST IN THE--

WOW, YOU LOOK GREAT. IS THAT A NEW MASK? IT REALLY HIGHLIGHTS YOUR EYES.

--IT'S NOT A NEW--

WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?



NOTHING!
NOT A THING!
I'M JUST, Y'KNOW...
THINKING ABOUT
WHAT *GOOD*
TIMES WE
HAD...

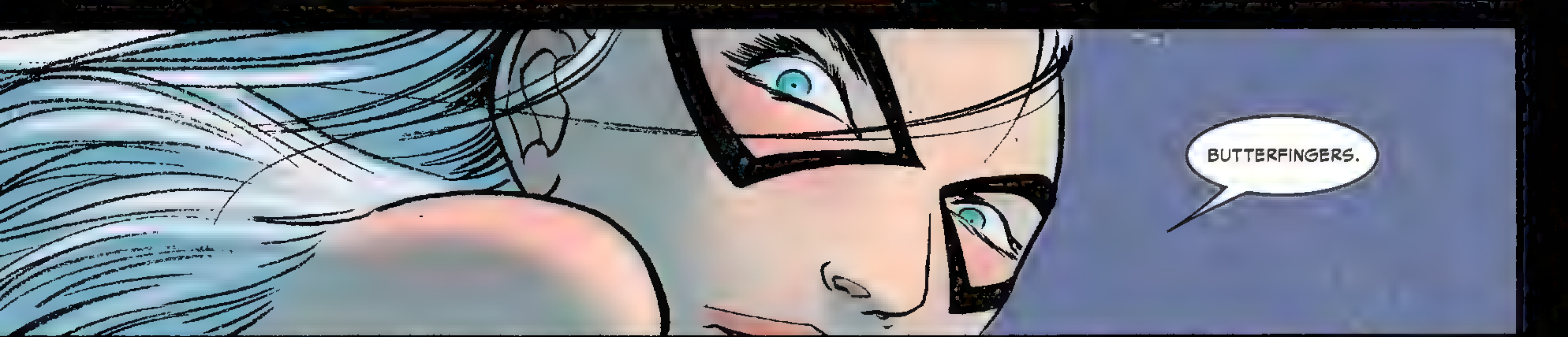
...BACK
WHEN
WE WERE,
Y'KNOW...

...
WOW.
YOU ARE
STAGGERINGLY
UNGOOD AT
THIS.

"AT WHAT,
FELICIA?" HE SAID,
HIS VOICE REDOLENT
OF INNOCENCE.

AT BEING
DUMPED.

AND
JACKPOT!
HELLO,
YOUTUBE--!

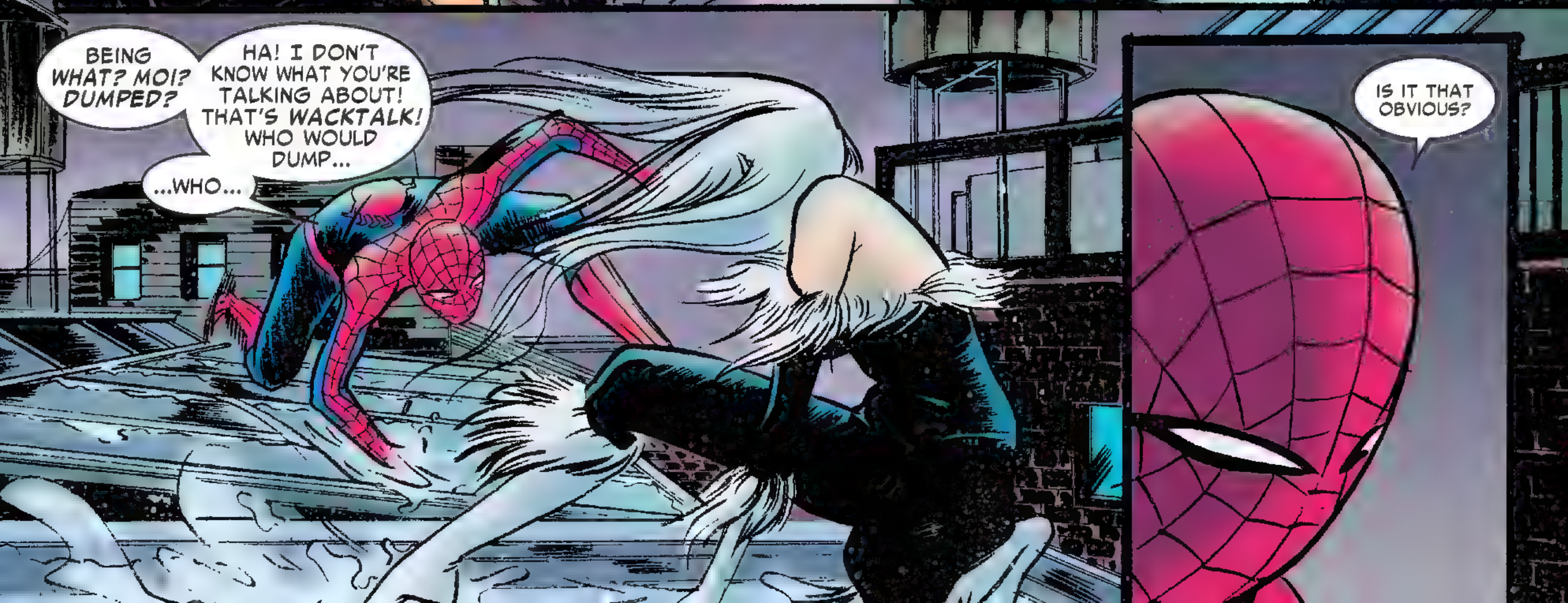


BUTTERFINGERS.



--NO--
NO--!

YOINK

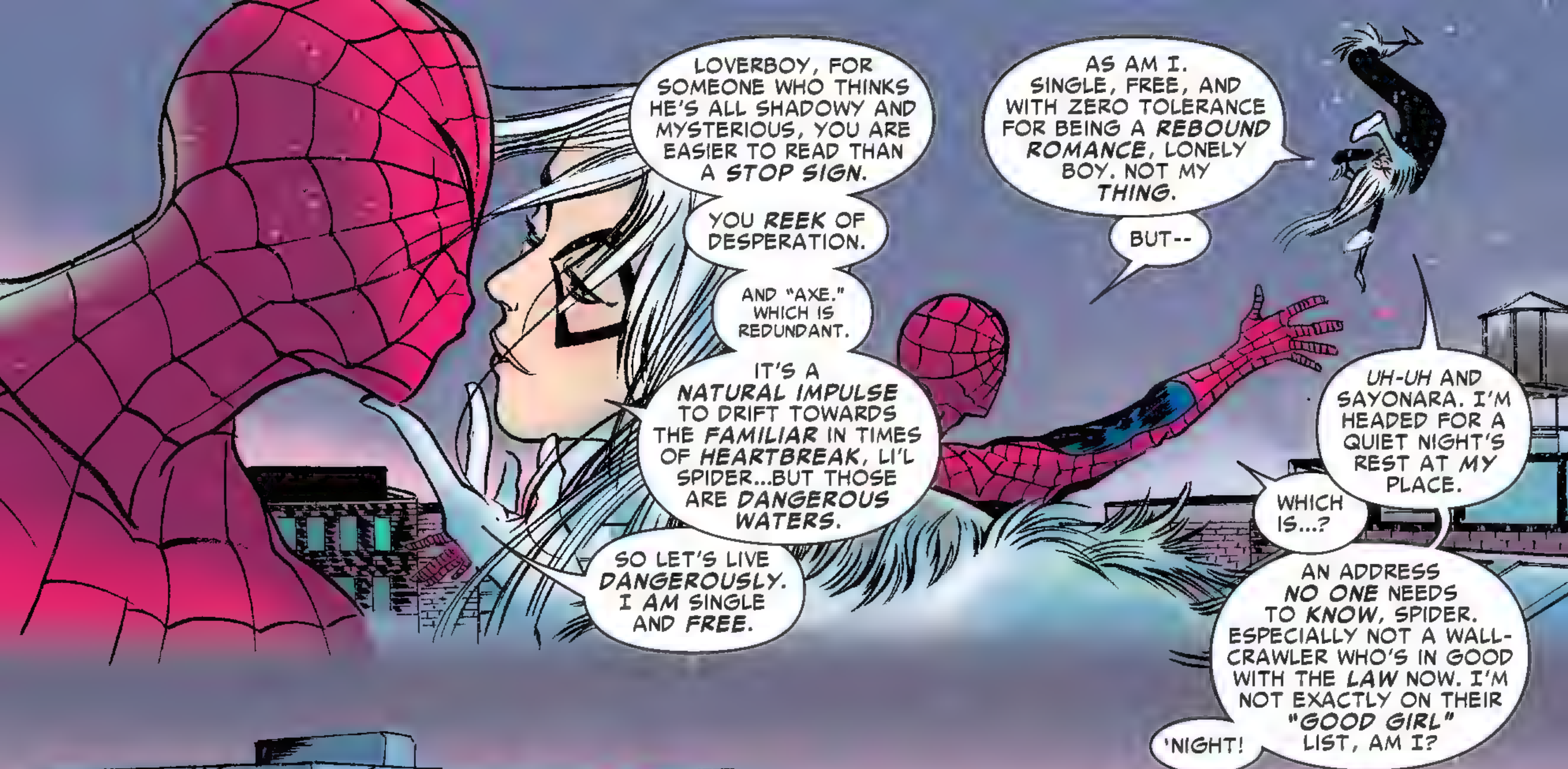


BEING
WHAT? MOI?
DUMPED?

HA! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT!
THAT'S WACKTALK!
WHO WOULD
DUMP...

...WHO...

IS IT THAT
OBVIOUS?



LOVERBOY, FOR SOMEONE WHO THINKS HE'S ALL SHADY AND MYSTERIOUS, YOU ARE EASIER TO READ THAN A STOP SIGN.

YOU REEK OF DESPERATION.

AND "AXE," WHICH IS REDUNDANT.

IT'S A NATURAL IMPULSE TO DRIFT TOWARDS THE FAMILIAR IN TIMES OF HEARTBREAK, LI'L SPIDER...BUT THOSE ARE DANGEROUS WATERS.

SO LET'S LIVE DANGEROUSLY. I AM SINGLE AND FREE.

AS AM I. SINGLE, FREE, AND WITH ZERO TOLERANCE FOR BEING A REBOUND ROMANCE, LONELY BOY. NOT MY THING.

BUT--

UH-UH AND SAYONARA. I'M HEADED FOR A QUIET NIGHT'S REST AT MY PLACE.

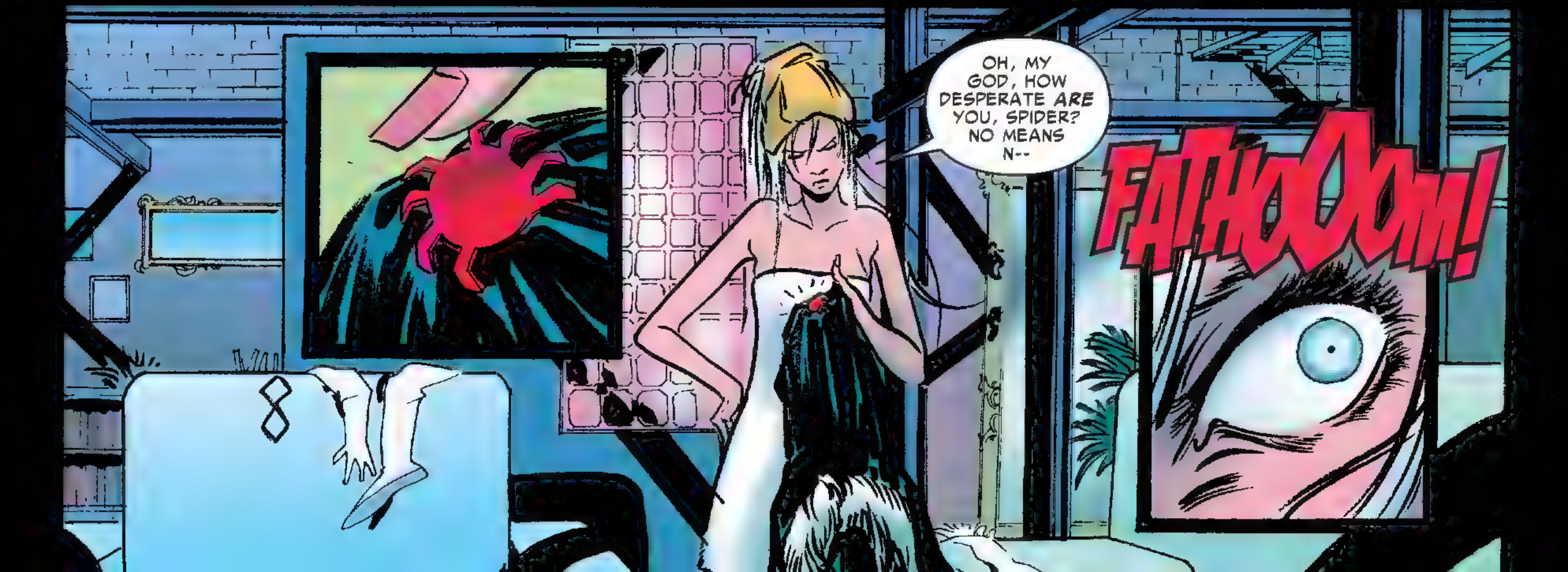
WHICH IS...?

AN ADDRESS NO ONE NEEDS TO KNOW, SPIDER. ESPECIALLY NOT A WALL-CRAWLER WHO'S IN GOOD WITH THE LAW NOW. I'M NOT EXACTLY ON THEIR "GOOD GIRL" LIST, AM I?

'NIGHT!

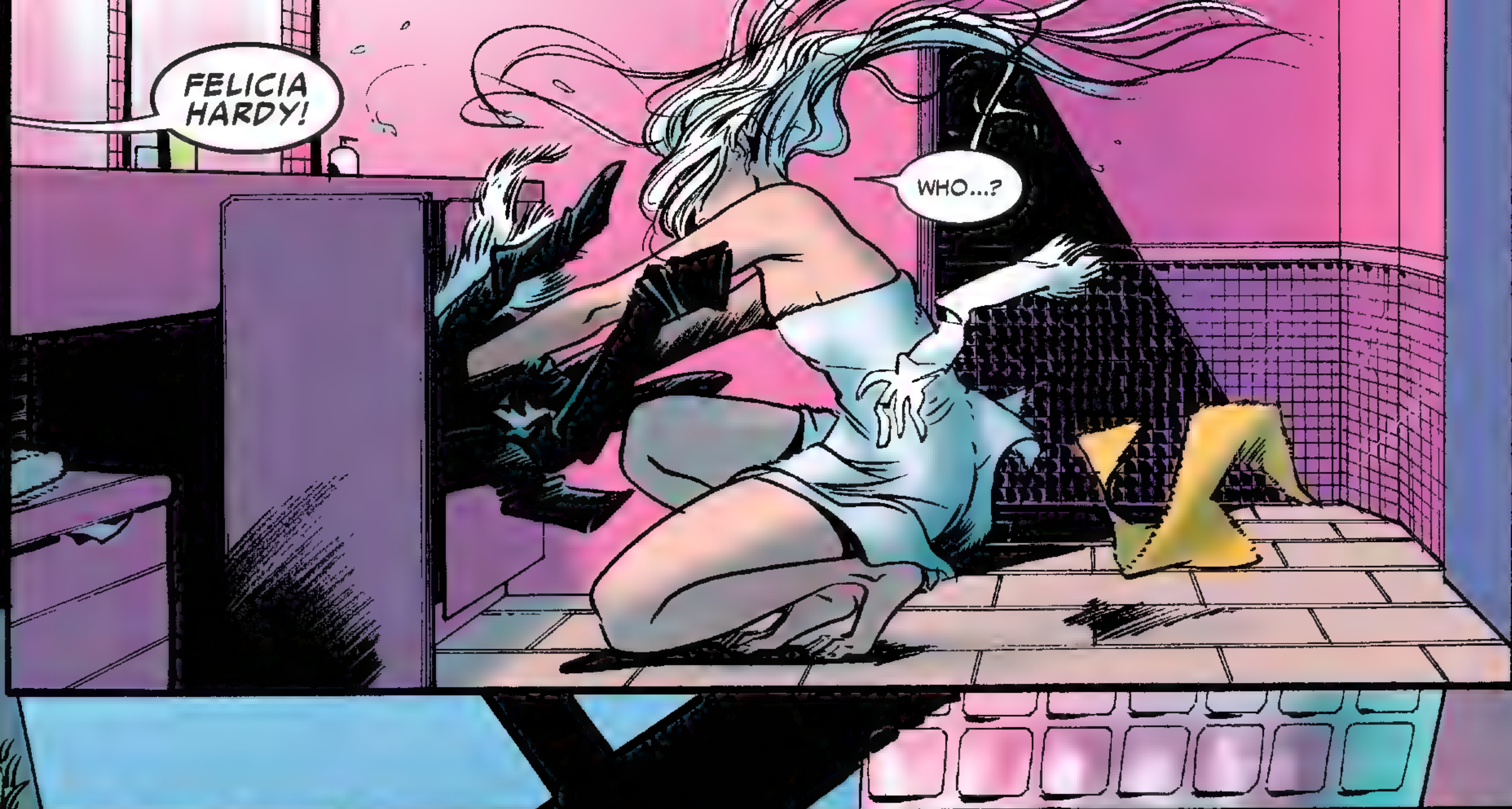


?



OH, MY GOD, HOW DESPERATE ARE YOU, SPIDER? NO MEANS N--

FATHOOM!



LATE.

LATE.

LATE.

H O R I Z O N

IF IT ISN'T *PETER PARKER*.
WHERE'S THE FIRE, FLEETFEET?
AREN'T YOU ON THE SAME HONOR
SYSTEM AS THE REST OF US MAD
INVENTORS HERE, OR ARE THEY
FINALLY ASSIGNING YOU
A TIME CLOCK?

R&D
MEETING, SAJANI.
LATE. CAN'T STOP
TO CHA--

WAIT.
WHERE *IS*
EVERYBODY?

AFTER LAST
NIGHT? GIVING
STATEMENTS TO EVERY
LAW ENFORCEMENT
AGENCY FROM
THE NYPD TO
THE C.I.A.

GO
BACK.

WHAT
HAPPENED
LAST NIGHT?

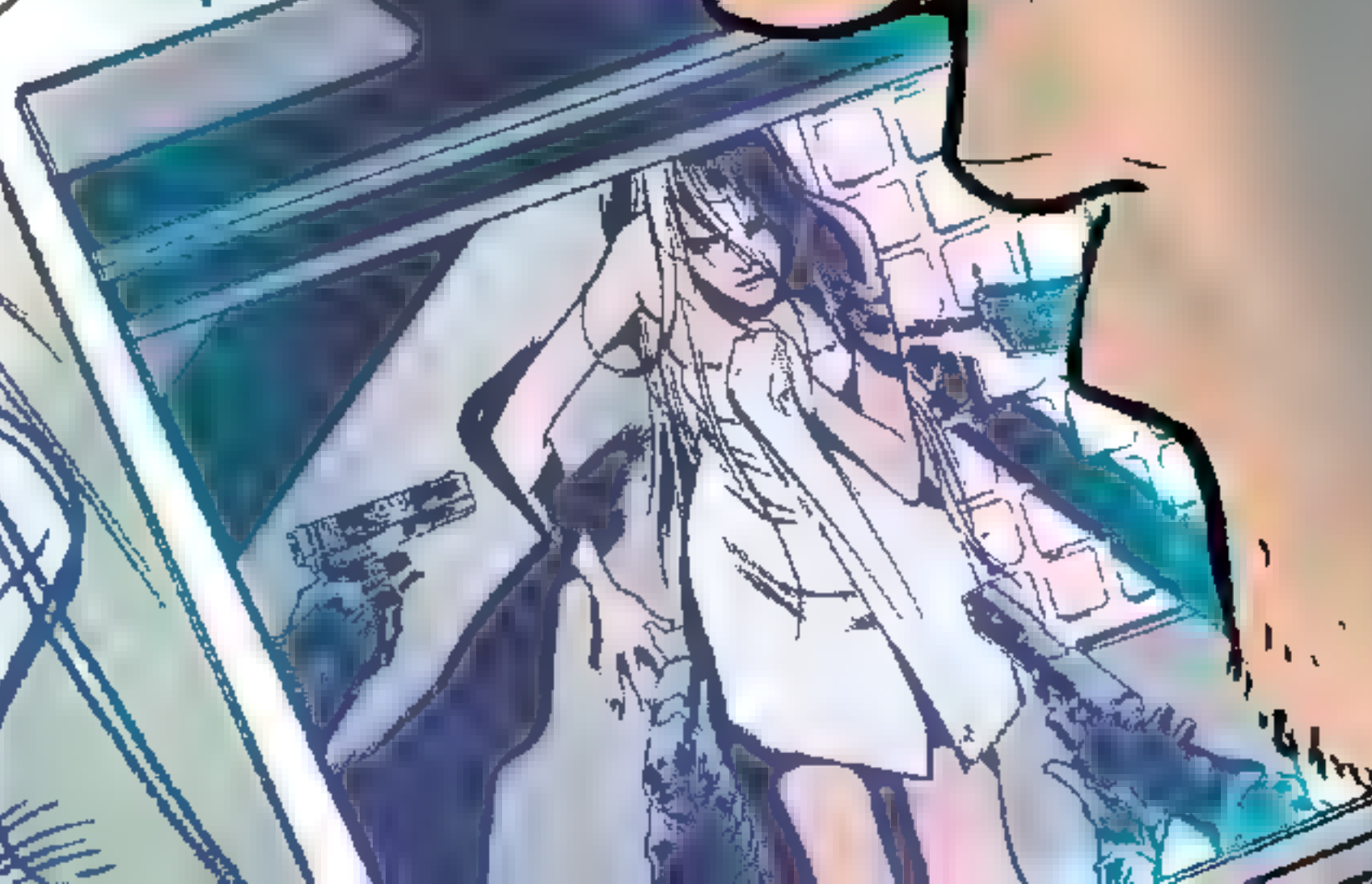
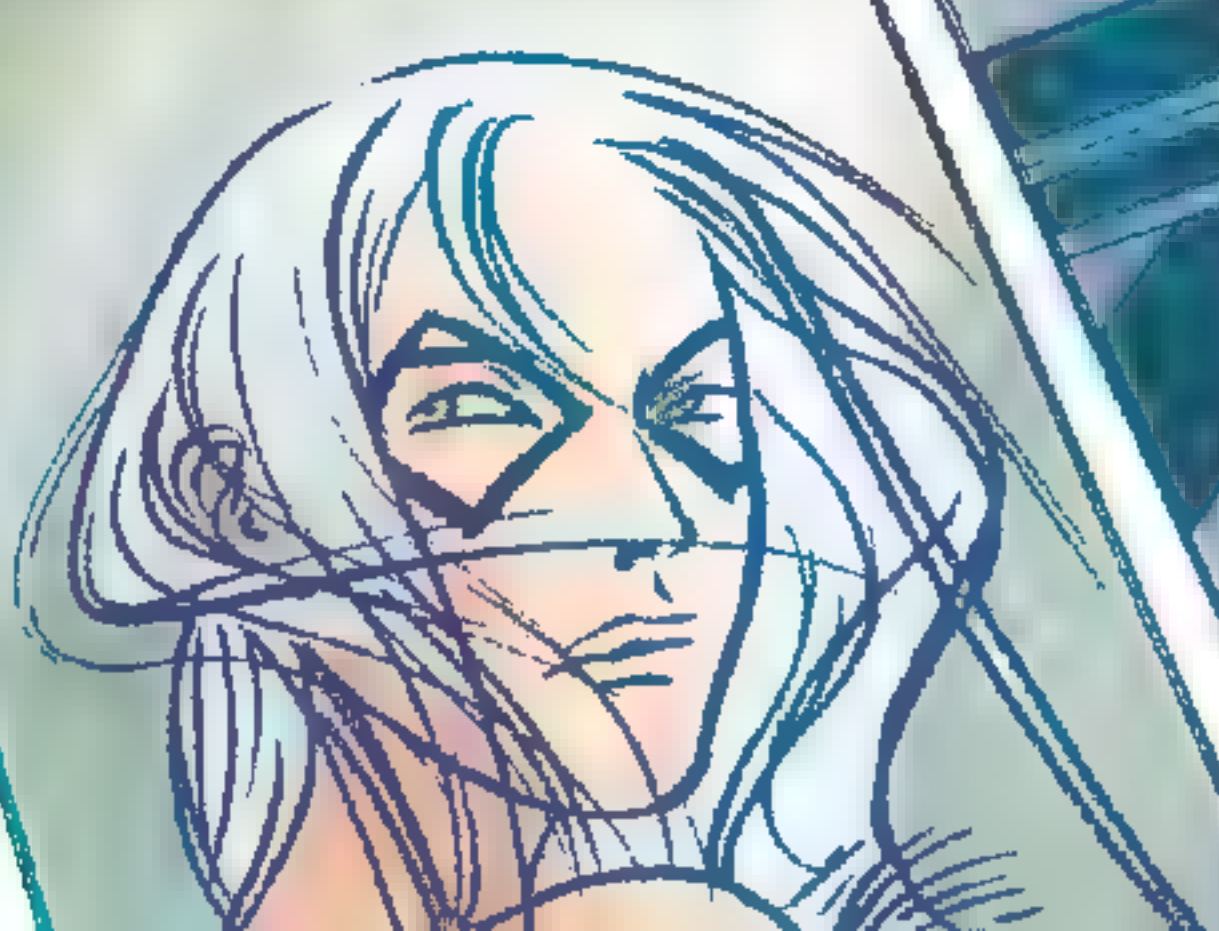
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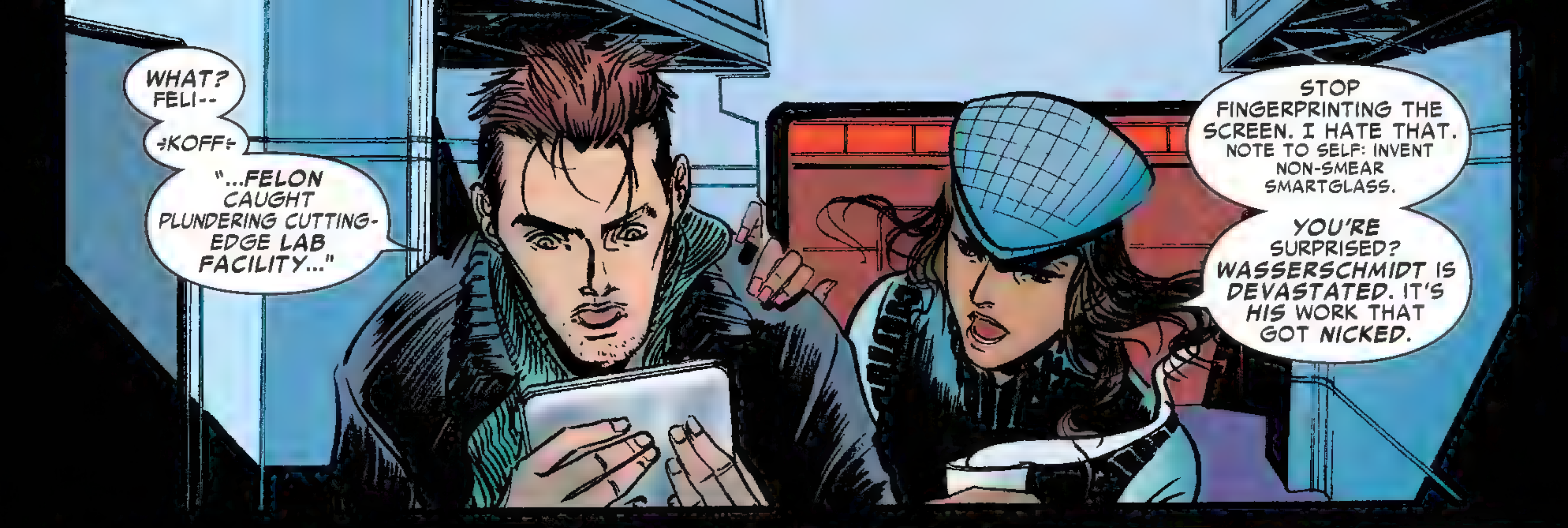
LUCK

BLACK
CAT?

CHECK THE
NEWS MUCH?
WE WERE
BURGLED.

THIEF UNMASKED, PINNED
TO HORIZON THEFT





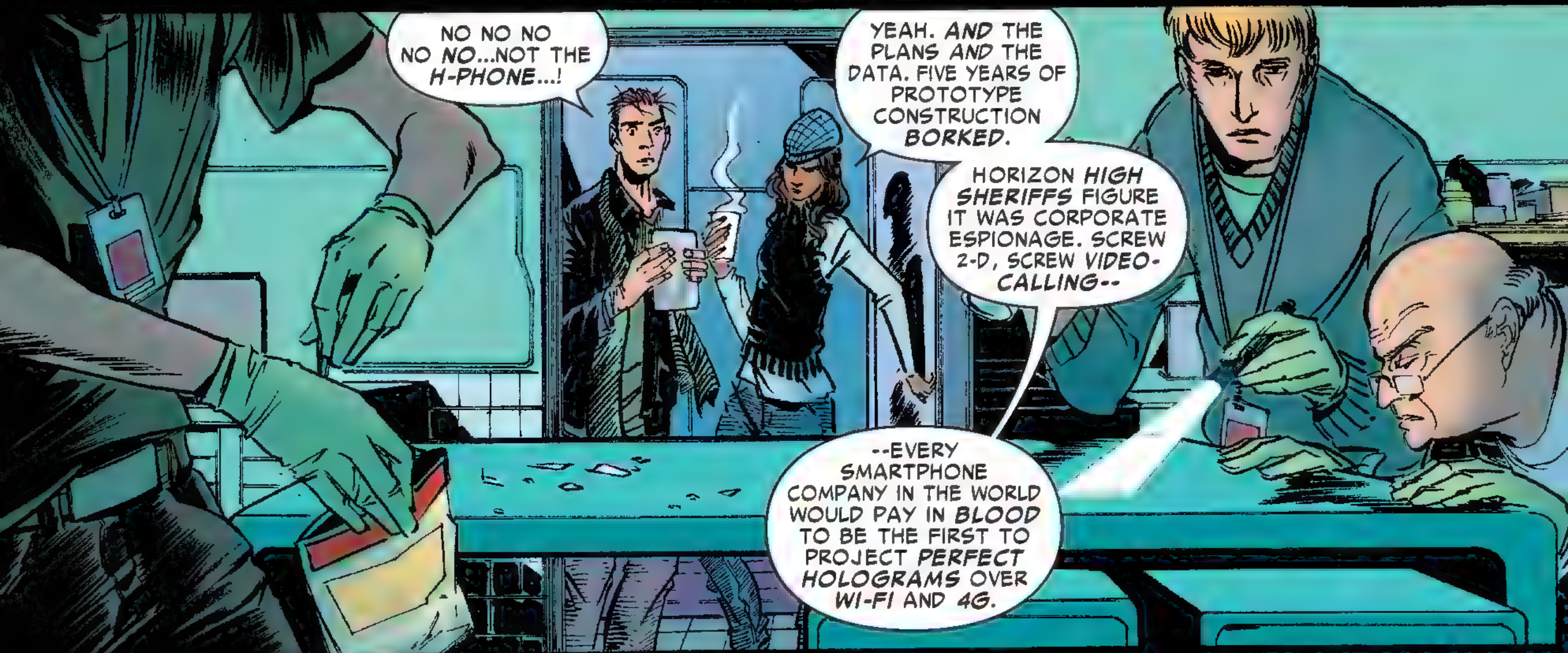
WHAT?
FELI--

-KOFF-

"...FELON
CAUGHT
PLUNDERING CUTTING-
EDGE LAB
FACILITY..."

STOP
FINGERPRINTING THE
SCREEN. I HATE THAT.
NOTE TO SELF: INVENT
NON-SMEAR
SMARTGLASS.

YOU'RE
SURPRISED?
WASSERSCHMIDT IS
DEVASTATED. IT'S
HIS WORK THAT
GOT NICKED.

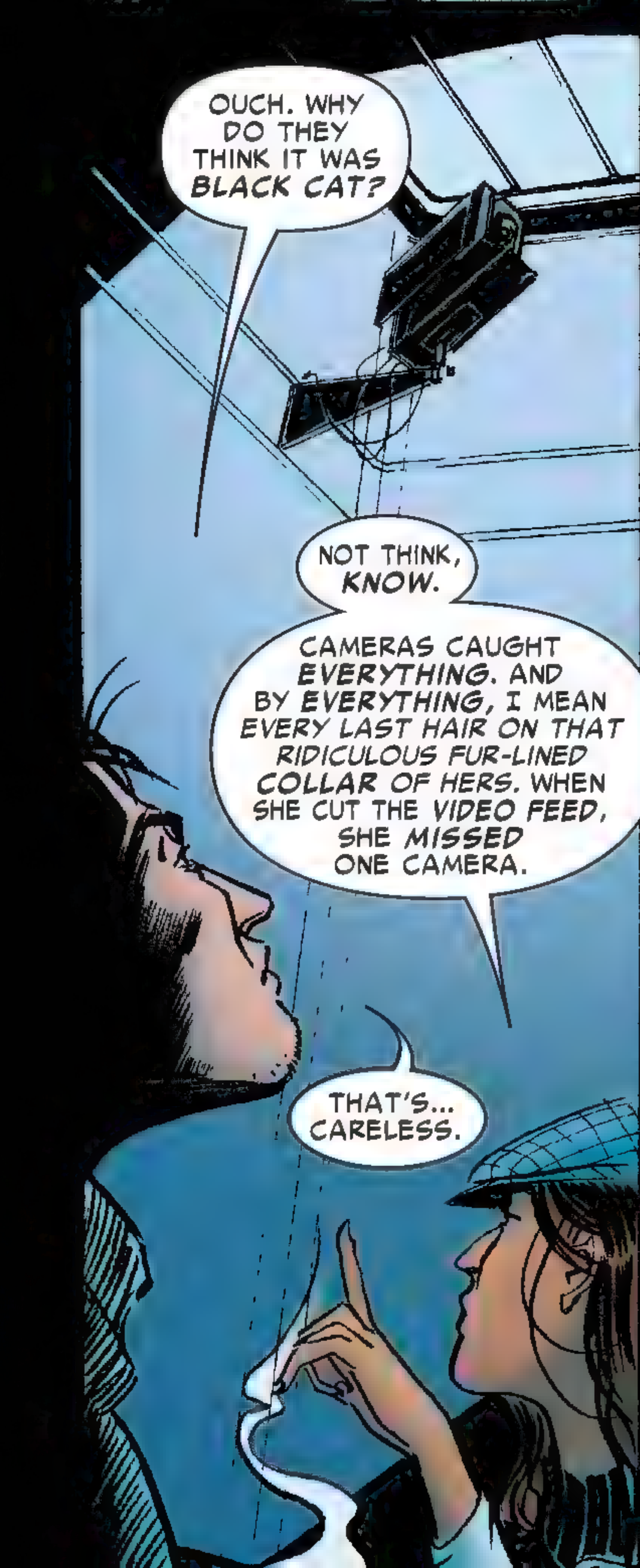


NO NO NO
NO NO...NOT THE
H-PHONE...!

YEAH. AND THE
PLANS AND THE
DATA. FIVE YEARS OF
PROTOTYPE
CONSTRUCTION
BORKED.

HORIZON HIGH
SHERIFFS FIGURE
IT WAS CORPORATE
ESPIONAGE. SCREW
2-D, SCREW VIDEO-
CALLING--

--EVERY
SMARTPHONE
COMPANY IN THE WORLD
WOULD PAY IN BLOOD
TO BE THE FIRST TO
PROJECT PERFECT
HOLOGRAMS OVER
WI-FI AND 4G.

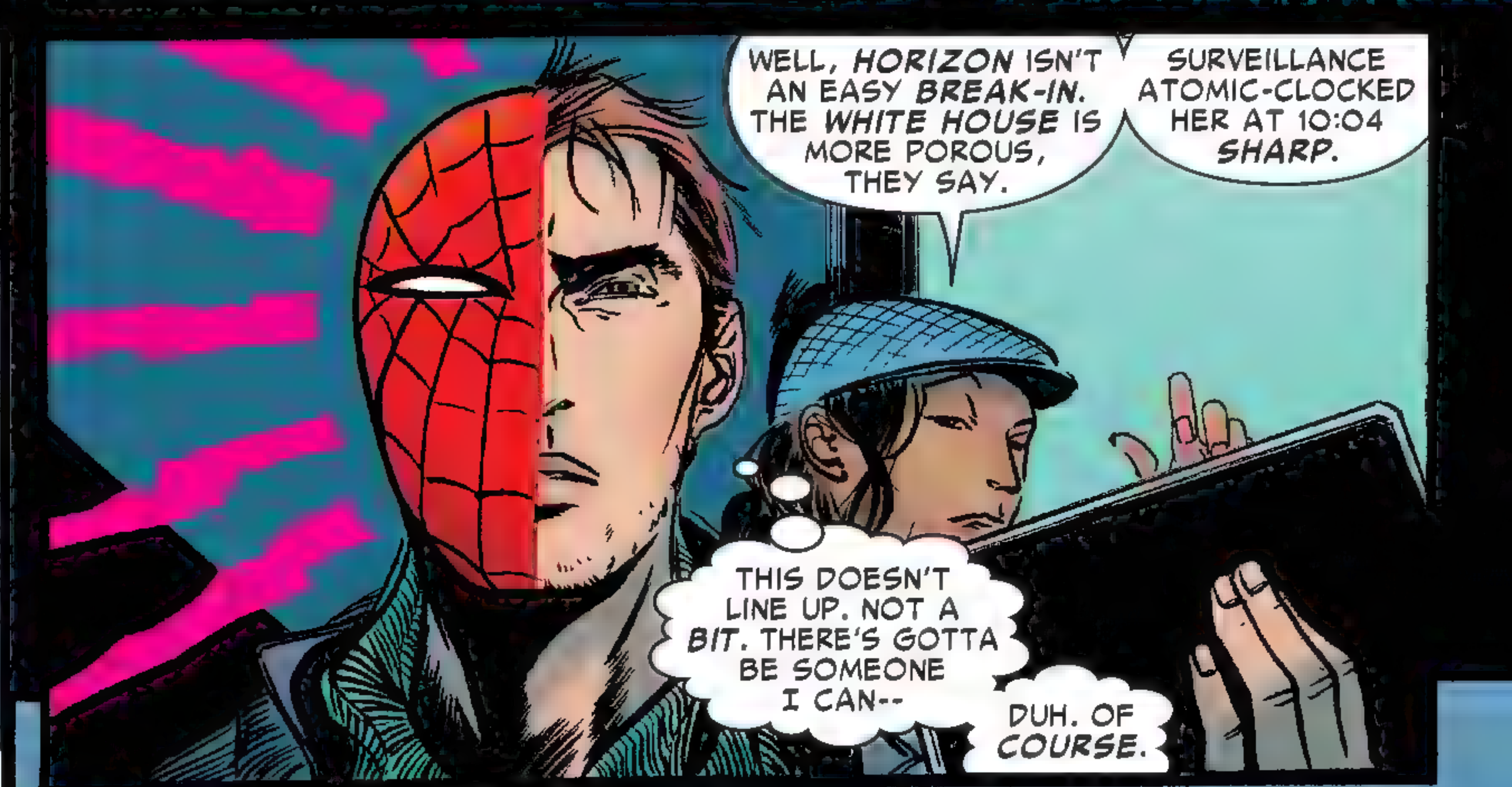


OUCH. WHY
DO THEY
THINK IT WAS
BLACK CAT?

NOT THINK,
KNOW.

CAMERAS CAUGHT
EVERYTHING. AND
BY EVERYTHING, I MEAN
EVERY LAST HAIR ON THAT
RIDICULOUS FUR-LINED
COLLAR OF HERS. WHEN
SHE CUT THE VIDEO FEED,
SHE MISSED
ONE CAMERA.

THAT'S...
CARELESS.



WELL, HORIZON ISN'T
AN EASY BREAK-IN.
THE WHITE HOUSE IS
MORE POROUS,
THEY SAY.

SURVEILLANCE
ATOMIC-CLOCKED
HER AT 10:04
SHARP.

THIS DOESN'T
LINE UP. NOT A
BIT. THERE'S GOTTA
BE SOMEONE
I CAN--

DUH. OF
COURSE.



TEXT ME THAT LINK,
OKAY? I'VE GOTTA
SEE A MAN ABOUT
A THING.

TRULY, YOU
ARE THE
LEAST ELOQUENT
SCIENTIST OF
ALL TIME.

THAT
I BE.

Manhattan Court District.

...SO, MS. MCDUFFIE, YOU CAN TELL THE D.A. THAT I WILL PERSONALLY ARRANGE FOR ALL LAW-ABIDING PROTESTERS TO RECEIVE AN EXEMPLARY DEFENSE.

"DEAR BOSS, DAREDEVIL SAYS TO BACK OFF." GOT IT.

OH. OH! YOU FORGOT THE MOST IMPORTANT PART:

I'M NOT DAREDEVIL. ADD THAT TO THE MESSAGE.

"P.S. DAREDEVIL SAYS HELLO."

KIRSTEN, GIVE IT UP. FOR THE LAST TIME, MATT MURDOCK IS NOT--

DAREDEVIL!

HEY, PAL, I NEED A LITTLE DARE-HELP WITH A SOMETHIN'-SOMETHIN'.

NOT TO PUT YOU ON THE SPOT, BUT IS NOW GOOD?

... I BEG YOUR PARDON? IS SOMEBODY THERE? WHO'S SPEAKING?

STOP KIDDING AROUND. I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. C'MON.

I HEAR A VOICE...!

SO DO I. IT'S SAYING "AVENGERS ASSEMBLE." SAY HELLO TO CAPTAIN AMERICA FOR ME, BOYS.

WHAT IS THIS ABOUT?

CHRYSLER BUILDING IN THIRTY.

FOGGY, IS THAT YOU--?

WHENEVER I THINK
I'VE HAD AN UPHILL
BATTLE, I REMEMBER
MATT MURDOCK.

NOT JUST BECAUSE HE'S
BLIND, ALTHOUGH EVEN
WITH HIS OTHER SENSES
HYPER-ENHANCED,
THAT IS A **CLIMB**...

...AND NOT BECAUSE
HE'S BECOME A WORLD-
FAMOUS LAWYER
DESPITE HIS IMPAIRMENT...

...BUT BECAUSE BEING
DAREDEVIL HAS COST
HIM **EVERYTHING** MORE
THAN ONCE, MORE
THAN **TWICE**...

...AND YET HE
STILL SUITS UP
ANY TIME THERE'S
TROUBLE.

BECAUSE HE IS A
MAN WITHOUT
FEAR.

YOU'RE
LATE.

WHAT, DID
YOU TAKE
SIXTH?

BROADWAY
TO 34TH.
YOU?

NOT SINCE THEY
REMODELED THE PIKE
BUILDING. NO MORE
GRIPS TO SWING
FROM.

I KNOW,
RIGHT?

LISTEN,
ABOUT THAT
SCENE...WEREN'T
YOU **OUTED** AS MATT
MURDOCK A COUPLE YEARS
BACK? IT'S NOT STILL
A **SECRET**
THAT...?

YES AND NO. I ASSUME ABOUT
A THIRD OF NEW YORK **BELIEVES**
IT, A THIRD THINKS IT'S A **HOAX**
THAT A **BLIND** MAN WOULD BE
A **SUPER HERO**, AND A THIRD
CARES MORE ABOUT
THE **KARDASHIAN**
WEDDING.

TOLD
YOU THEY'D
SPLIT UP.

WOW.
I **TOTALLY**
MISREAD THE
I.D. THING. I'M
REALLY SORRY
IF I--

FORGET IT.
I'D RATHER NOT
BROADCAST IT, BUT
IT'S NO BIG DEAL.
WHAT CAN I DO
FOR YOU?

YOU CAN TEACH ME
HOW TO TAKE STUFF LIKE
A **BLOWN IDENTITY**
IN STRIDE, FOR ONE.

OR HOW TO LET BEING
TEMPORARILY POSSESSED
BY A **DEMON** ROLL OFF
YOUR BACK. OR A
HUNDRED **OTHER**--

WELL?



FRIEND OF
MINE'S BEEN
FRAMED FOR A
THEFT. THE
BLACK CAT.

I HEARD.
BUT SHE IS A
THIEF. YOU KNOW
IT'S A FRAME-UP
BECAUSE...?

BECAUSE
SHE WAS WITH
ME AT THE
TIME.

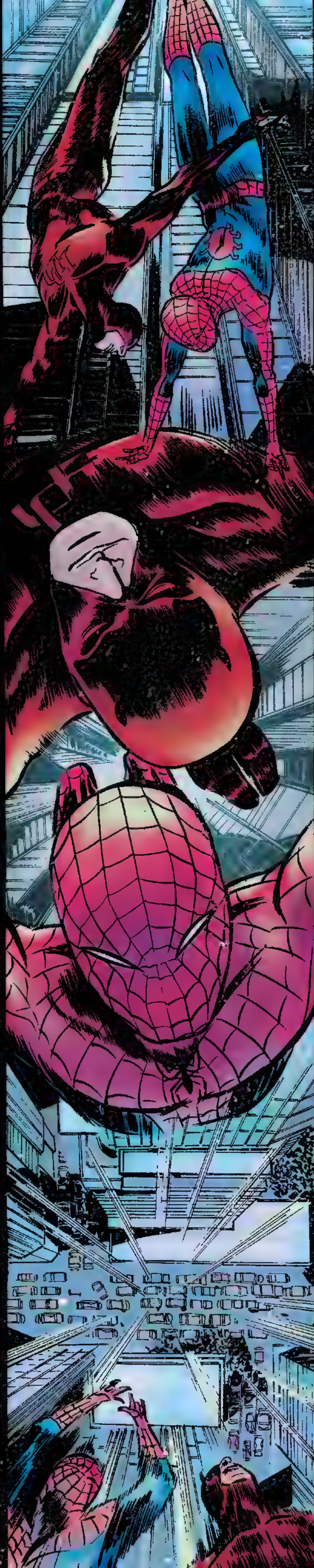
REALLY.

WITH. NOT
"WITH" WITH.
I MEAN--

--GHHUH,
LOOK, I NEED
SOME LEGAL AND
EXTRA-LEGAL HELP
AND YOU'RE SORTA
MY GO-TO.

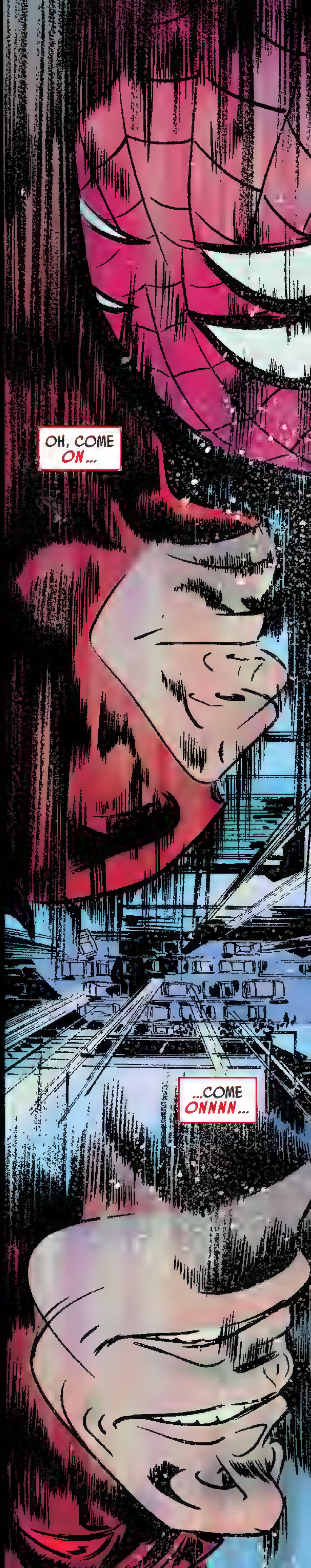
NOTED. AND
YOU'RE MY
GO-TO FOR FULL-
GROWN MEN WHOSE
VOICES STILL
CRACK.

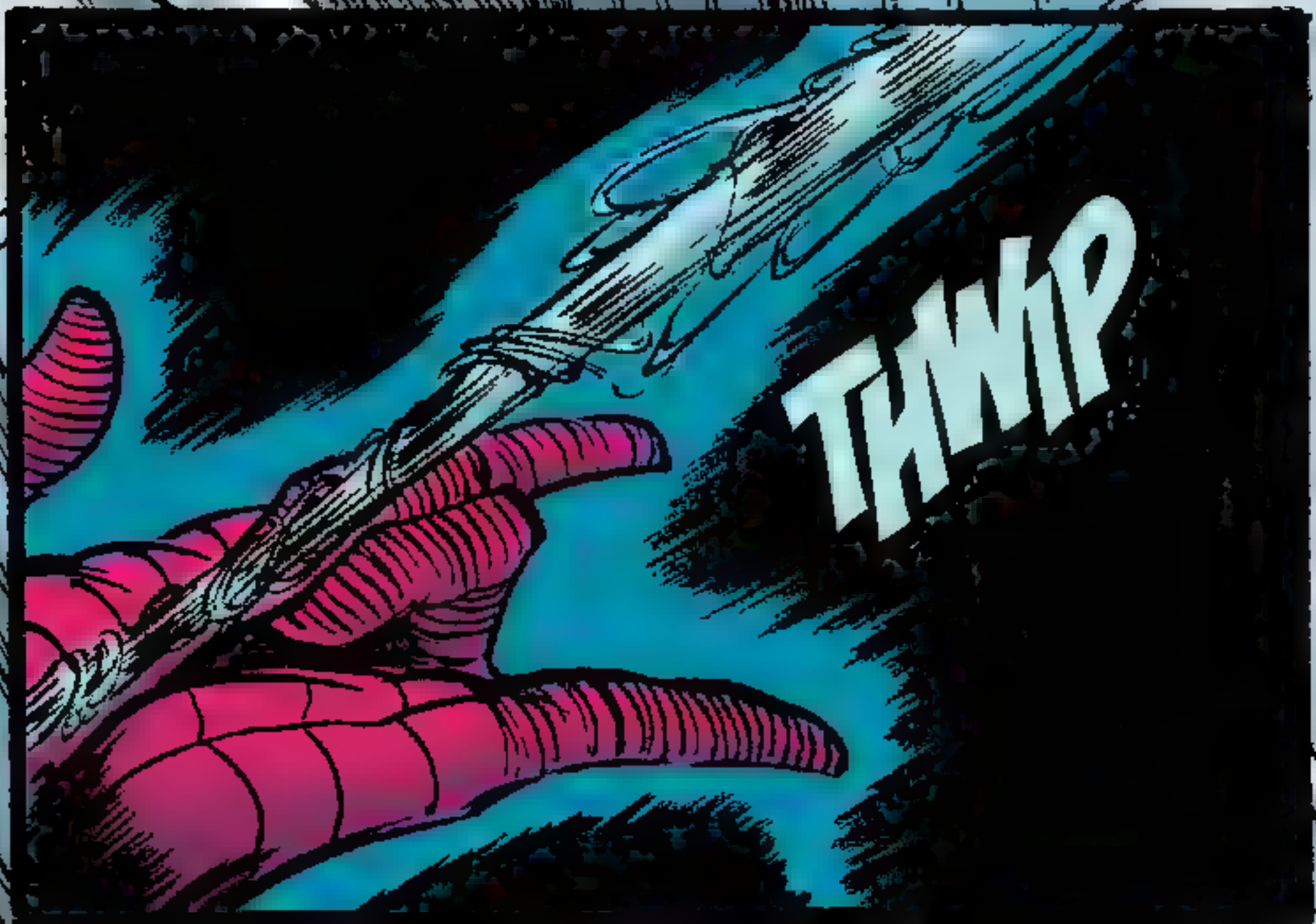
RACE YOU
DOWN.



OH, COME
ON...

...COME
ONNN...





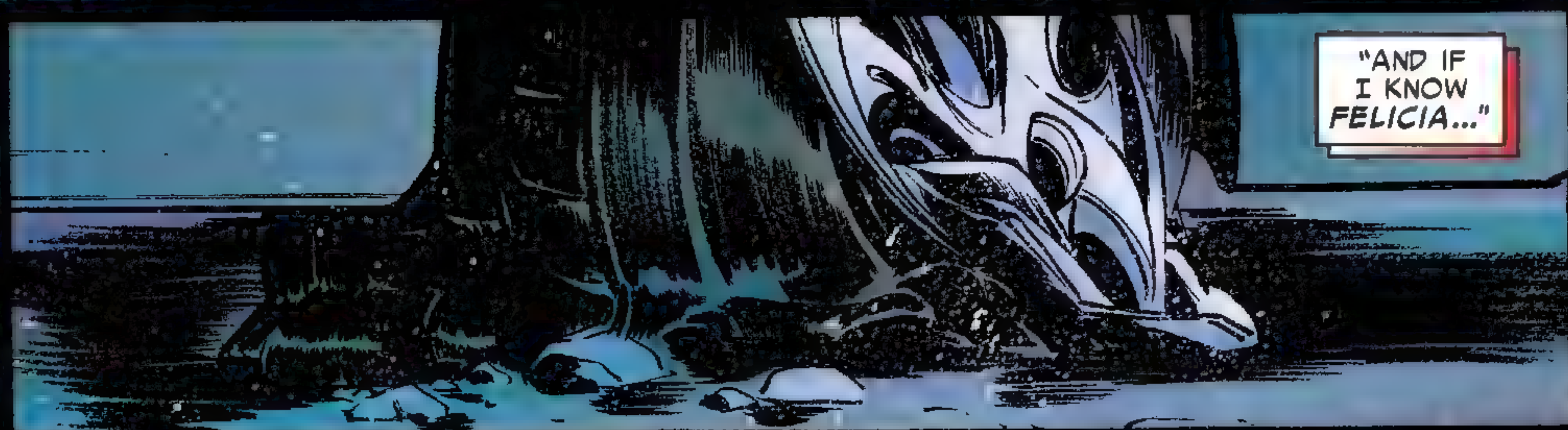
YOU
BLINKED.

WHATEVER.
YOU CAN'T
EVEN SEE
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING!



SO I SUPPOSE THE FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS IS TO ARRANGE BAIL TO FREE CAT.

WASTE OF DOUGH. THEY CAN CHAIN HER UP, BUT THEY CAN'T TAKE AWAY HER BAD LUCK POWERS.



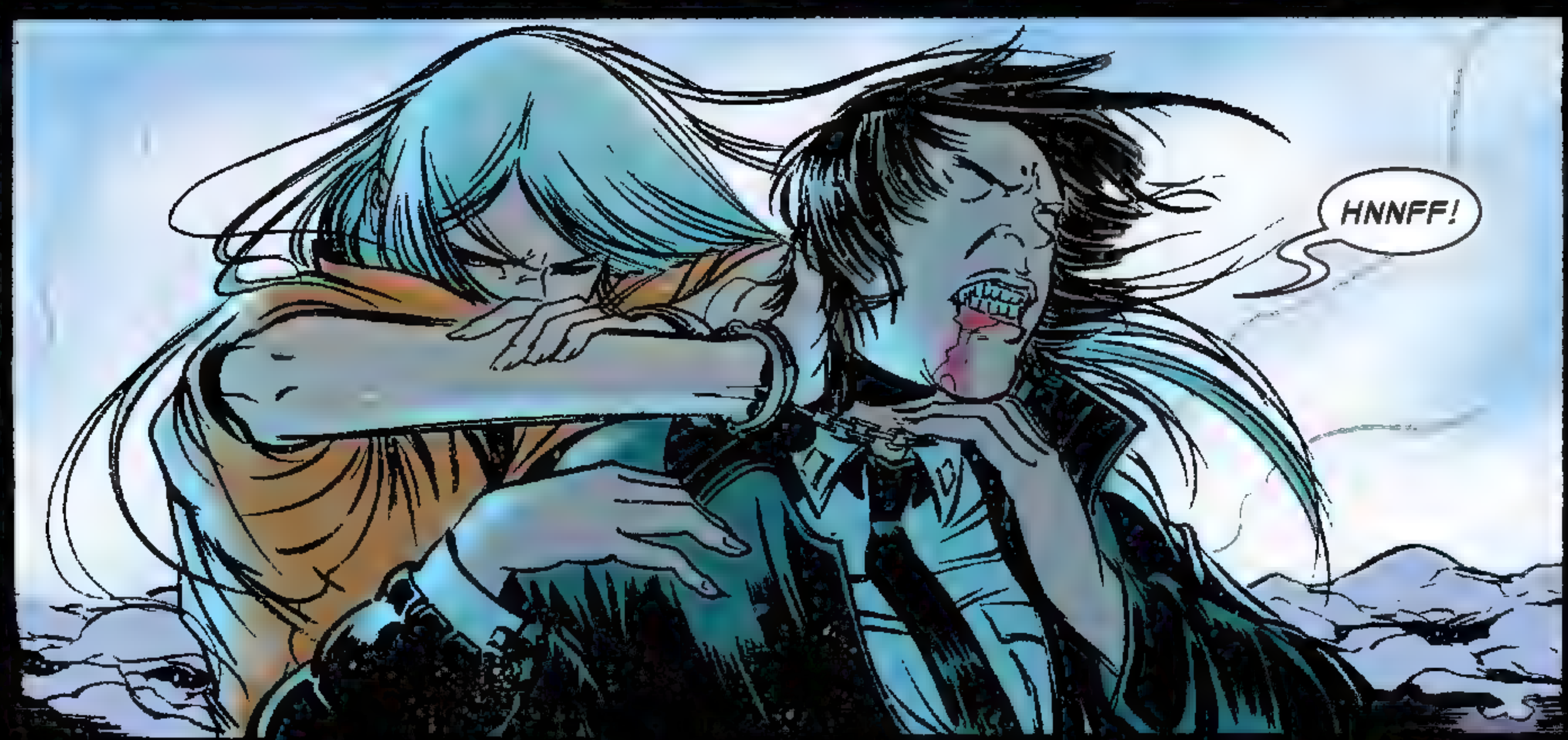
"AND IF I KNOW FELICIA..."



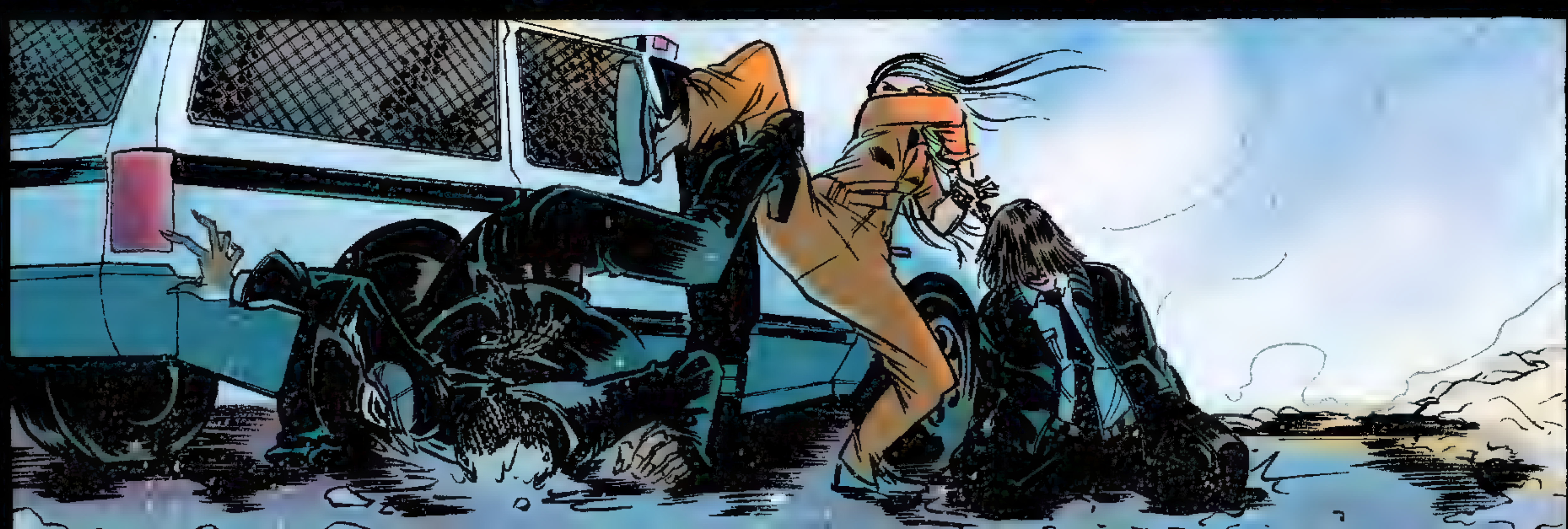
SO YOU MANAGE TO DRIVE US INTO THE ONE AND ONLY POT HOLE ALONG THIS ENTIRE STRETCH. WHAT ARE THE ODDS...?

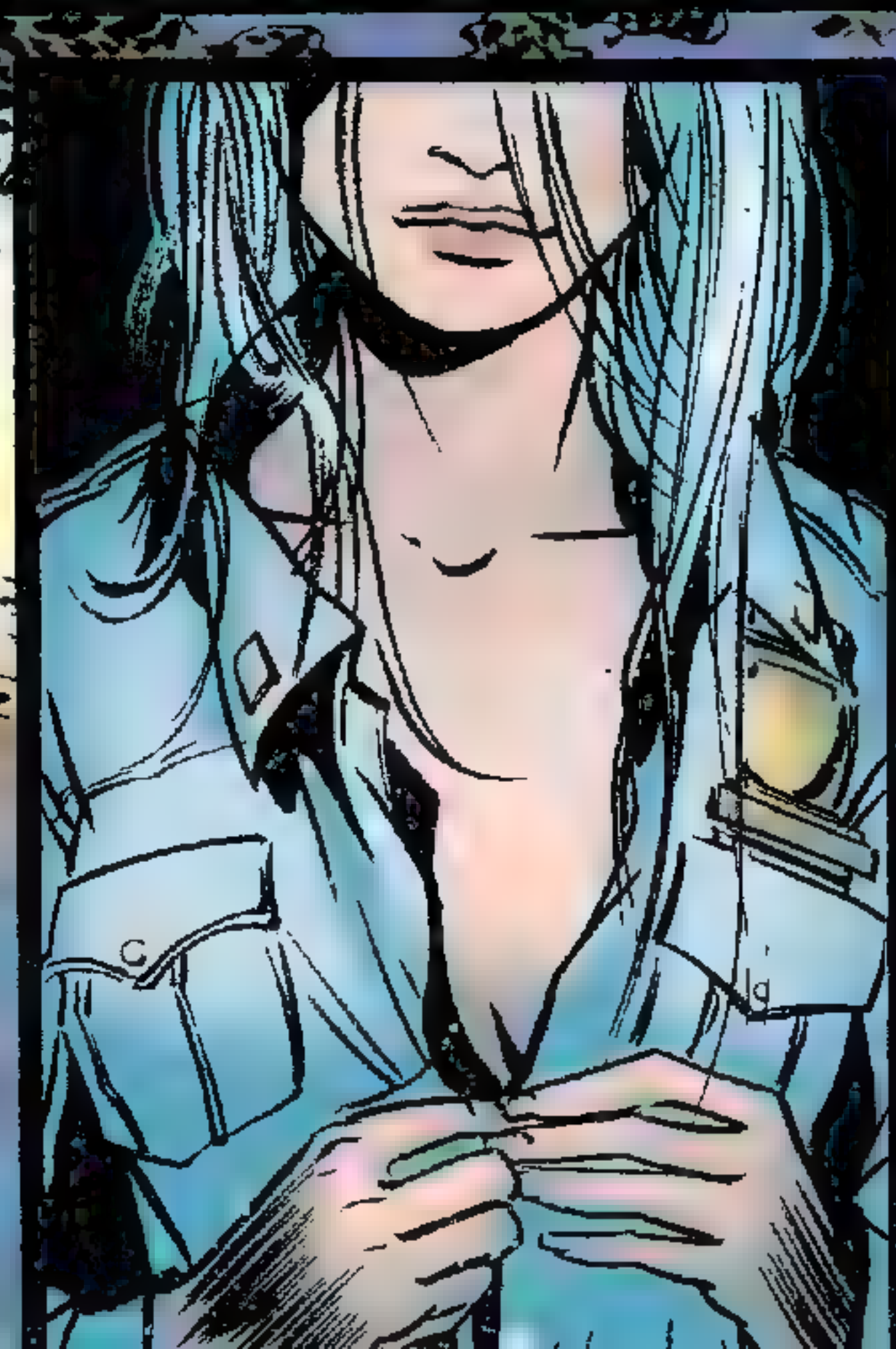
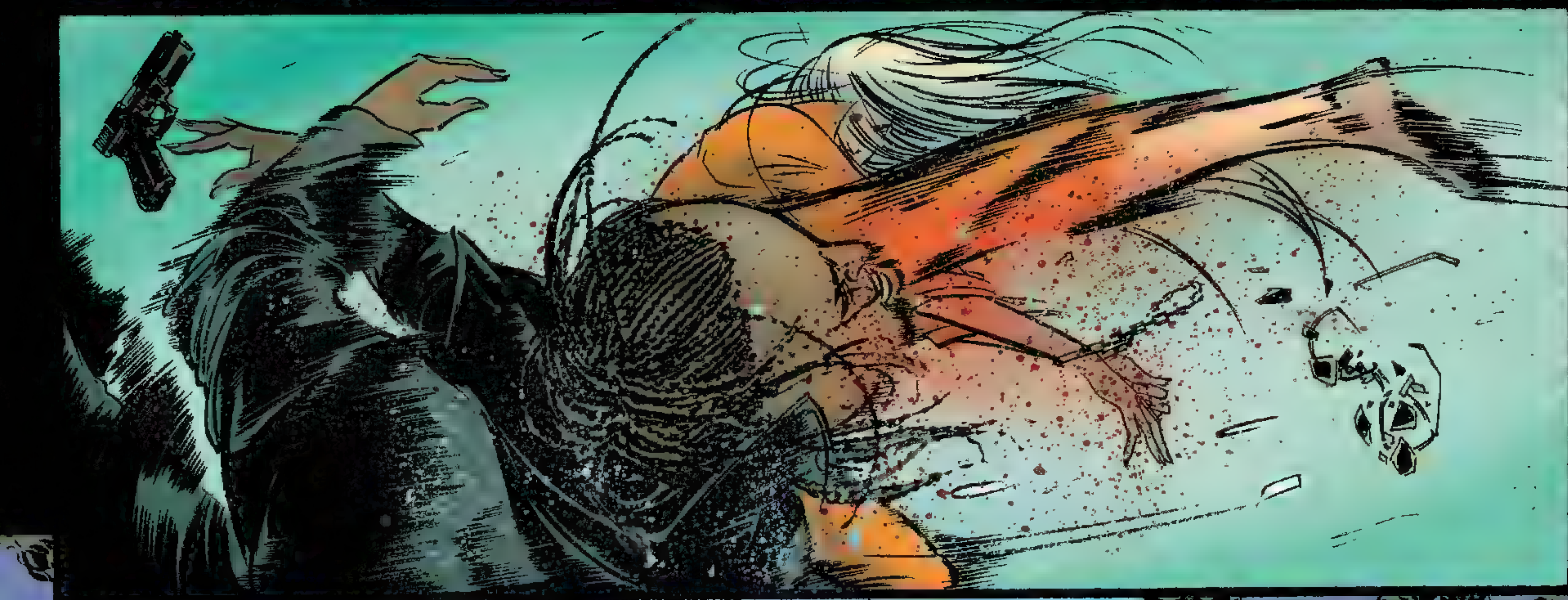
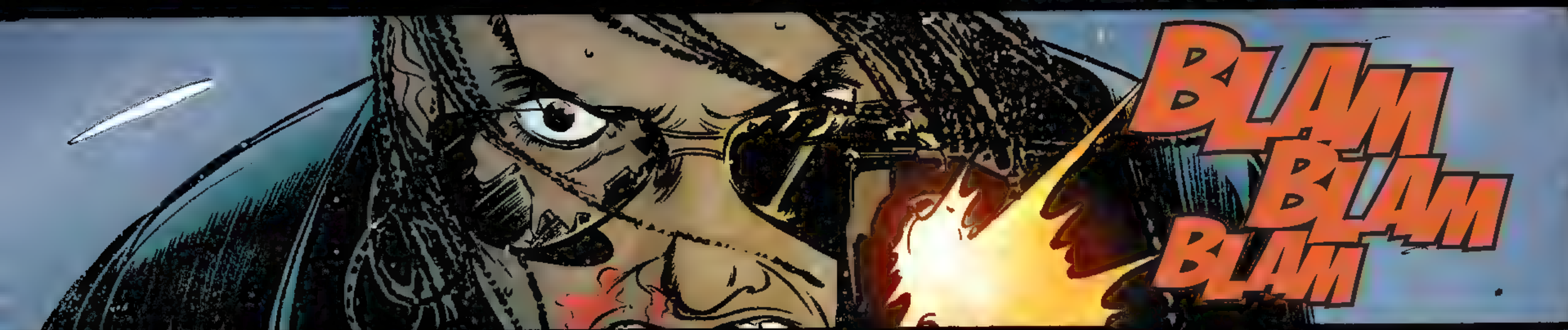
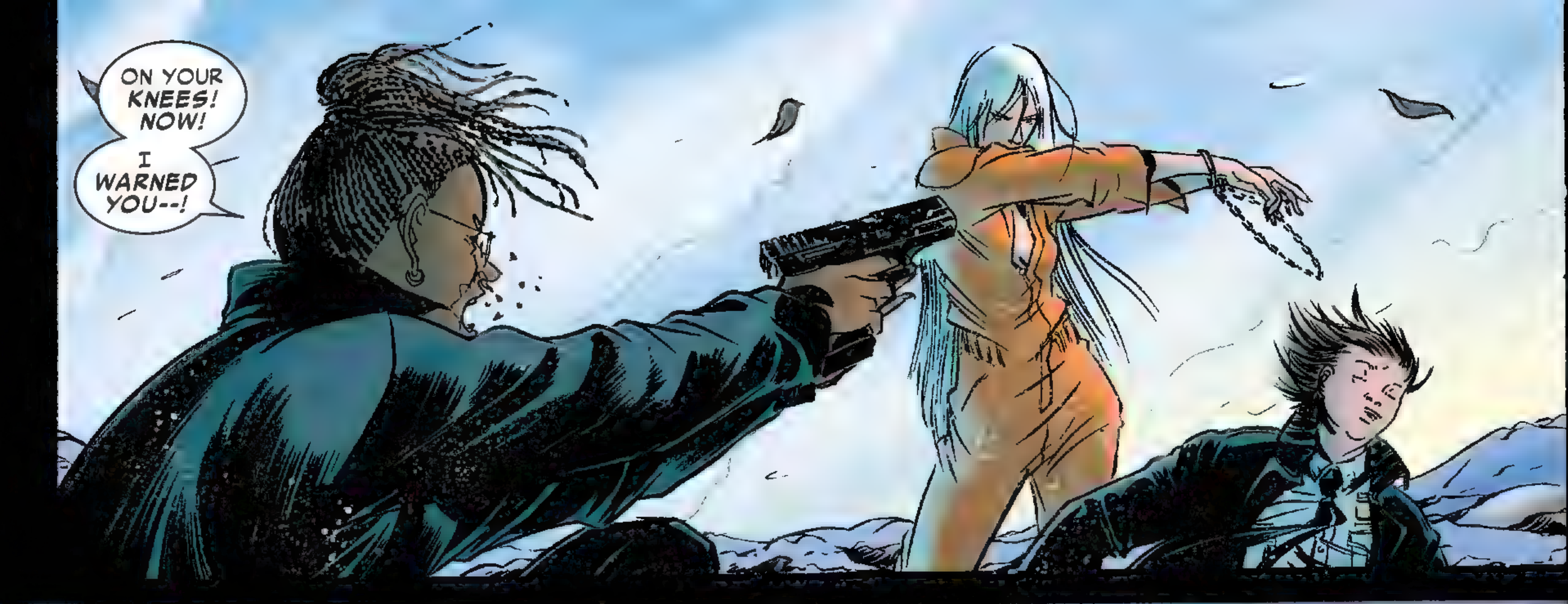


I'LL CHECK ON OUR PASSENGGKKK--!



HNNFF!





HELLO?

SORRY.
DISTRACTED.
SPIDER-SENSE IS
TINGLING FOR SOME
REASON, SO
STAY ALERT.

I WAS ABOUT
TO SAY THAT
WE SHOULD TALK
TO THE MAN WHOSE
WORK WAS
STOLEN,
GRILL HIM.

HIS
NAME
IS--



--WASSERSCHMIDT.



CHARGE, OR HANG
BACK. TWO WAYS
TO PLAY THIS.

ONLY ONE KEEPS
THEM FROM PARTING
WASSERSCHMIDT'S
HAIR FROM THE
INSIDE BEFORE WE
CLOSE THE *GAP*.

TAKE
IT EASY,
BOYS.

DON'T DO
ANYTHING
NOISY. WE'LL
KEEP A
DISTANCE.

WHY SO
TIMID? WHAT
ARE YOU
WORRIED
ABOUT?

ANNNND *THIS* IS WHY
NO ONE LIKES
PARTNERING
WITH DAREDEVIL.

WHAT
AM I--?

WHAT IS
WRONG
WITH YOU?

IF NOT FOR
THE WHOLE
HOSTAGE THING,
I'D BE RIGHT
WITH YOU, BUT
H-O-S-T-A-G-E:

SO CAN
YOU SHOW AT
LEAST AN OUNCE OF
SELF-PRESERVATION
FOR ONCE, BIG CHIEF
LEADS-WITH-
HIS-FACE? I
HAVE THIS!

WE CAN
FOLLOW
AND PICK 'EM
OFF WITHOUT
GETTING HIM
KILLED!

RIGHT.
RIGHT. GOOD
POINT. BUT I
SUSPECT YOU
MISUNDERSTOOD
ME:

PICK WHO
OFF? WHO ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

THERE'S
NO ONE
HERE.

WAIT,
WHAT?



OH,
YOU ARE
KIDDING
ME?!

HEY,
WHAT DID
YOU SAY WAS
STOLEN,
AGAIN?



A WI-FI
HOLOGRAM
PROJECTOR.

PARDON?

YOU
HEARD ME!
A HOLOGRAM
PROJECTOR!
YES! THAT!

YOUR RADAR
SENSE TRUMPS
ILLUSIONS!
I GET IT!

IT HAS BEEN
A LONG DAY,
ALL RIGHT?



TOUCHY.

BECAUSE
WE'RE NOT
OUT OF THE
CROSSHAIRS
YET, MAGOO!

IT TAKES
MORE THAN A
LIGHT SHOW TO SET
OFF THE WARNING
BUZZ IN MY
NOGGIN!

MAYBE WE
FELL FOR A
MOVIE ABOUT A
KIDNAPPING, BUT
WE'RE STILL
FOLLOWING
SOMEBODY...



...AND
SOMETHING
IS UP!



TREMORS.
BACKTRACK!

I
DON'T FEEL
ANYTH--

OH.



GO! GO!
GO!



KAFF

DARE-DEVIL, YOU THERE?

OKAY...

...I'M STARTING... TO TAKE... THIS PERSONALLY.

BUT TRAP OR NO TRAP, I WAS RIGHT. WE WERE FOLLOWING WHOEVER'S BEHIND THIS...

...AND HERE THEY COME.

RUBBLE'S LOOSE. IF I CAN JUST FIND A HANDHOLD, I CAN PULL--

SNAPKZAAK

NO!

WHAT ROTTEN--

--ROTTEN--

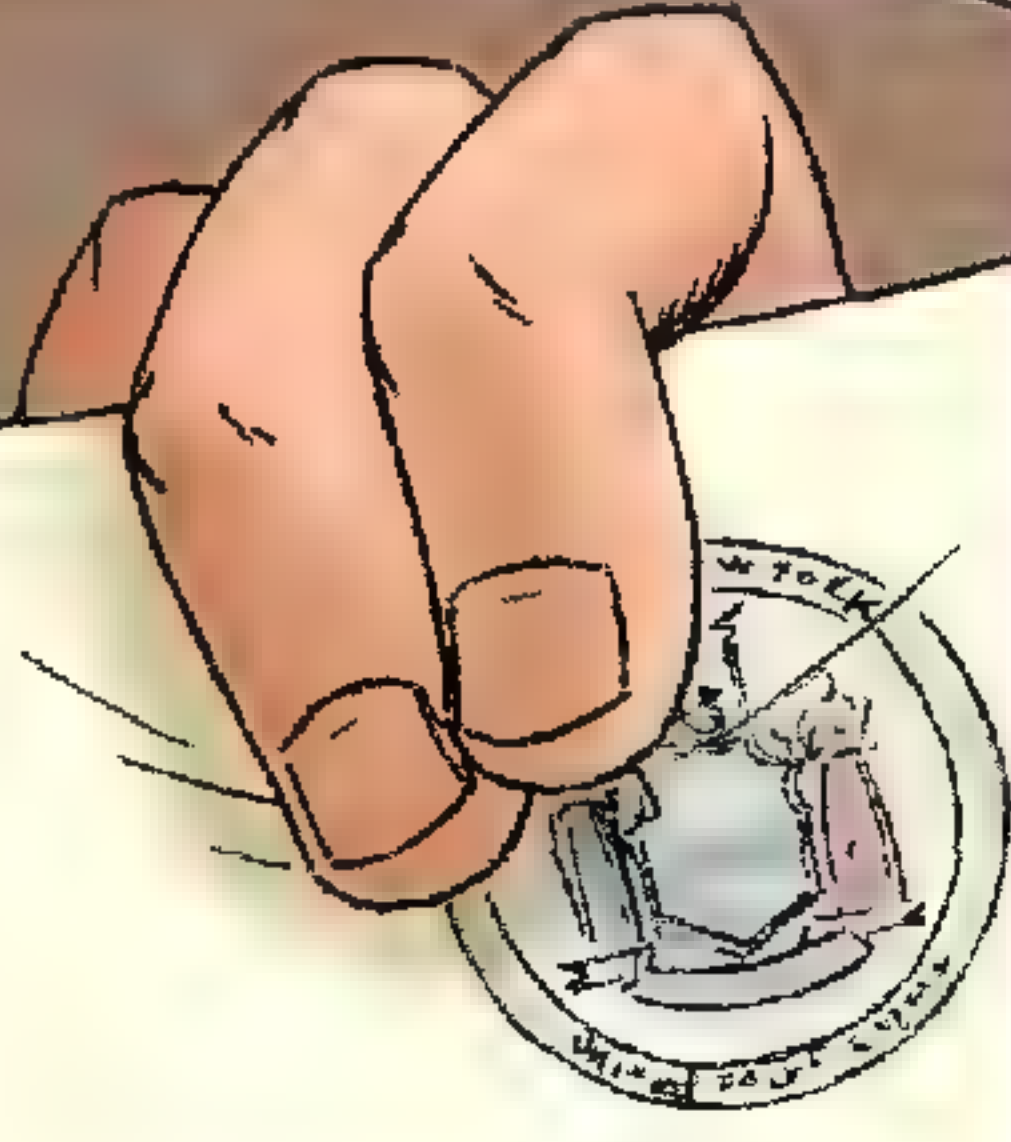
--LUCK--!





WHAT IS THIS?

IT'S MY ANTI-STONEWALLING DEVICE.



United States District Court
SOUTHERN DISTRICT

In the Matter of the Search of
(Description of person, property or premises to be searched)

YOU A LAWYER?

FRANKLIN W. NELSON, NELSON & MURDOCK. AND THESE ARE MY CLIENTS.

THEY CLAIM NEGLIGENCE ON THE PART OF SUNCOURT CEMETERY REGARDING THE CARETAKING OF THEIR DECEASED LOVED ONES.

AND WE ARE HERE TO INVESTIGATE.



IS THIS ABOUT THE GROUND SHIFTS? I BEEN TELLIN' EVERYBODY, WE'VE JUST HAD A LOTTA RAIN THIS SEASON--!

YOURS ISN'T THE ONLY CEMETERY THAT'S HAD COMPLAINTS FILED ABOUT SHIFTING EARTH AND UNSAFE CONDITIONS. I THINK THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN SOFT SOIL.



RRRRRR

THIS IS NUTS! THERE'S GOTTA BE OTHER WAYS T--

WE'RE NOT EXHUMING... NOT YET. WE'RE PROBING.



JUST BE GLAD YOU'RE DEALING WITH ME AND NOT MY PARTNER, MATT MURDOCK...



...BECAUSE HE HAS A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THE MATTER. YOU'RE LUCKY I HAVEN'T TOLD HIM YET. I WOULD HAVE, BUT...

HE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT
JACK MURDOCK



"...HE'S...
BURIED
IN WORK."

Here's
my night
so far:

Spider-Man
asked for my
help in an
investigation.

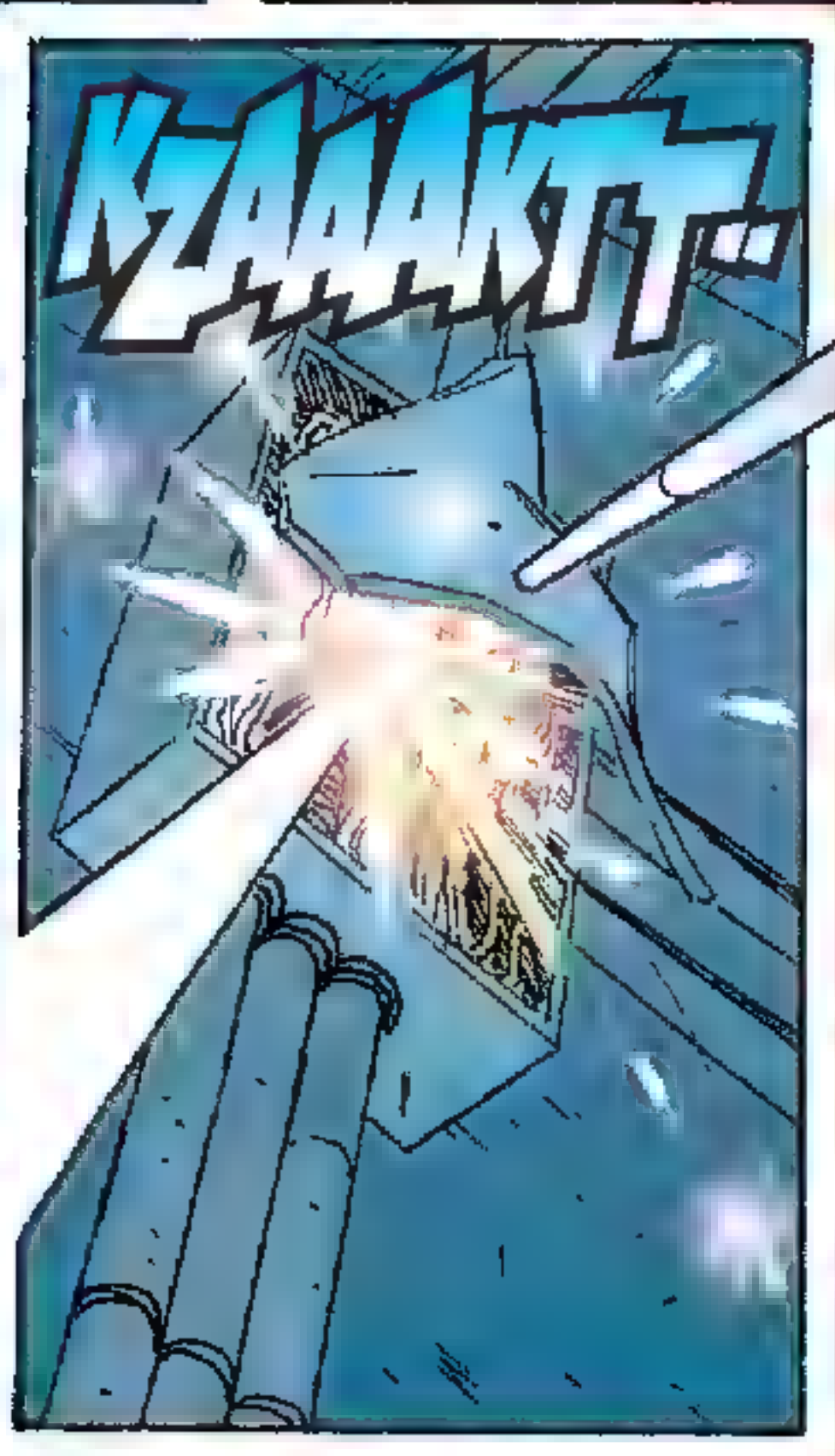
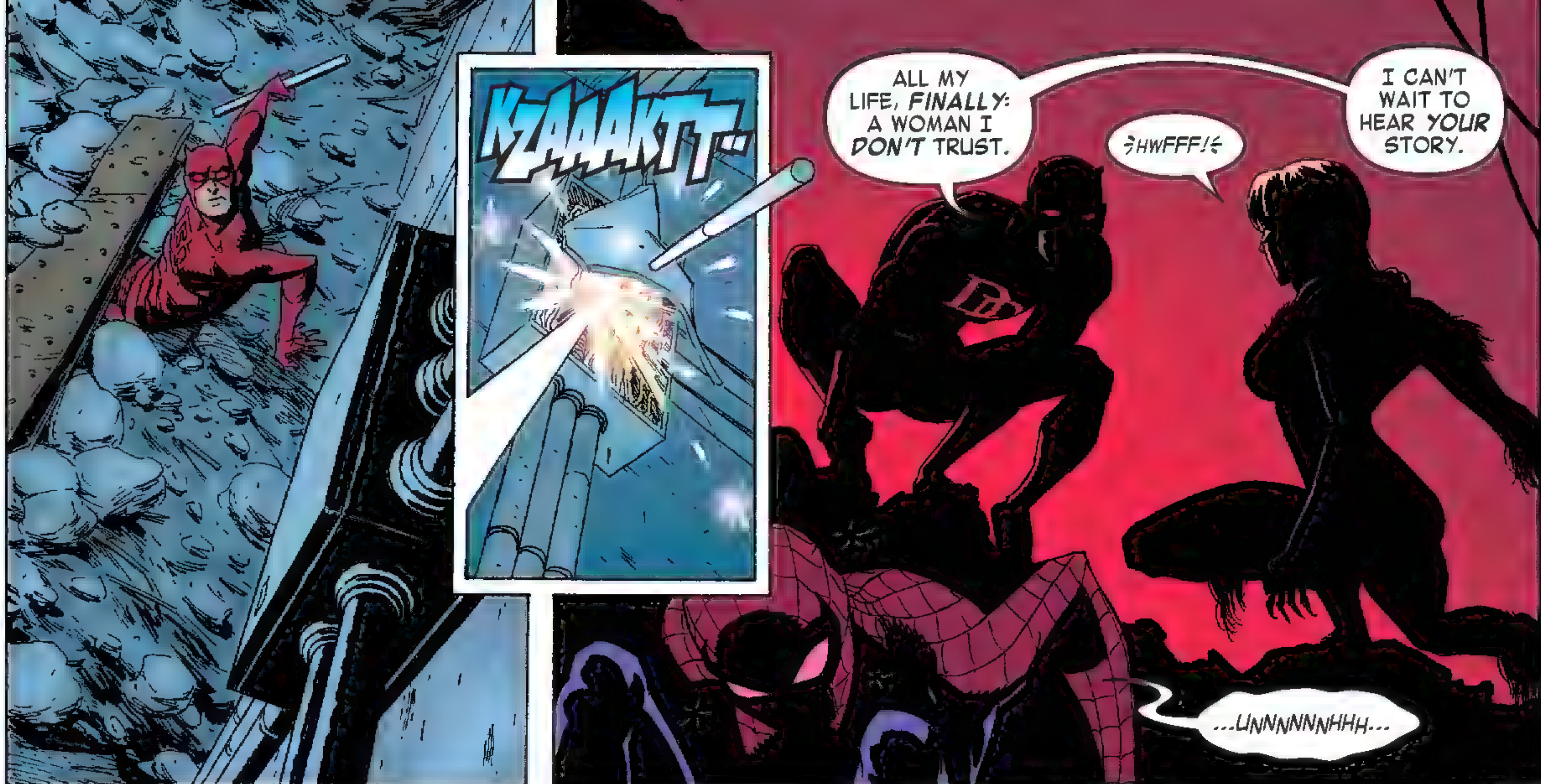
He said someone
had nicked a cutting-
edge hologram device
and framed *Black Cat*
for the crime.

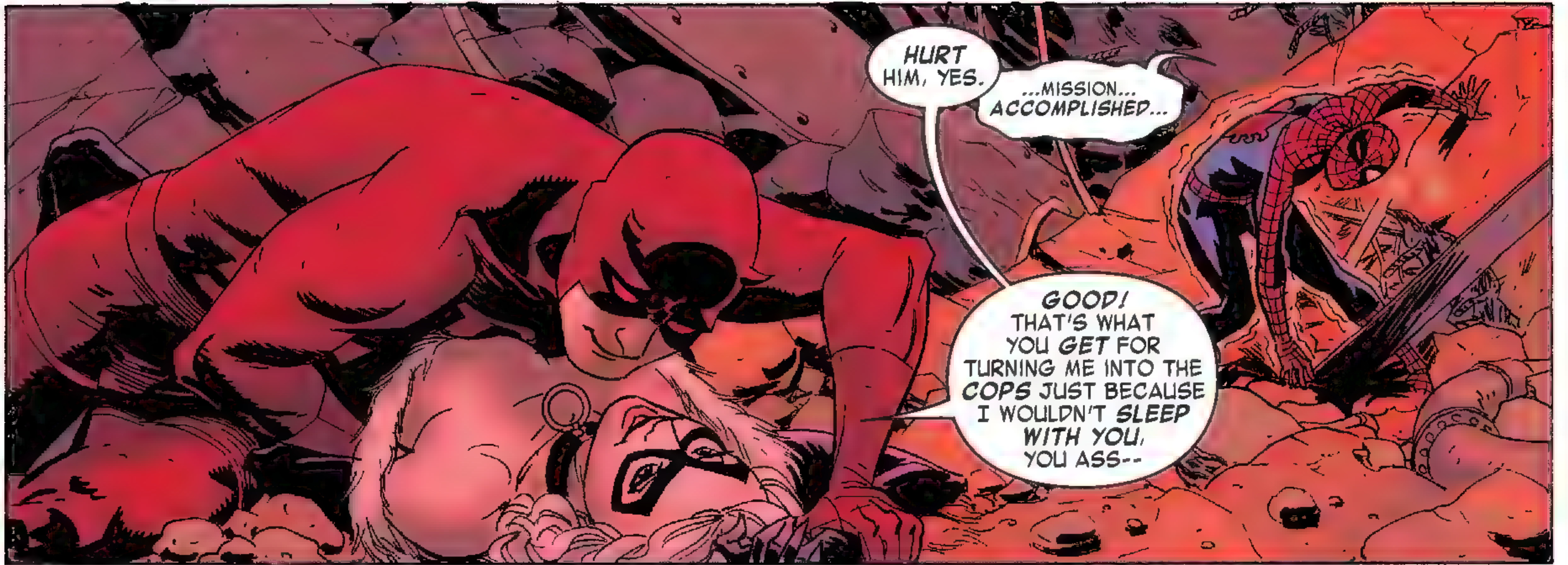
Spidey insists
the Cat is
innocent.

Now that
she's lured us
underground, I'm
less convinced.



Probably
because she's
electrocuting
him.





HURT HIM, YES.

...MISSION... ACCOMPLISHED...

GOOD! THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR TURNING ME INTO THE COPS JUST BECAUSE I WOULDN'T SLEEP WITH YOU, YOU ASS--

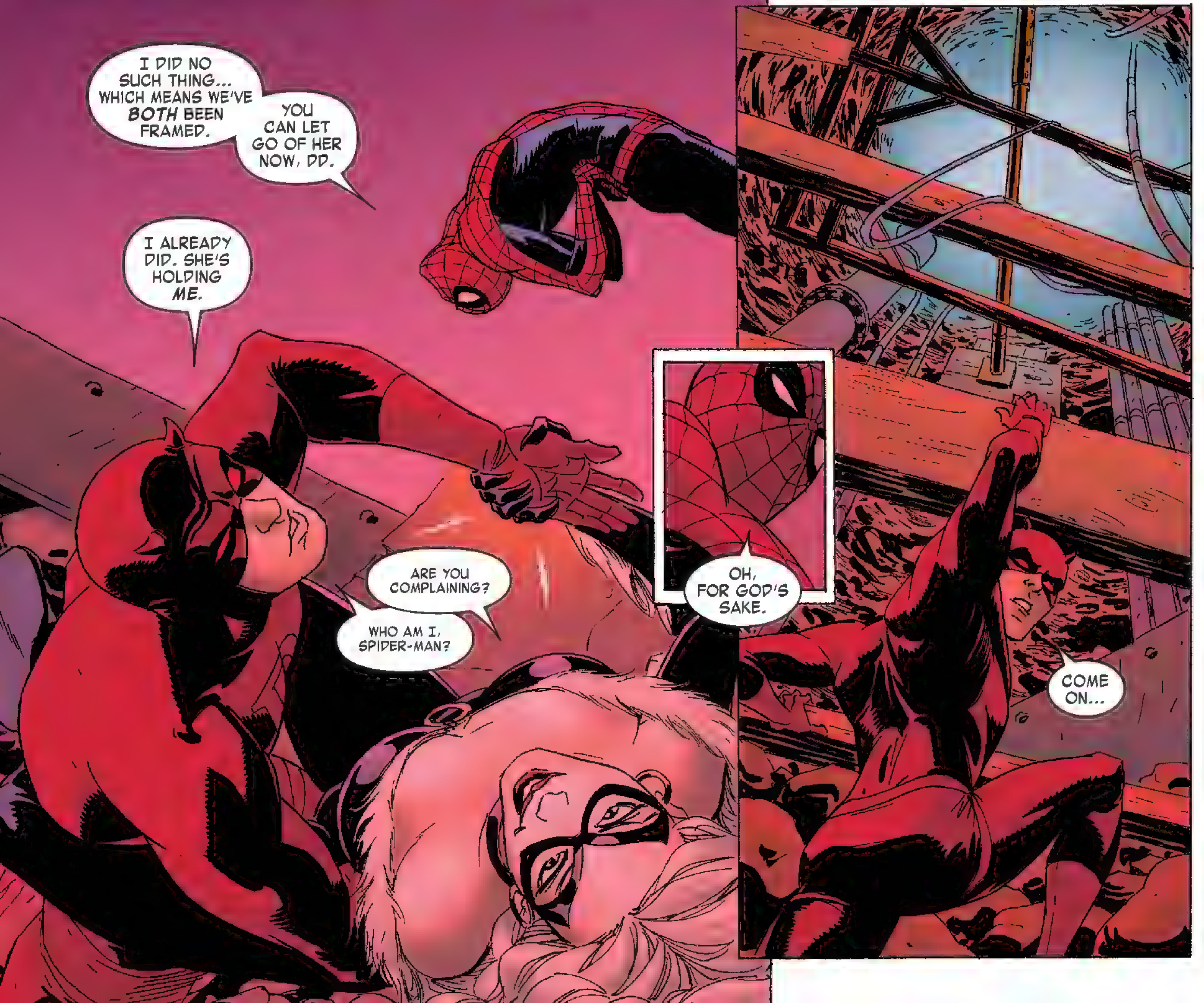


WAIT.

YOU THINK I TURNED YOU IN?

YOU'RE NOT SLEEPING WITH HIM?

YOU PLANTED A TRACER ON ME THAT LED THE P.D. RIGHT TO MY DOOR, SPIDER.



I DID NO SUCH THING... WHICH MEANS WE'VE BOTH BEEN FRAMED.

YOU CAN LET GO OF HER NOW, DD.

I ALREADY DID. SHE'S HOLDING ME.

ARE YOU COMPLAINING?

WHO AM I, SPIDER-MAN?

OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE.

COME ON...



...LET'S GO
FIND THE
BAD GUYS.



The stolen invention in question--worth billions to the right cell phone manufacturer, says Spider-Man--was created by a scientist named *Wasserschmidt*.

This is his place. He has state-of-the-art security.

We have the Black Cat and a hunger for clues.



...TELLING YOU, WE'RE BEING PLAYED OFF EACH OTHER. WHOEVER *DID* TRACK YOU WANTED YOU TO *THINK* IT WAS ME SO YOU WOULDN'T COME TO ME FOR HELP.

I DIDN'T--I'M JUST-- OH, MY GOD, DON'T PUT *WORDS* IN MY MOUTH, I'M NOT THE *VILLAIN*--!

BECAUSE I'M SO *DEPENDENT*?



HTTT.

And *this* is why I don't team up with Spidey often. He never shuts up.

And when I'm trying to push my sense of hearing to the limit--



--I need *silence*.



HUHH HUHH



HUHH HUHH

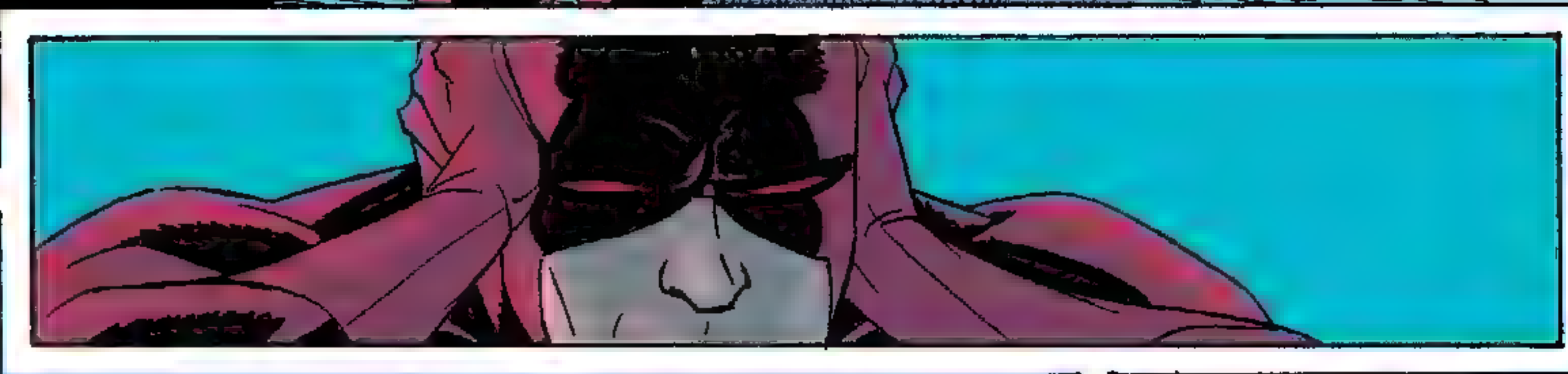


HUHH
HUHH

DOOR.

UMMM...PSST...
I DON'T WANNA
BLOW YOUR WHOLE
"SECRETLY BLIND"
THING, DD, BUT
THAT'S NOT A--

JUST
PULL.



HEY,
WHADDAYAKNOW?
SAFE ROOM.
GOOD CALL.



?HUHH?
?HUHH?

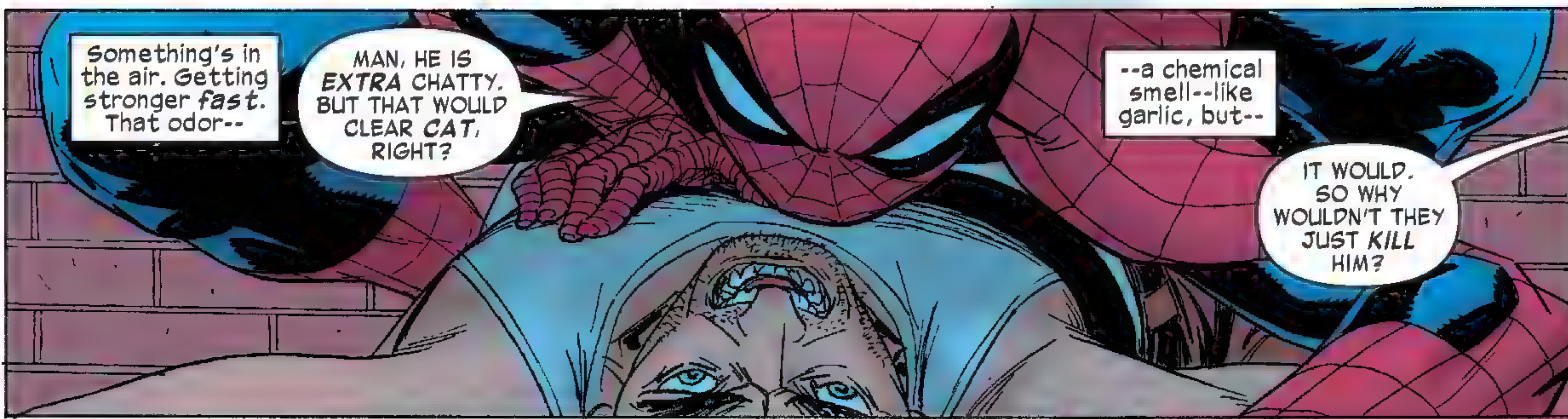
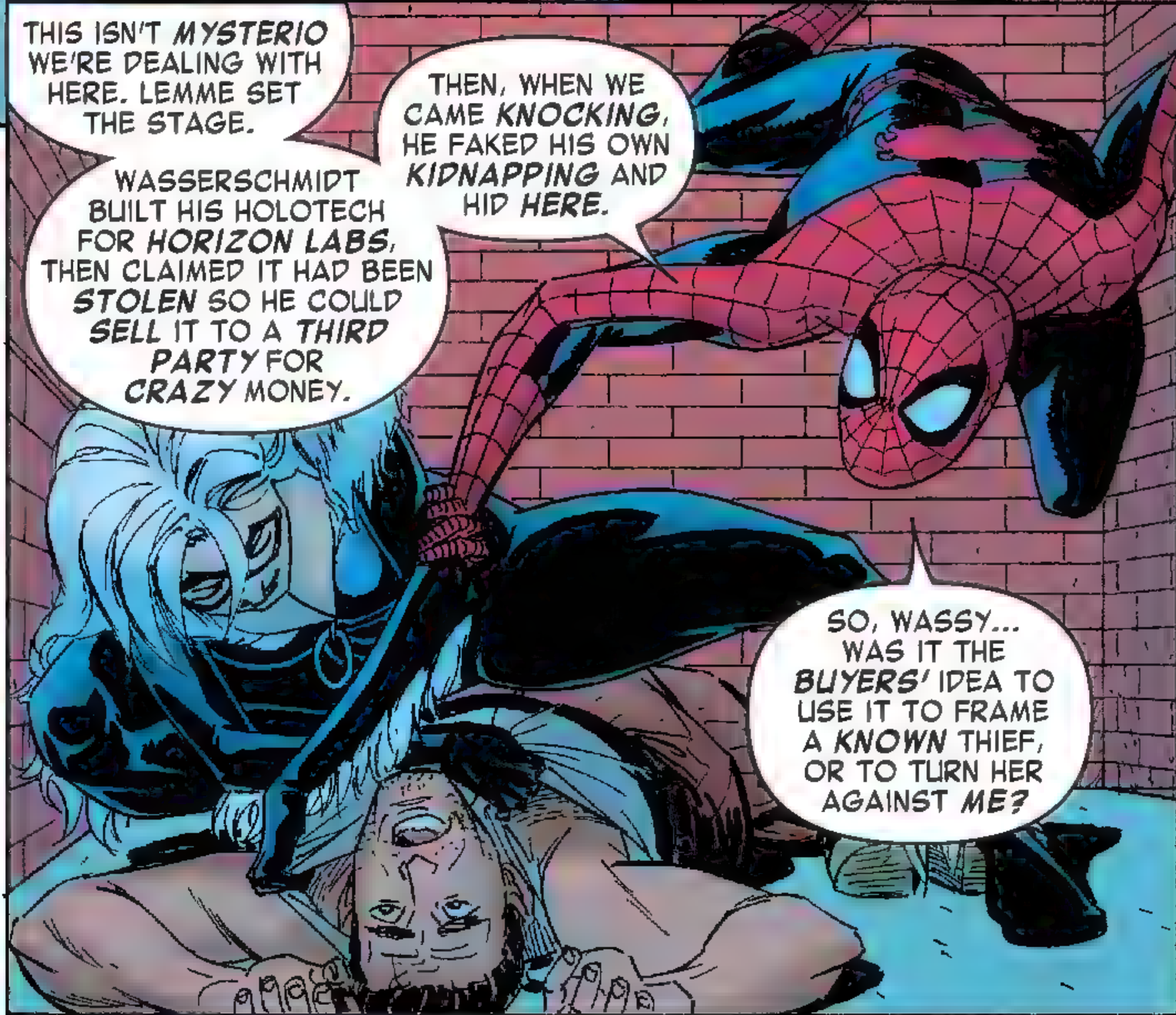
OH, NO,
NO, NO...OH,
JEEZ...

WASSERSCHMIDT,
I PRESUME?
YOU'RE HYPER-
VENTILATING.

I'M SORRY!
I CONFESS! I
SHOULDN'T HAVE
STOLEN IT! I TOLD
THEM I'D GET
CAUGHT!



TOLD
WHO?





I shrug, say nothing. But I've gotten *paranoid* lately.

A few days ago, I took possession of something called the *Omegadrive*...

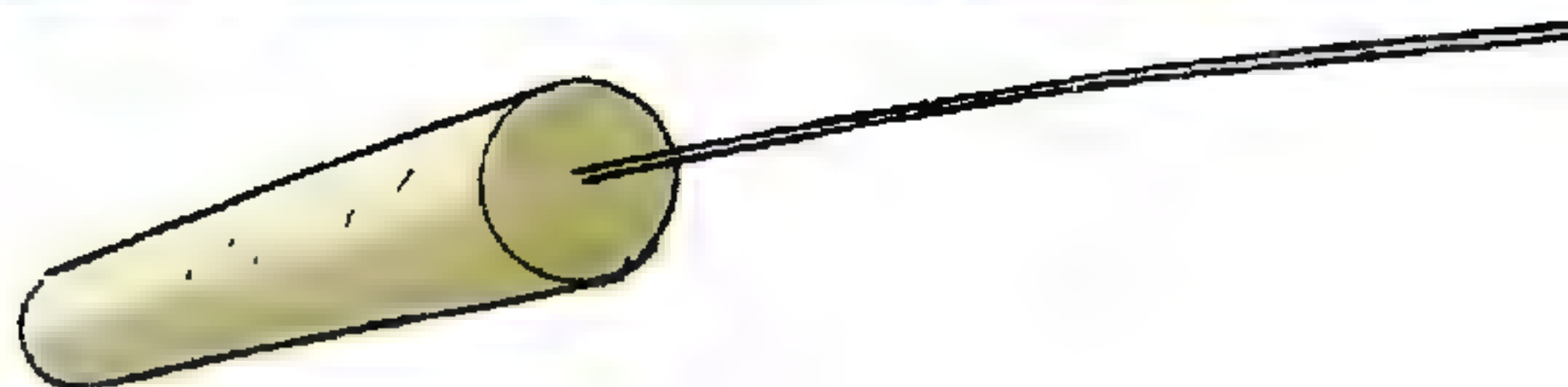
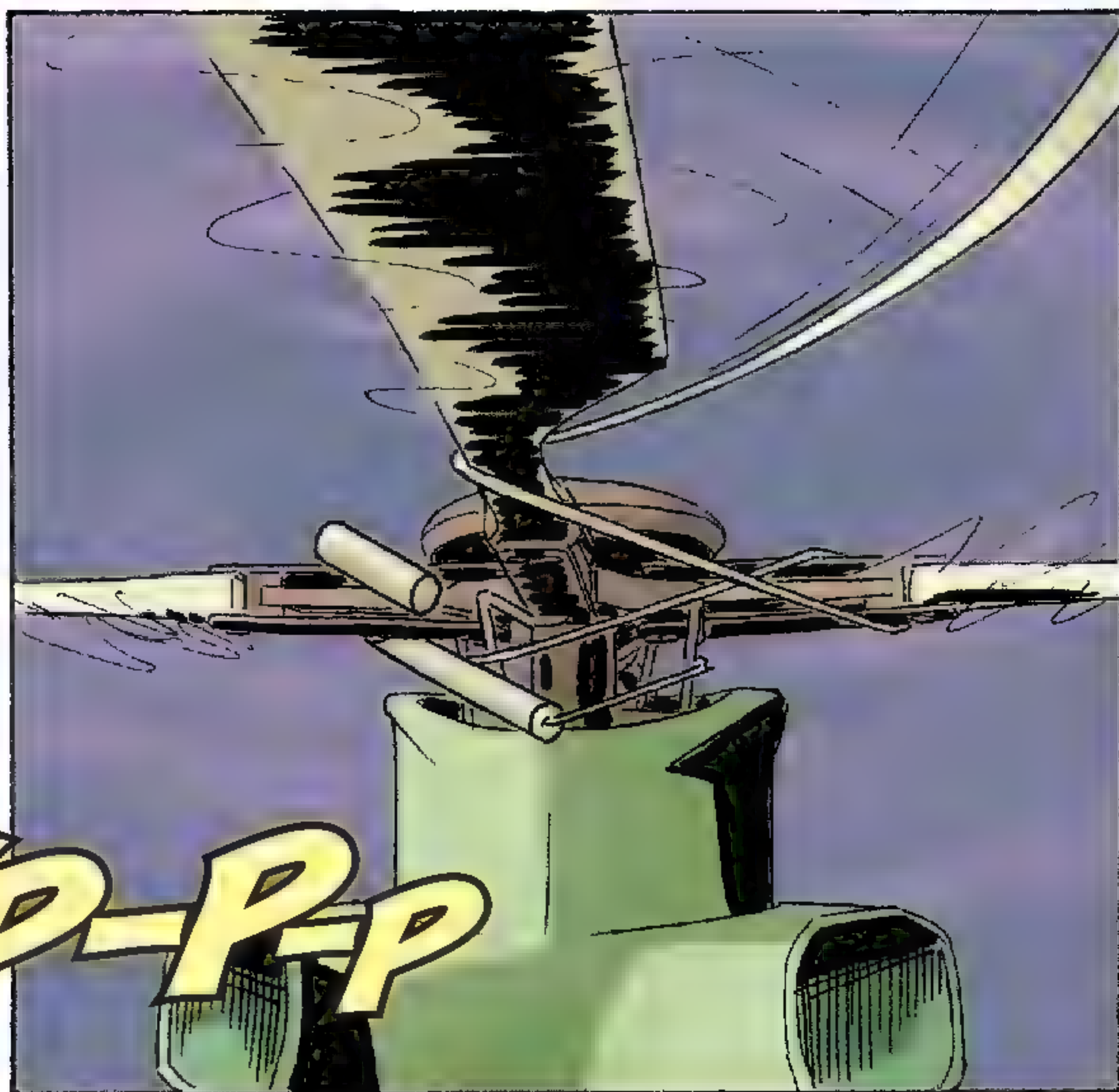
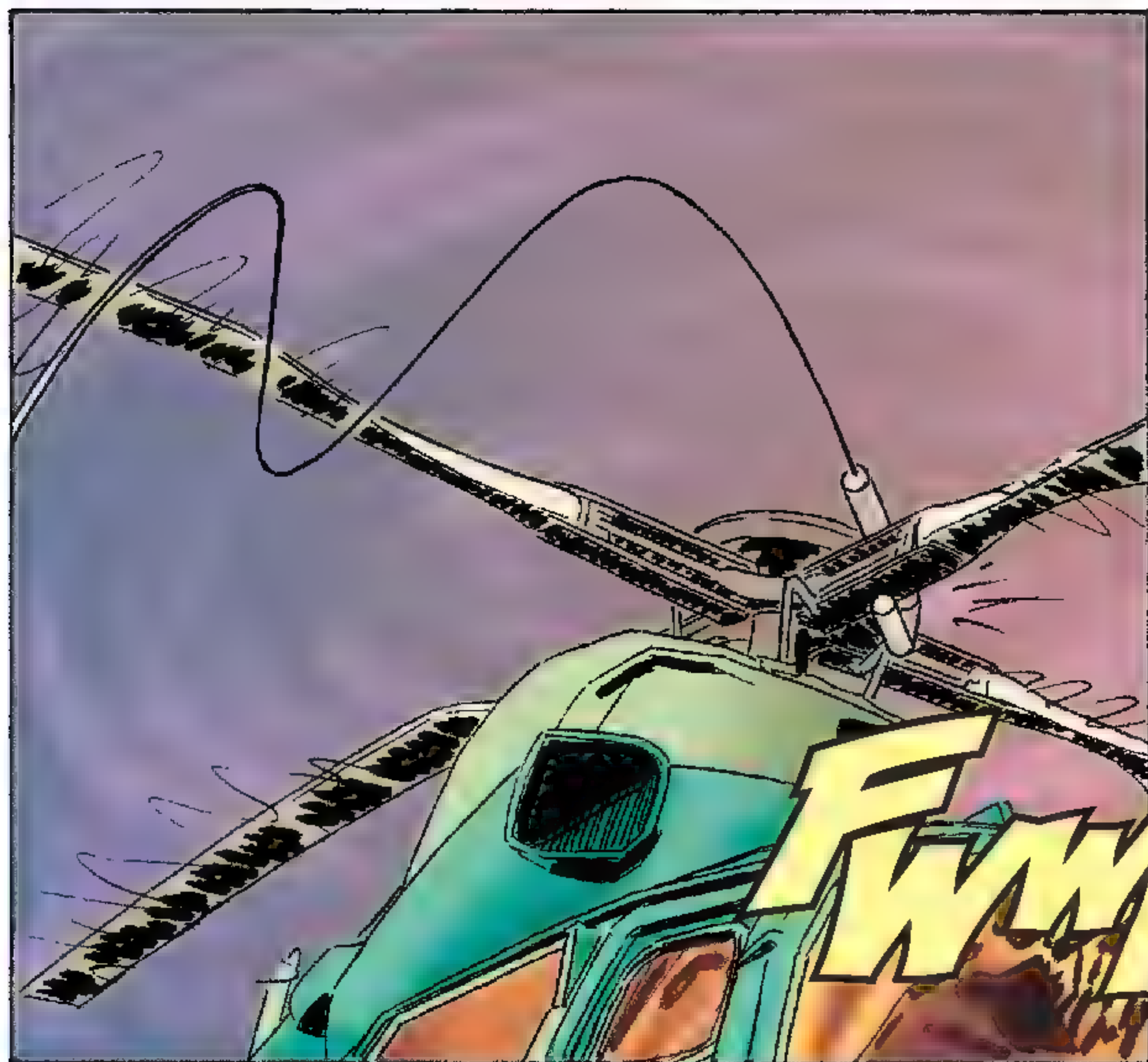
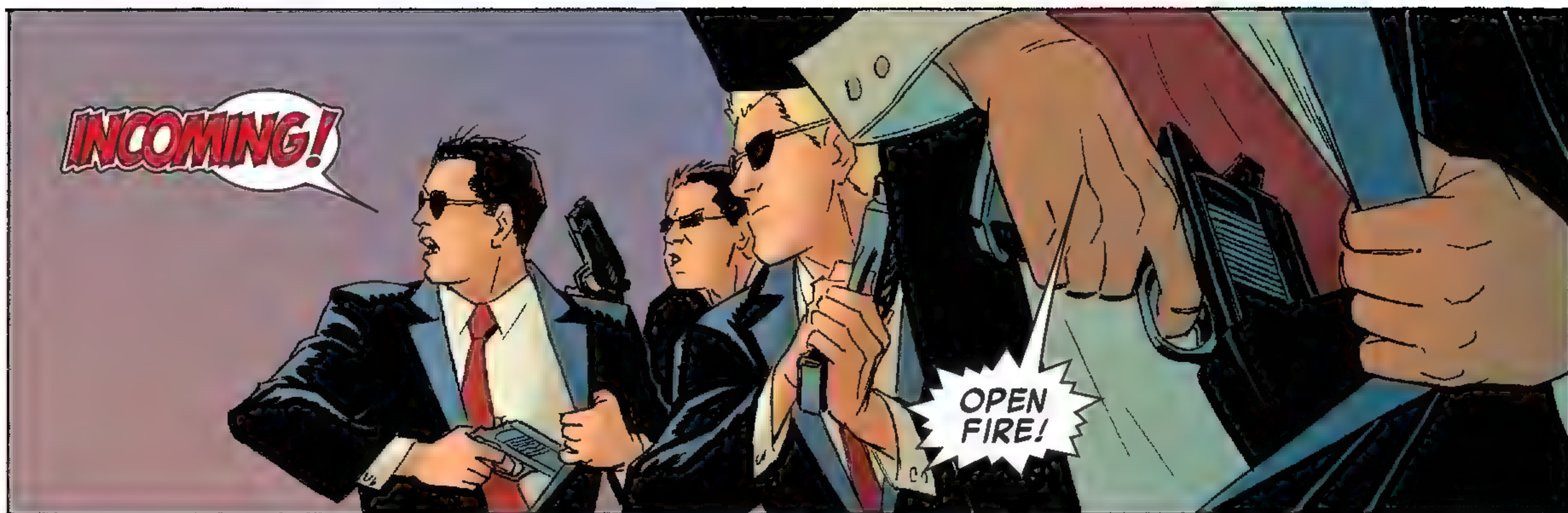
...a Fantastic Four artifact that's been transformed into a hypersecure *storage drive* filled with data on the world's biggest *crime agencies*...

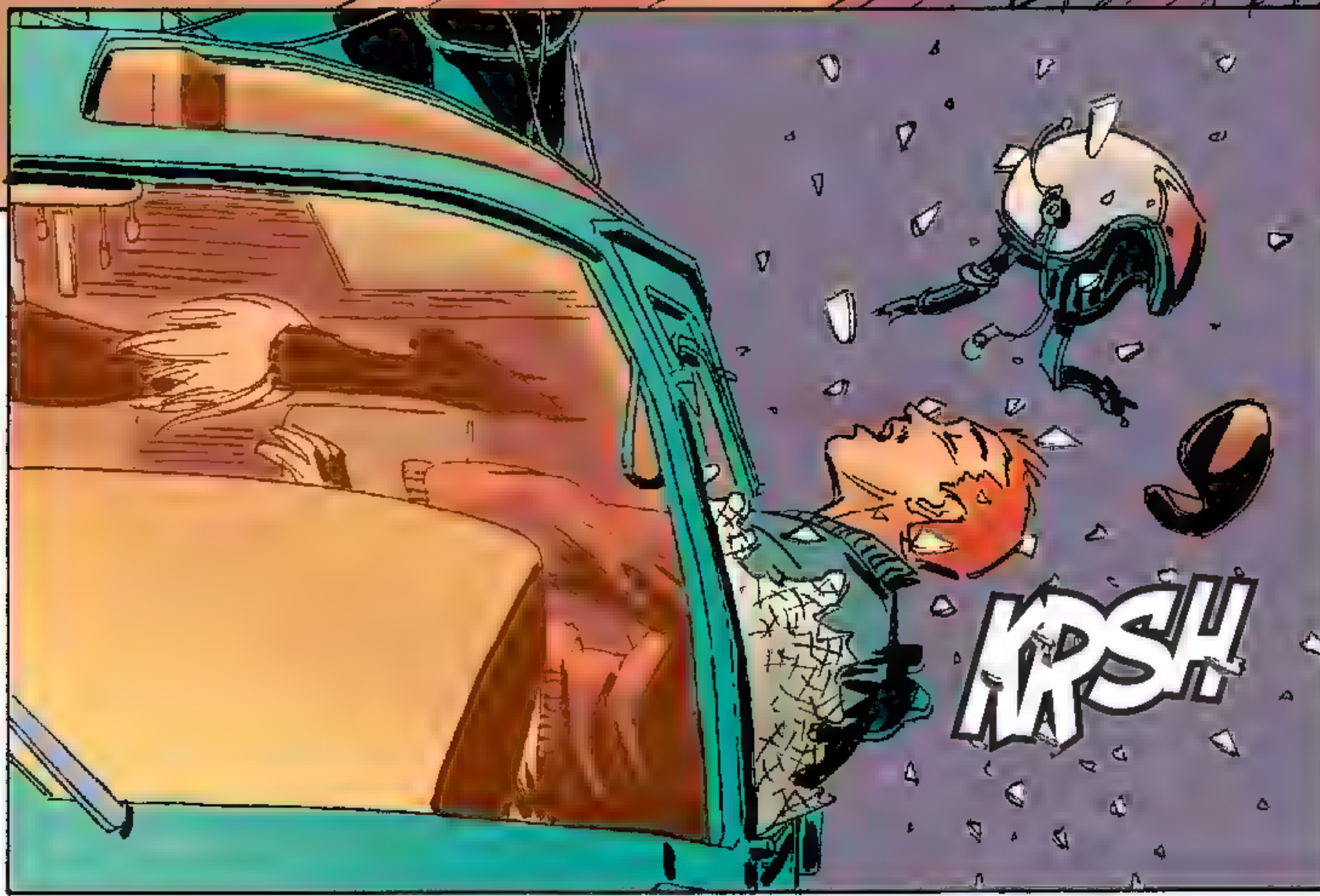
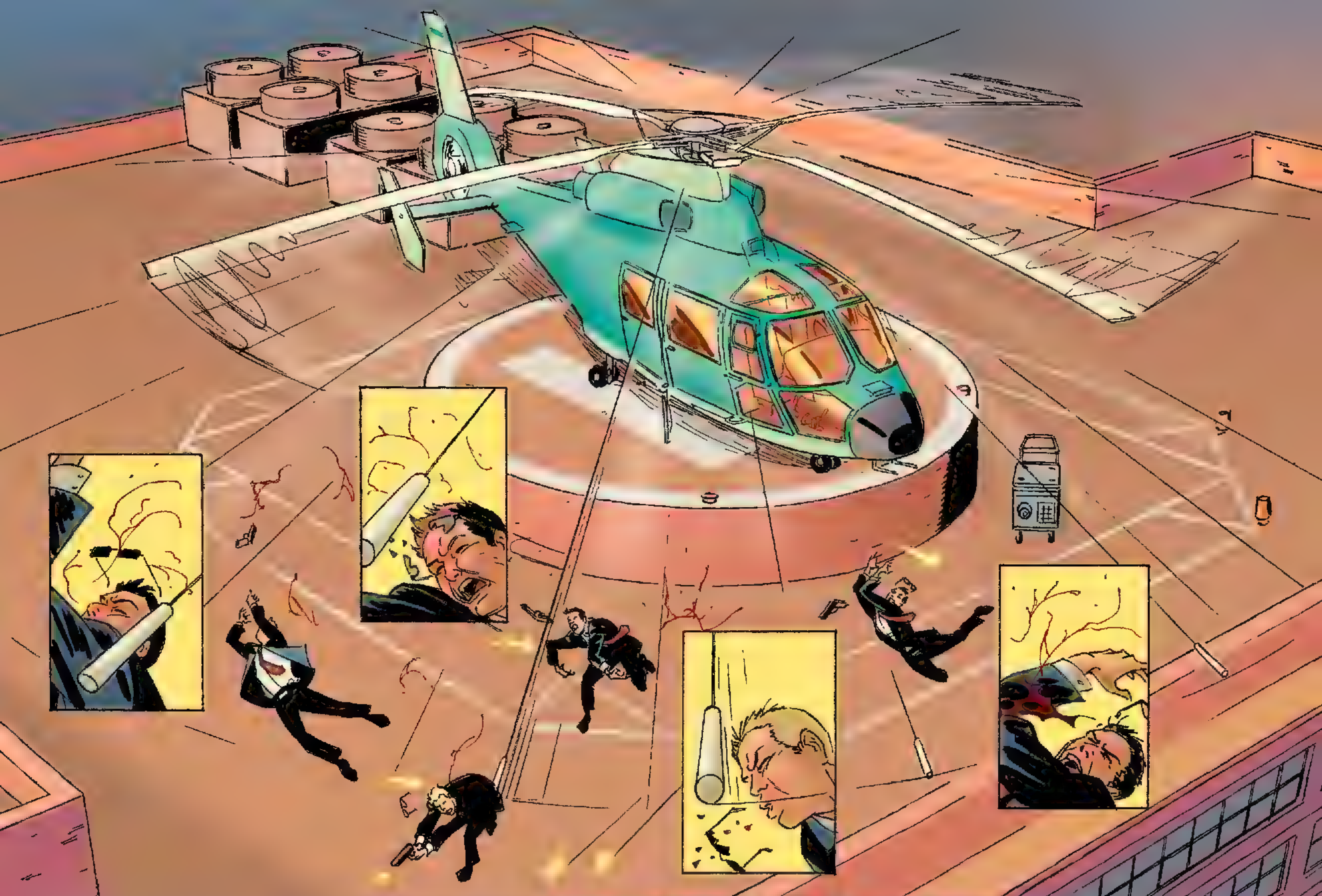
...all with more fronts and holding companies than I ever *realized*.

In the wrong hands, that data could topple governments or destroy global *finance*. And that's on day *one*.

A.I.M. probably already *has* holodevices that make this one look *Amish*, but who knows what Black Spectre or the Secret Empire could do with one?

Let's not find out.







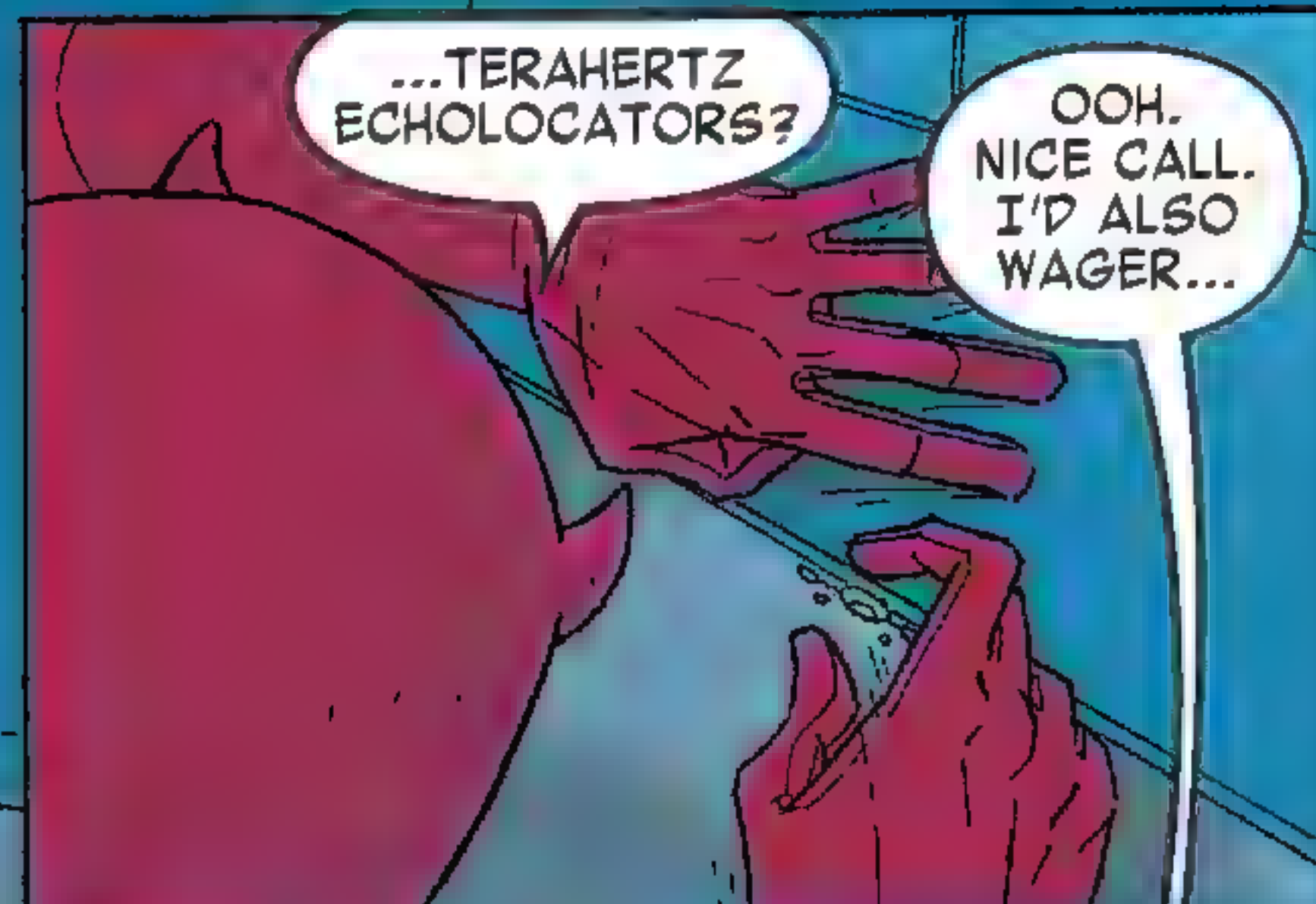
SECURITY
ASSESSMENT?

MY
GUESS?



THERMAL
SENSORS.

GOOD
CATCH. HOW
ABOUT...



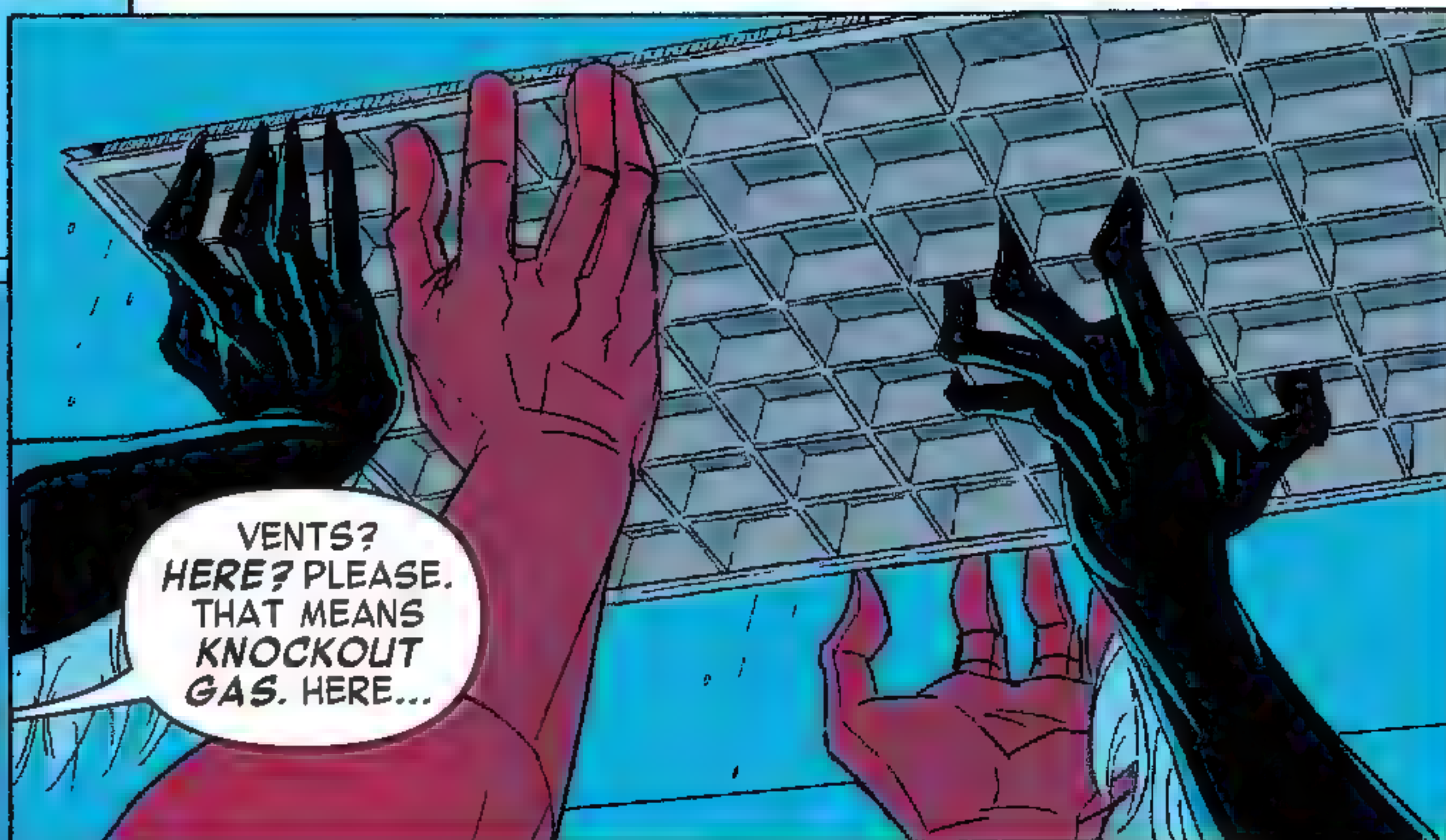
...TERAHERTZ
ECHOLOCATORS?

OOH.
NICE CALL.
I'D ALSO
WAGER...

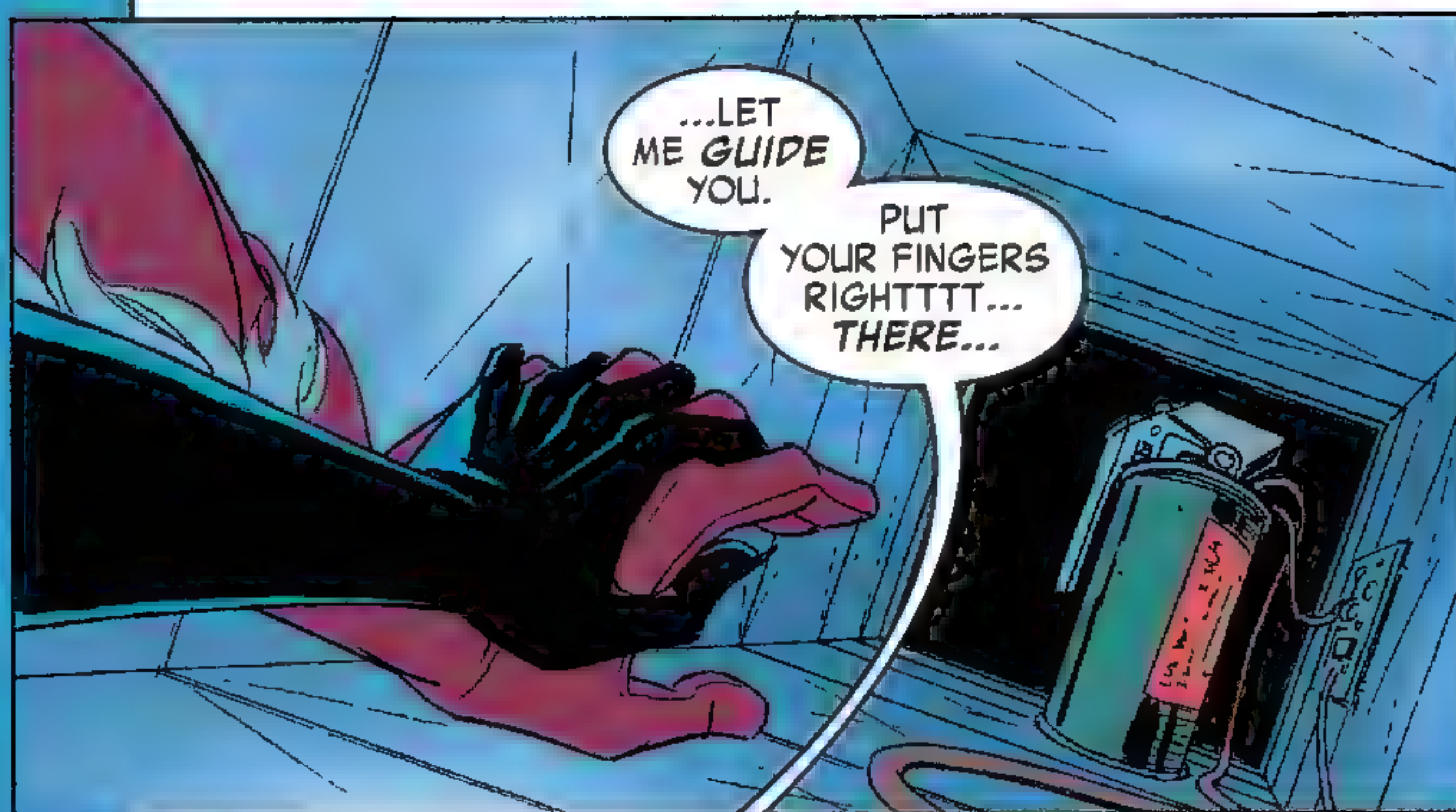


...MILLIWAVE
BODY SCANNERS.
MMM...I MISS THE
GOOD OLD-FASHIONED
FULL-BODY
PATDOWNS,
DON'T YOU?

YOU
HAVE NO
IDEA.



VENTS?
HERE? PLEASE.
THAT MEANS
KNOCKOUT
GAS. HERE...

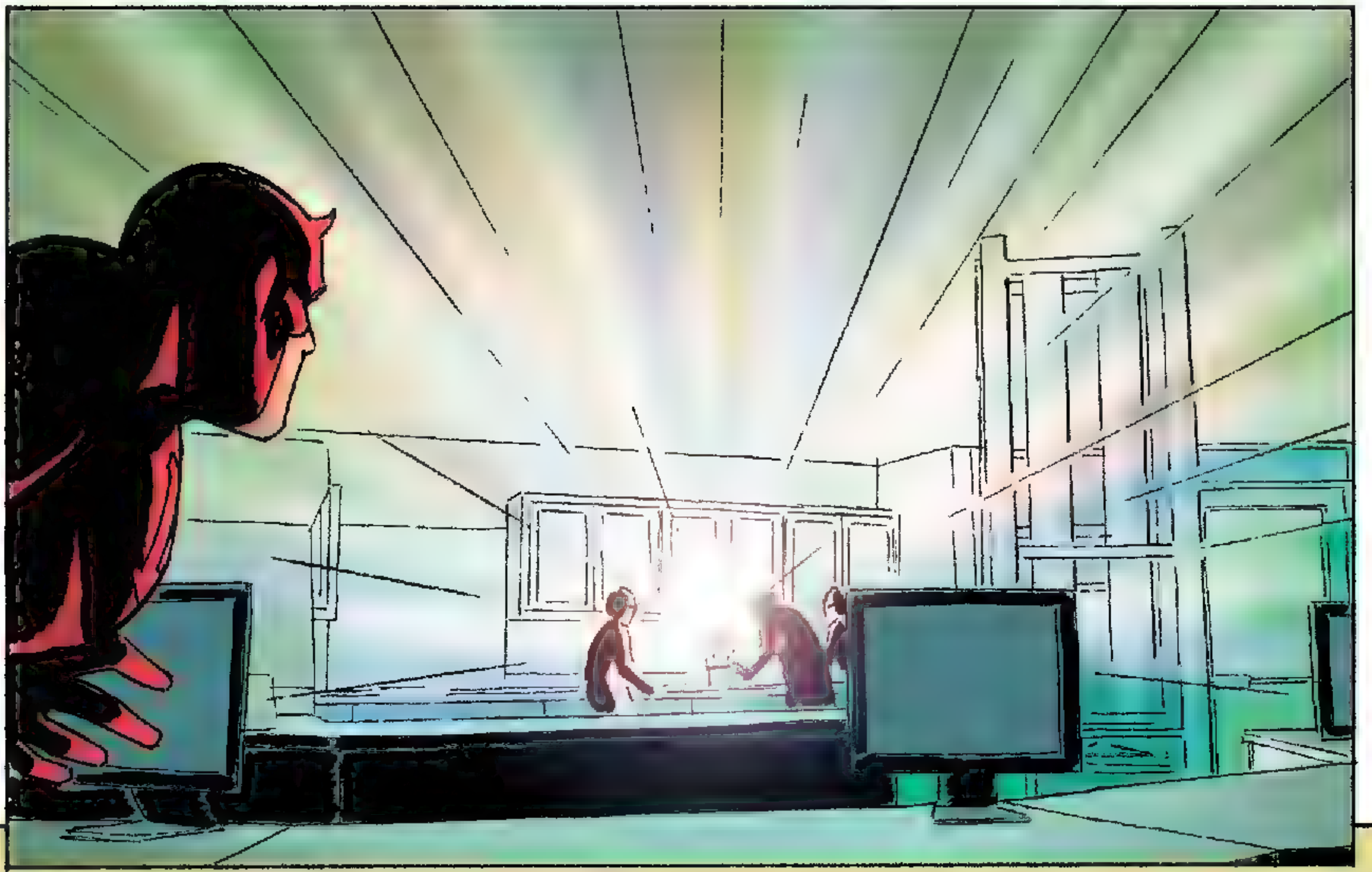


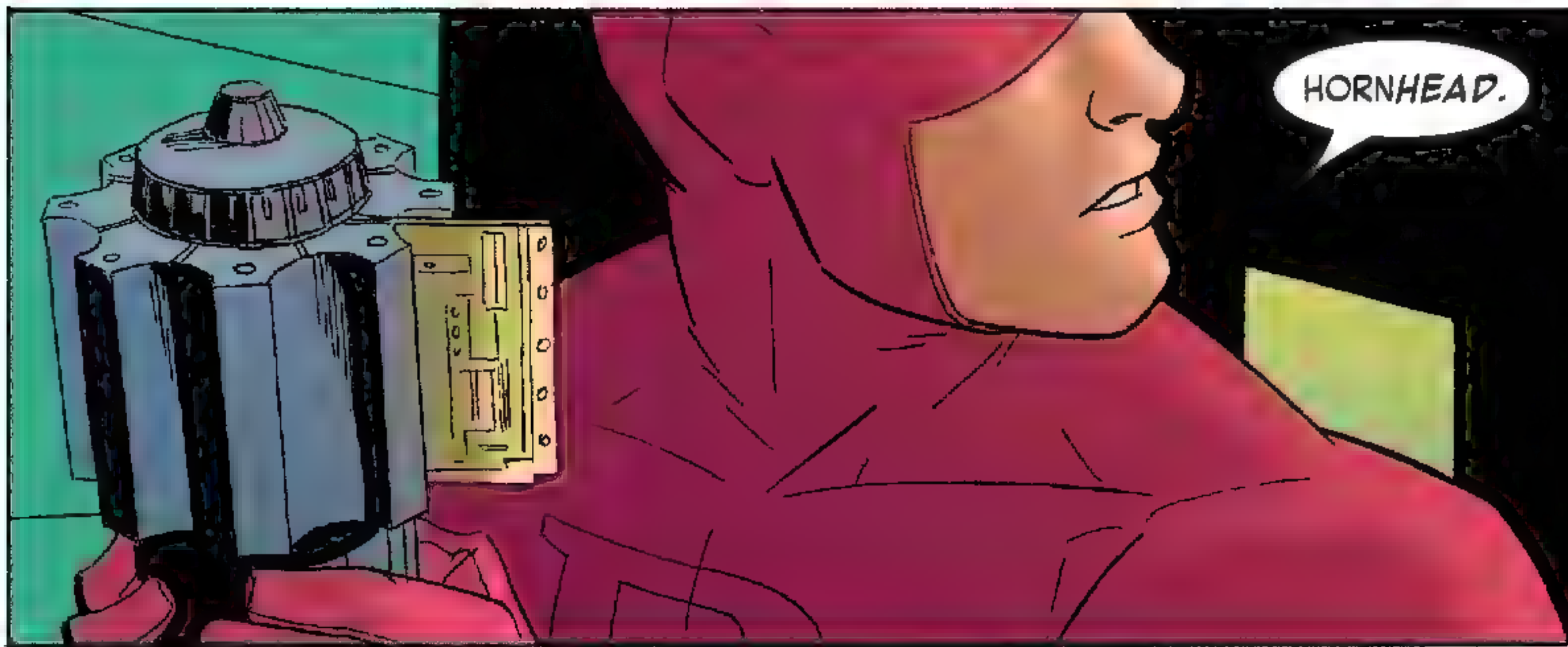
...LET
ME GUIDE
YOU.

PUT
YOUR FINGERS
RIGHTTTT...
THERE...



...AND
GIVE IT A
LITTLE--





I am because we're walking away from this seemingly closed case with two dangling questions.

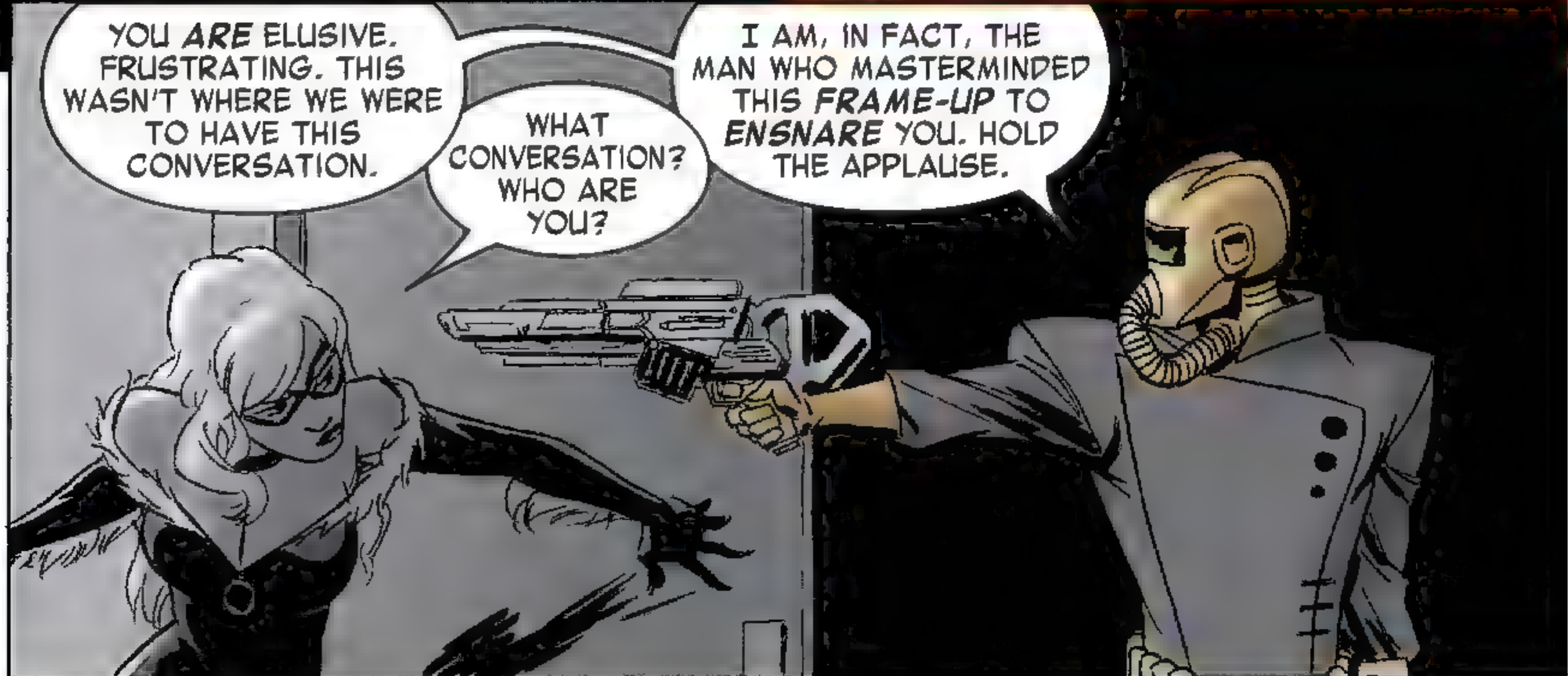
Who originally implicated Cat in the theft...



YOU ARE ELUSIVE. FRUSTRATING. THIS WASN'T WHERE WE WERE TO HAVE THIS CONVERSATION.

WHAT CONVERSATION? WHO ARE YOU?

I AM, IN FACT, THE MAN WHO MASTERMINDED THIS *FRAME-UP* TO *ENSNARE* YOU. HOLD THE APPLAUSE.



...and why?

THE ENTIRE *GOAL* WAS TO MAKE A DEAL BETWEEN BLACK CAT, THE PRISON CONVICT, AND BLACK SPECTRE, THE... ORGANIZATION.

UNCONDITIONAL *FREEDOM* IN EXCHANGE FOR A *SERVICE* SHE-- YOU-- WERE BEST SUITED TO *PROVIDE*.

A HEIST?

YOU'RE TELLING ME TO MY *FACE* THAT YOU INTENDED TO BLACKMAIL ME INTO STEALING SOMETHING.



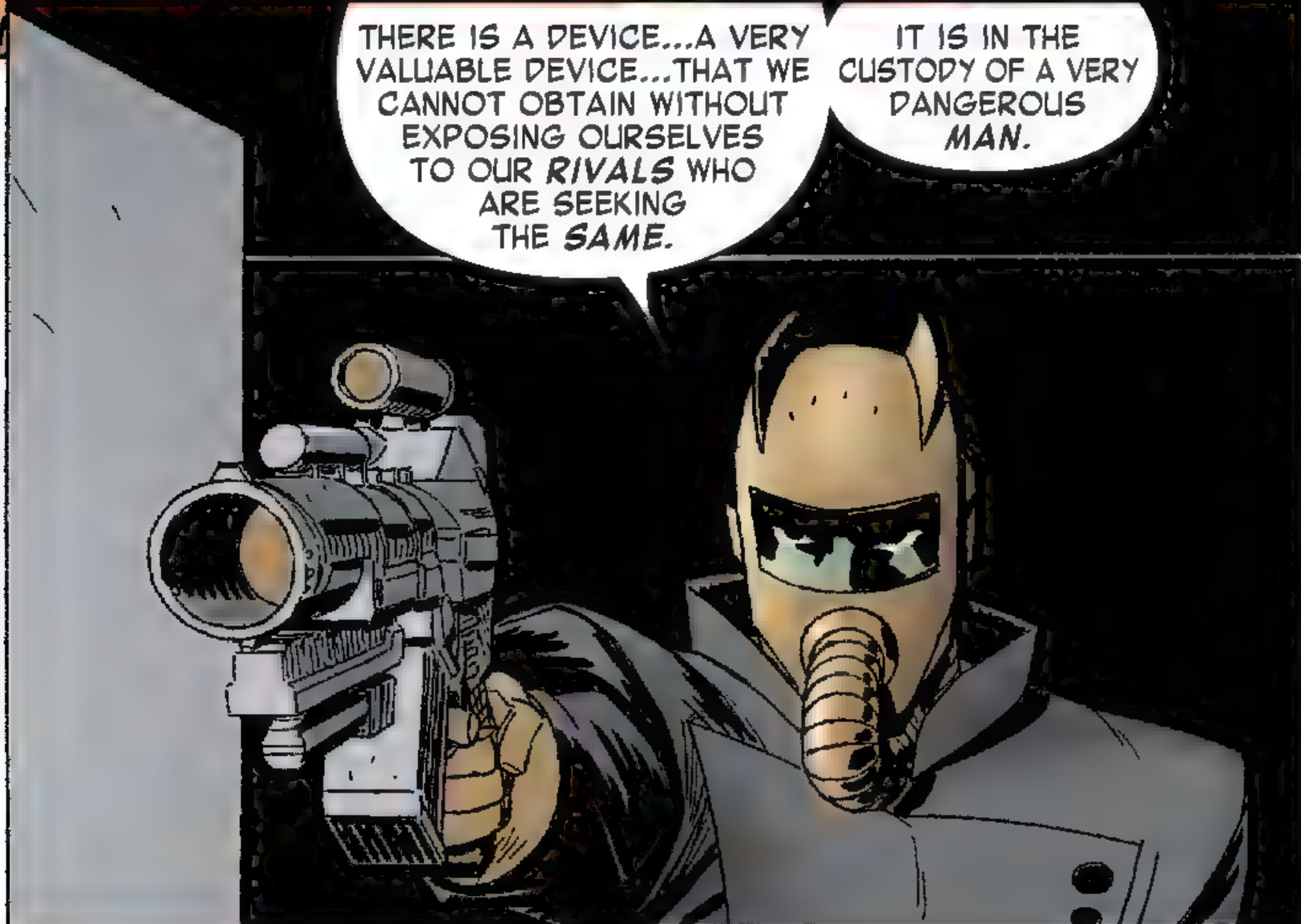
I AM, BECAUSE I ADMIRE YOU ENOUGH TO MOVE TO A MORE ATTRACTIVE OFFER. WE CAN AND WILL REWARD YOU HANDSOMELY.



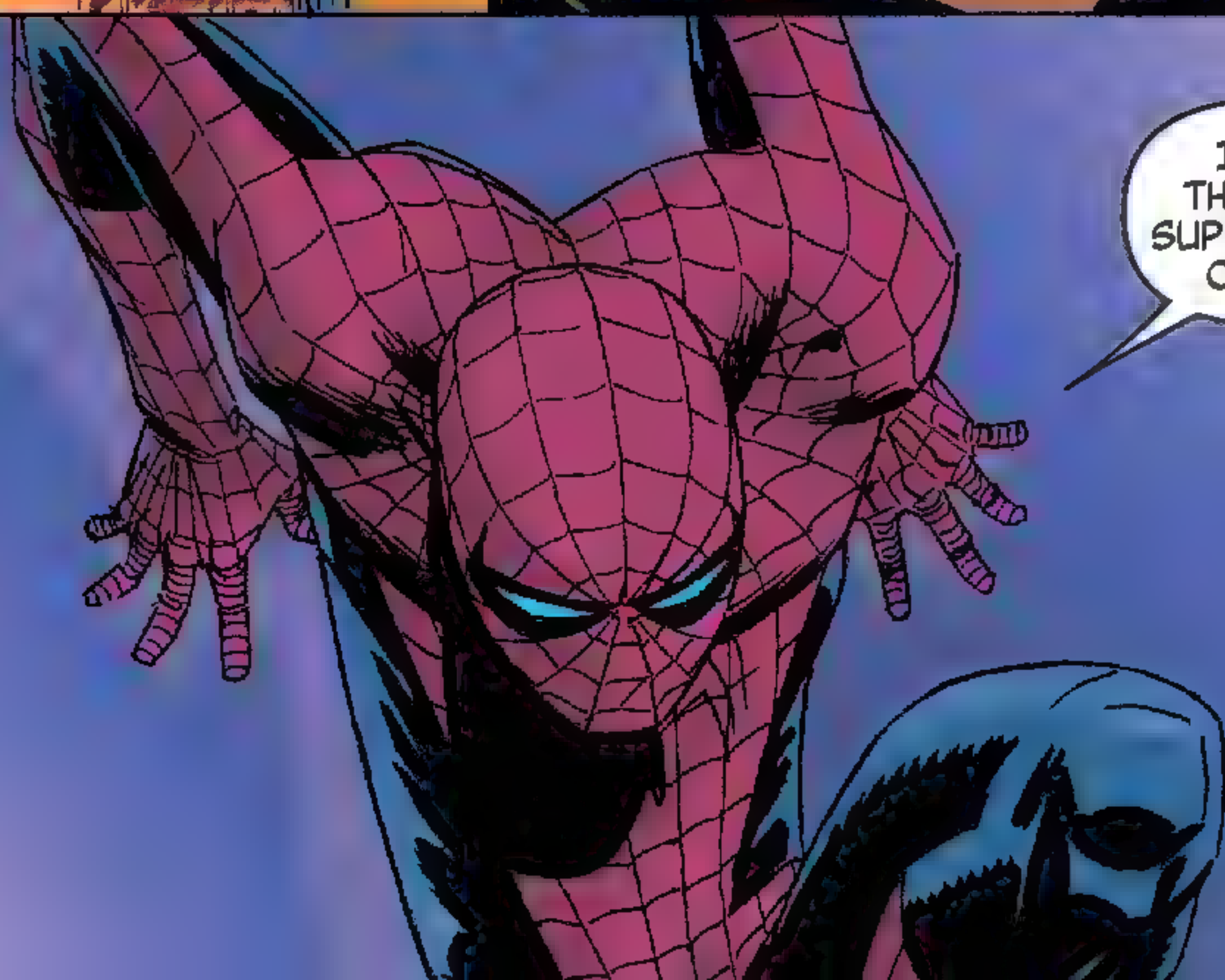
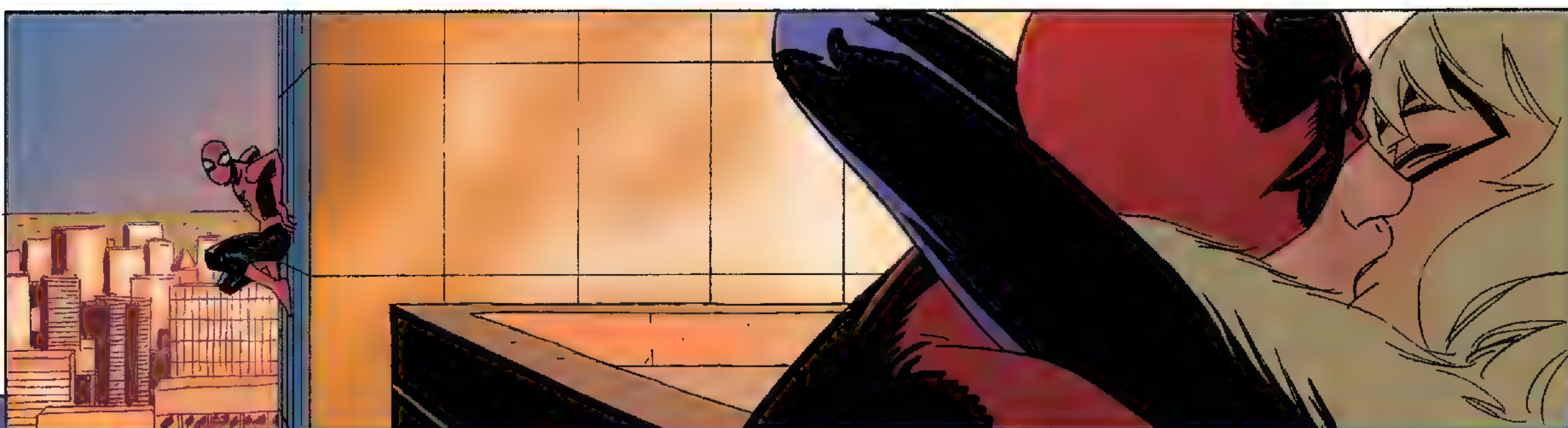
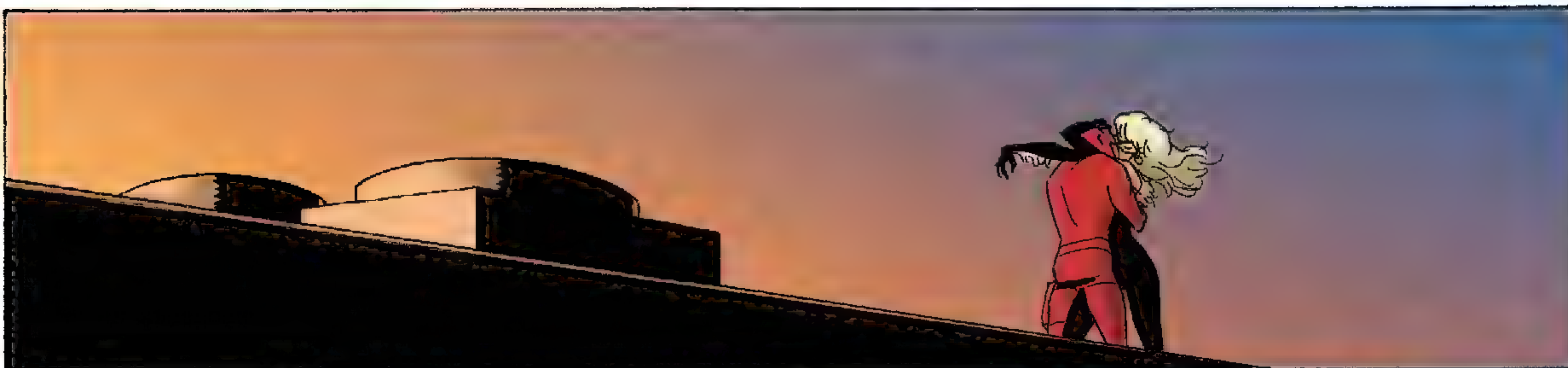


THERE IS A DEVICE...A VERY VALUABLE DEVICE...THAT WE CANNOT OBTAIN WITHOUT EXPOSING OURSELVES TO OUR RIVALS WHO ARE SEEKING THE SAME.

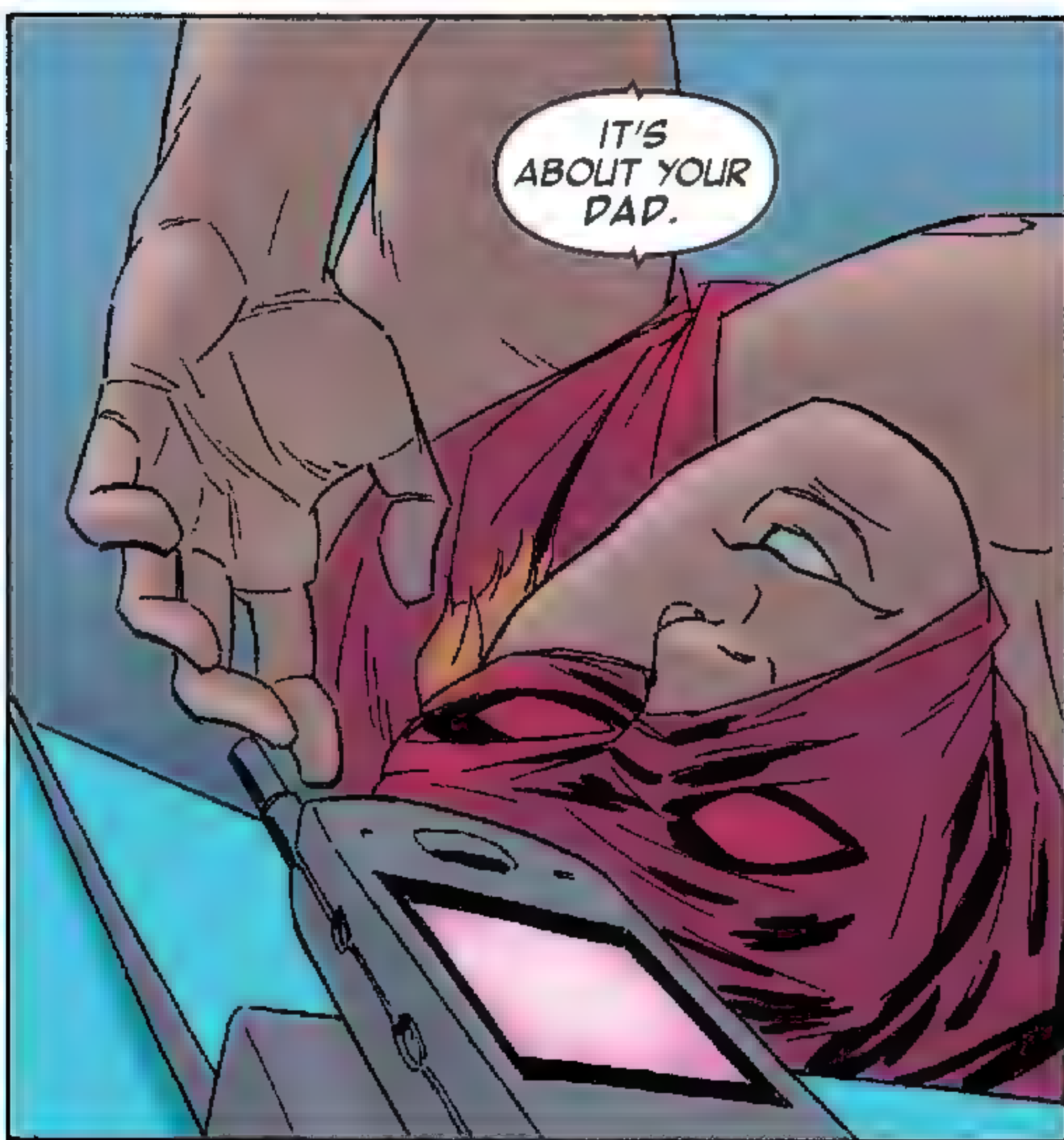
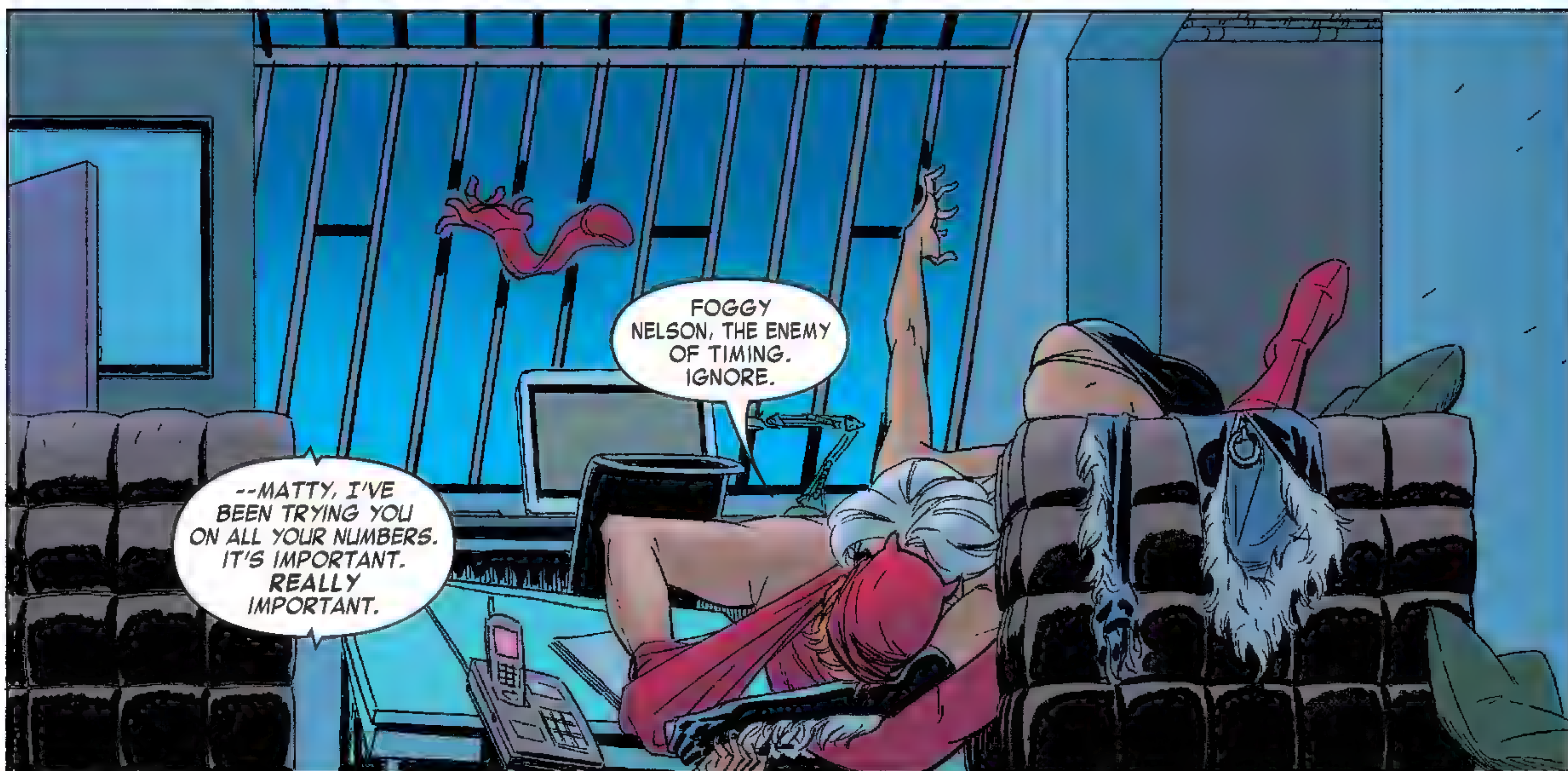
IT IS IN THE CUSTODY OF A VERY DANGEROUS MAN.



HIS NAME IS MATT MURDOCK.



I THINK THIS IS MY SUPER VILLAIN ORIGIN.





...HE'S GONE.



As Matt Murdock, I have in my possession an artifact over which five megacrime organizations will soon go to war.



That's not my problem right now.

As Daredevil, I just...spent time with *Black Cat*, who I try to remind myself is not *always* a professional thief.



An ethical dilemma, but not a priority at this second.

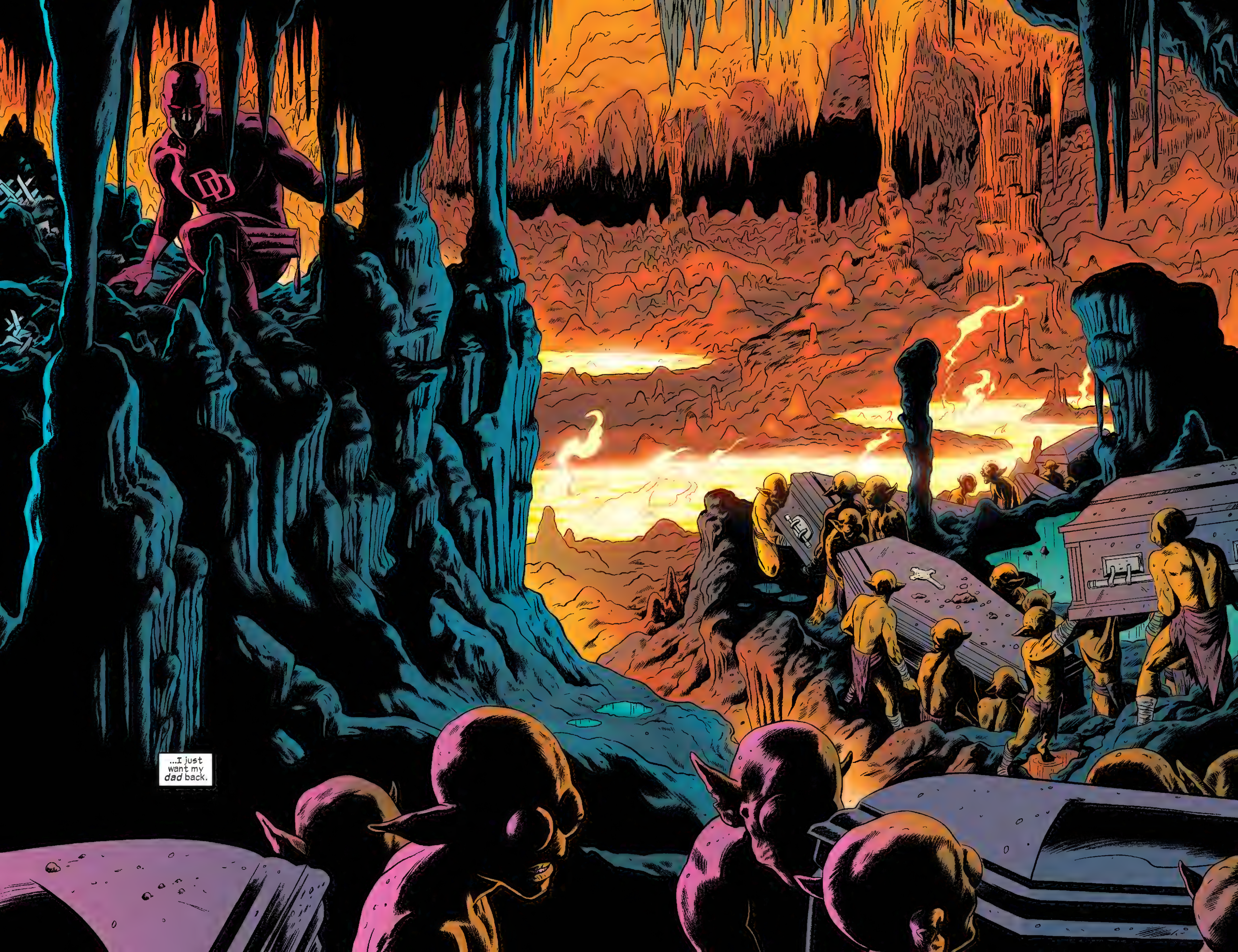
NO NEW MESSAGES

There is a delightful assistant D.A. named Kirsten McDuffie whom I owe a dinner date.

Now that my law partner *Foggy* and I are in the business of coaching the down-and-out to be their own lawyers, we're *inundated* with business.

None of this is more than a passing thought, here, now. Right now...





...I just
want my
dad back.



I'd gotten an urgent, middle-of-the-night call from Foggy.

Even at 2:00 A.M., Daredevil moves through this city faster than Matt Murdock. I grabbed a *go bag*--I'd started keeping one for casual quick-changes--and headed downtown.



Just yesterday, Foggy was talking about representing a group of bereaved New Yorkers who had some grudge against a cemetery. Or something.



I wasn't listening at the time.



One of the many reasons Foggy accuses me of being cripplingly self-centered.

I hate when he's right.

MATT!
OVER HERE!

OFFICER,
CAN YOU HAVE
SOMEONE LEAD
HIM SAFELY
THROUGH--

SURE
THING.



FOGGY,
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?

ARE YOU READY
FOR THIS? **GRAVE
ROBBING.**

FROM
UNDERGROUND.

ON A
**MASSIVE
SCALE.**

AT FIRST,
WE THOUGHT IT
WAS SOME SORT OF
GROUNDWATER THING.
EARTH SHIFTING,
GRAVES SINKING AN
INCH OR TWO.

BUT ONCE A
COURT ORDER GOT
SOME **EXCAVATORS**
HERE, WE FOUND A NETWORK
OF **CRUDE TUNNELS**
UNDERNEATH--AND LOOKED
UP TO FIND ALL THE
COFFINS **GONE.**



INCLUDING
MY
FATHER'S.

INCLUDING
YOUR **FATHER'S.**
YES. AND NOW THE AREA
IS SWARMING WITH EPA
GUYS, CIVIL ENGINEERS,
CITY CORONERS, ETC.--
ALL JOCKEYING FOR
JURISDICTION.

AND WHILE
THEY ARGUE ABOUT
WHAT TO DO ABOUT
THE TUNNELS, NO ONE'S
ACTUALLY **INVESTIGATING** THEM
BECAUSE THEY'RE A
SAFETY HAZARD.

THEY SAY
YOU'D HAVE TO
BE **NUTS** TO RISK
POKING AROUND
DOWN THERE.



OR, TO PUT
IT ANOTHER
WAY...

...PLEASE
HELP US,
DAREDEVIL.

I'LL WORK
UP HERE. YOU
GET **DIGGING.** IT'S
OBVIOUS YOU CAME
DRESSED FOR
ACTION.

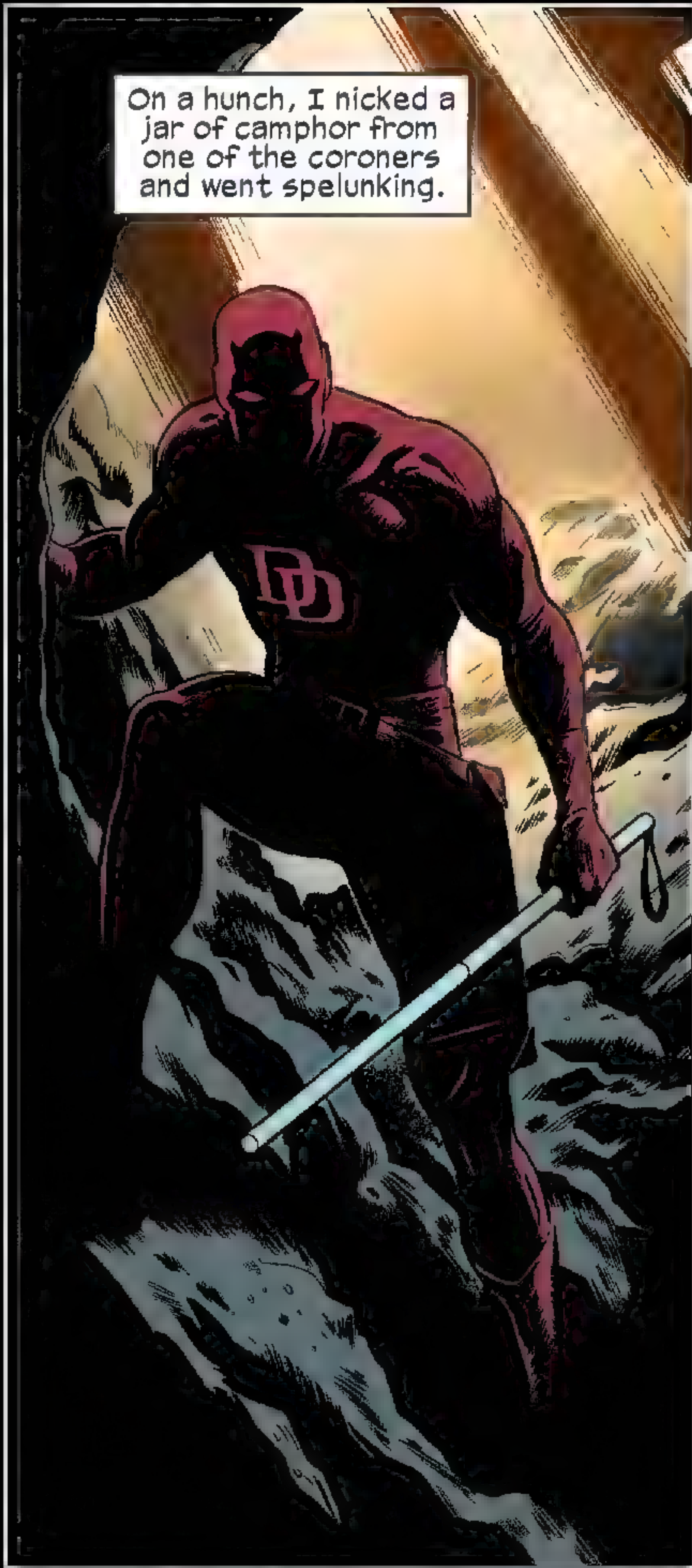
WHAT? HOW
OBVIOUS?
HOW DID
YOU--?



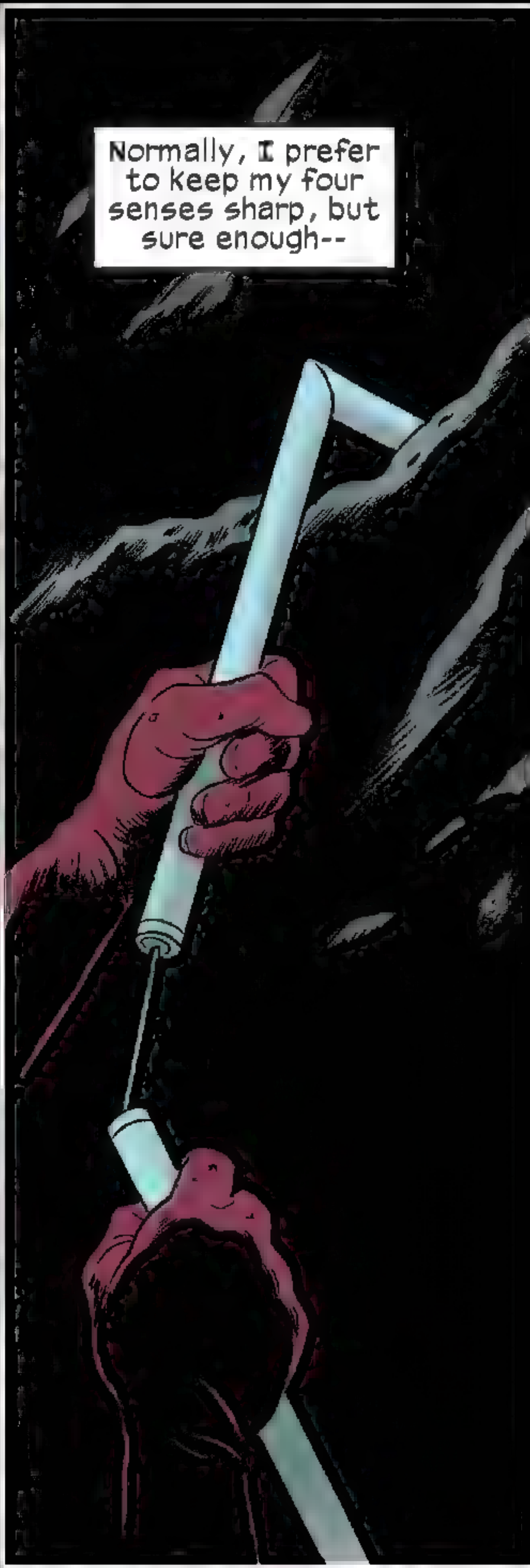
NOT THAT
YOU'D KNOW
FROM FASHION,
BUT FYI...

...MEN'S
BOOTWEAR
ALMOST NEVER
COMES IN
RED.

AH.



On a hunch, I nicked a jar of camphor from one of the coroners and went spelunking.

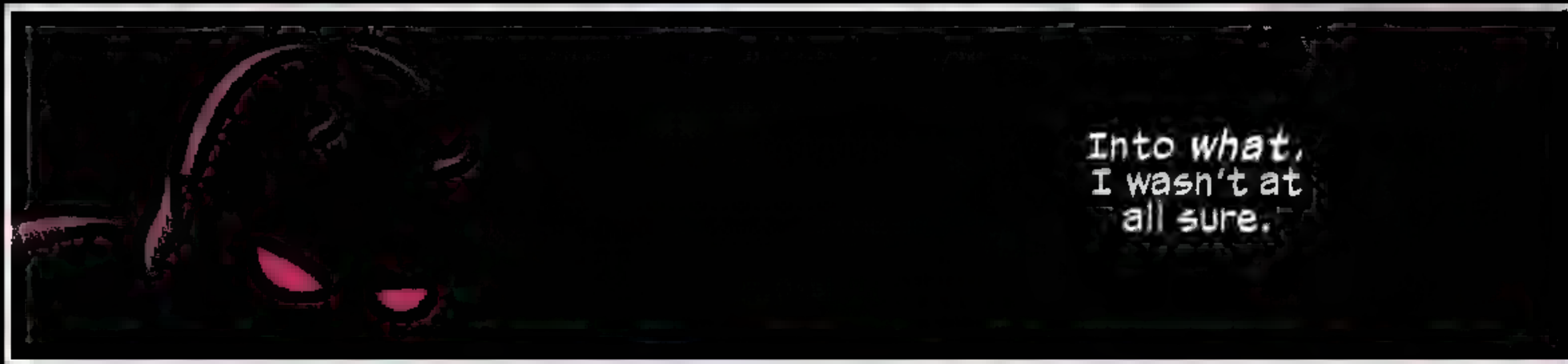


Normally, I prefer to keep my four senses sharp, but sure enough--

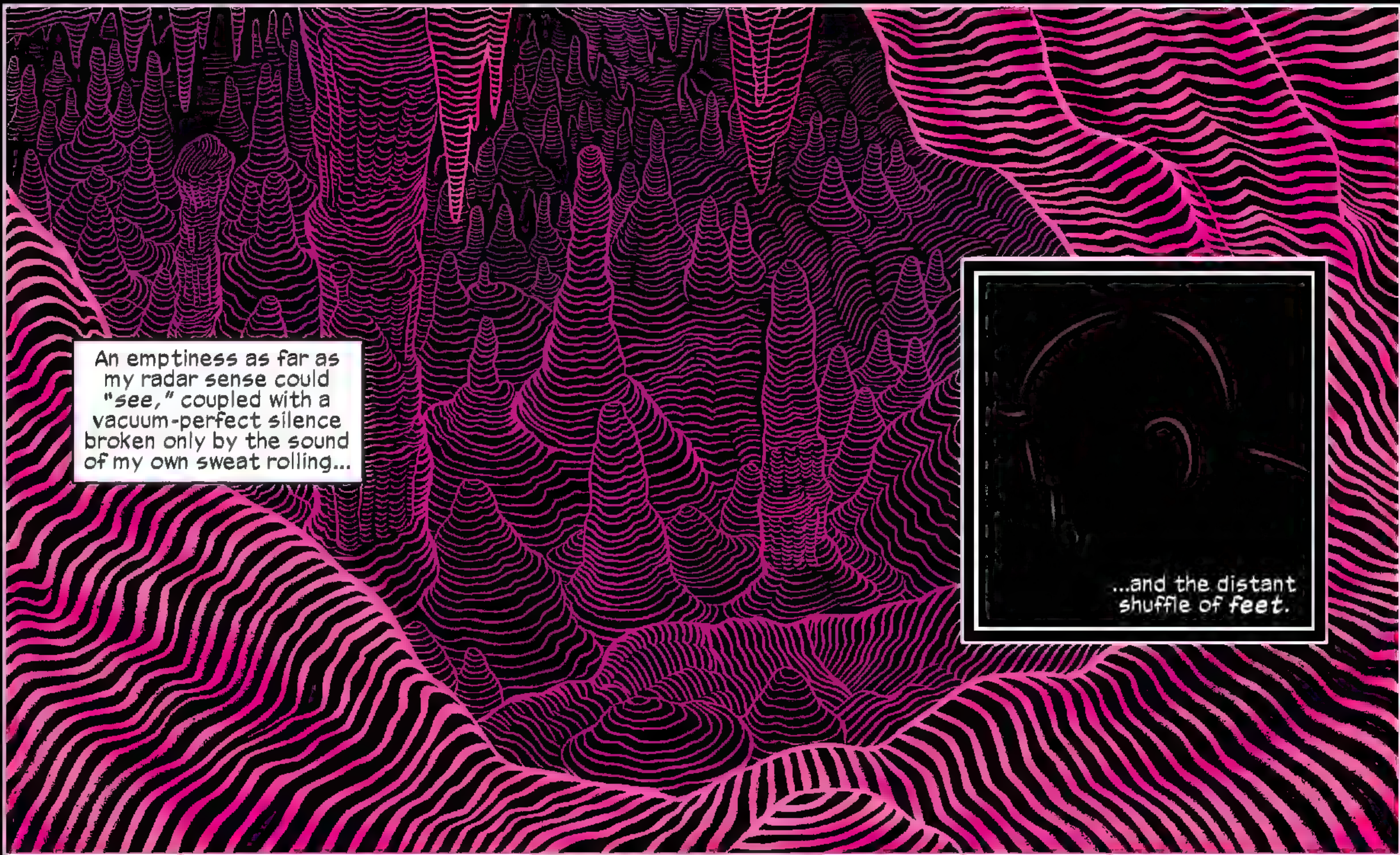


--once my nose caught enough of a trail of rotted flesh and embalming fluid to point a direction, I knew I'd either have to mask the stench or risk vomiting.

The tunnel I chose was steep and ran about a mile before it opened up.



Into what, I wasn't at all sure.



An emptiness as far as my radar sense could "see," coupled with a vacuum-perfect silence broken only by the sound of my own sweat rolling...



...and the distant shuffle of feet.



A slow-moving caravan of coffins borne by dwarfen... creatures.

Like nothing I've ever encountered, but...but...

...there's a subterranean conqueror we call the "Mole Man."



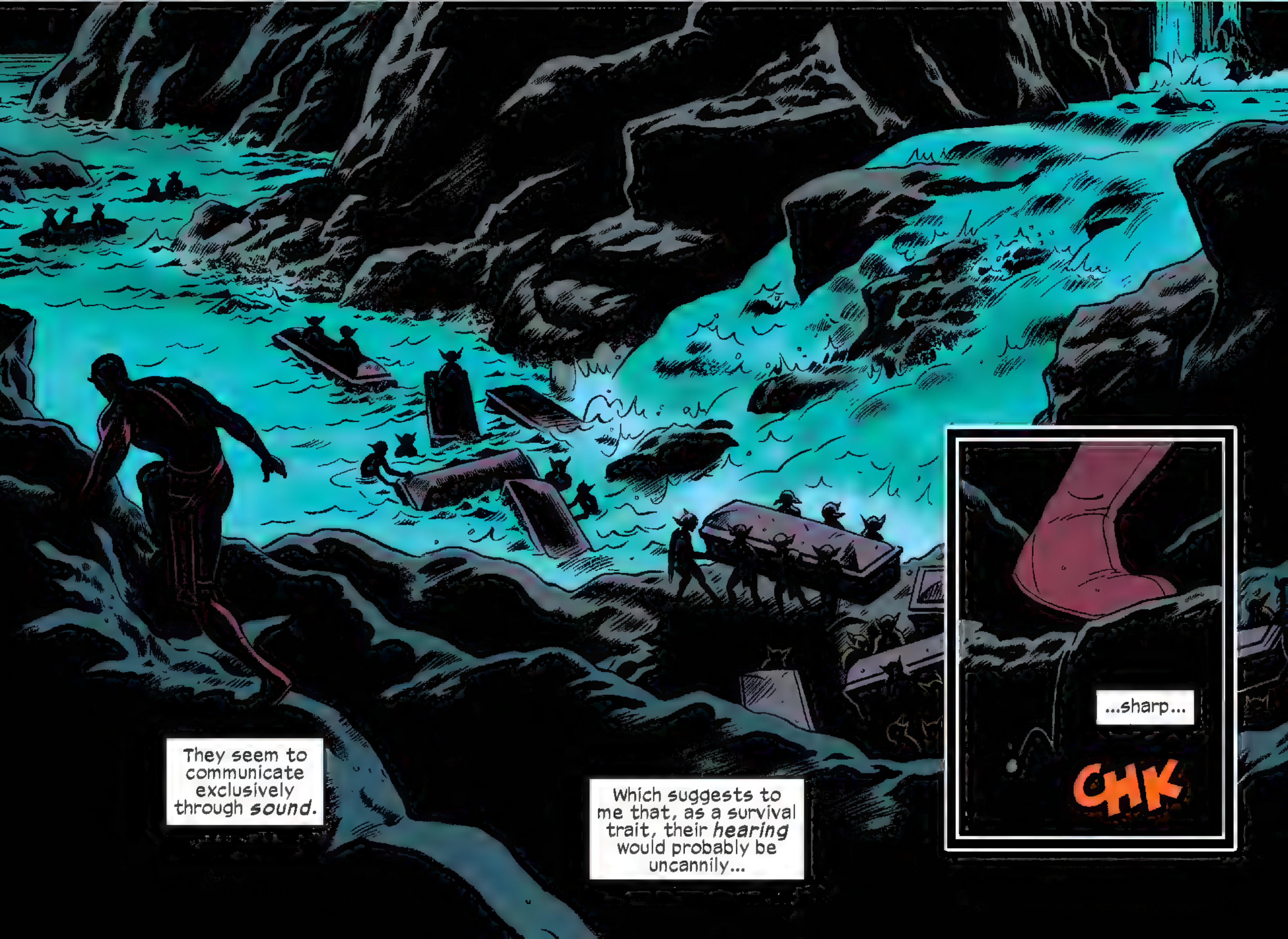
If I remember correctly, he has...well, *soldiers* he calls "*Moloids*." These things fit the description, though why they're *pallbearing* is *anyone's* guess.

NNHH
NULH



NULH
MMGG

I follow from a safe distance. As would make sense with creatures who operate in total darkness, the Moloids have no use for visual cues.



They seem to communicate exclusively through *sound*.

Which suggests to me that, as a survival trait, their *hearing* would probably be uncannily...



...sharp...

CHK



The rear guardsmen
skitter towards me
like rabid sewer
rats, but faster.



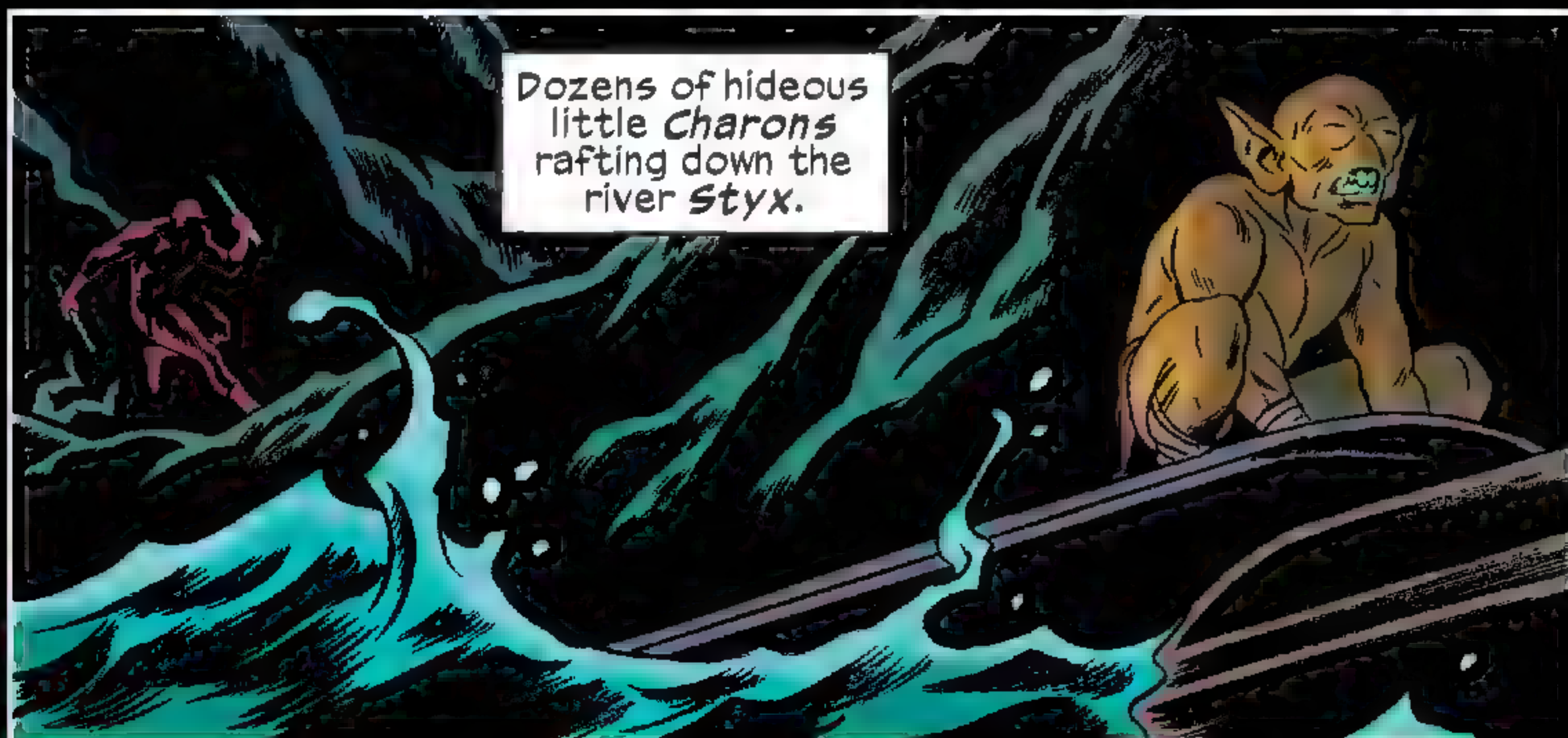
And more
vicious.



Meanwhile, like
good little
worker ants--



--the others
continue loading the
coffins towards God
knows where.



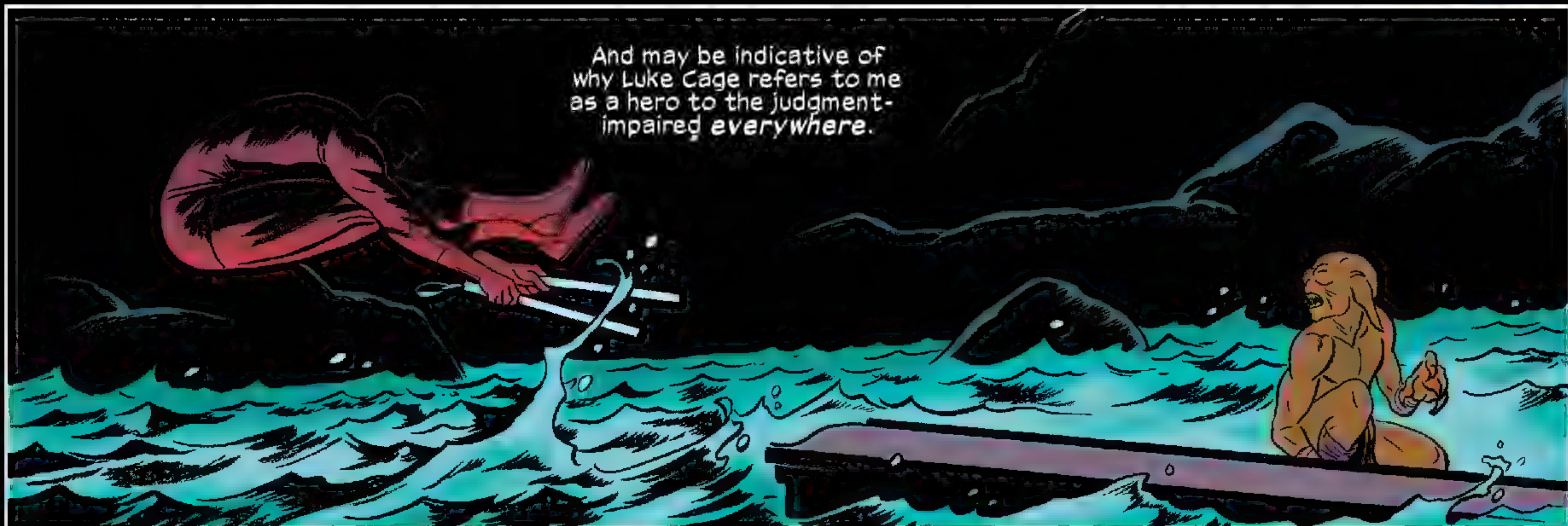
Dozens of hideous
little *Charons*
rafting down the
river *Styx*.



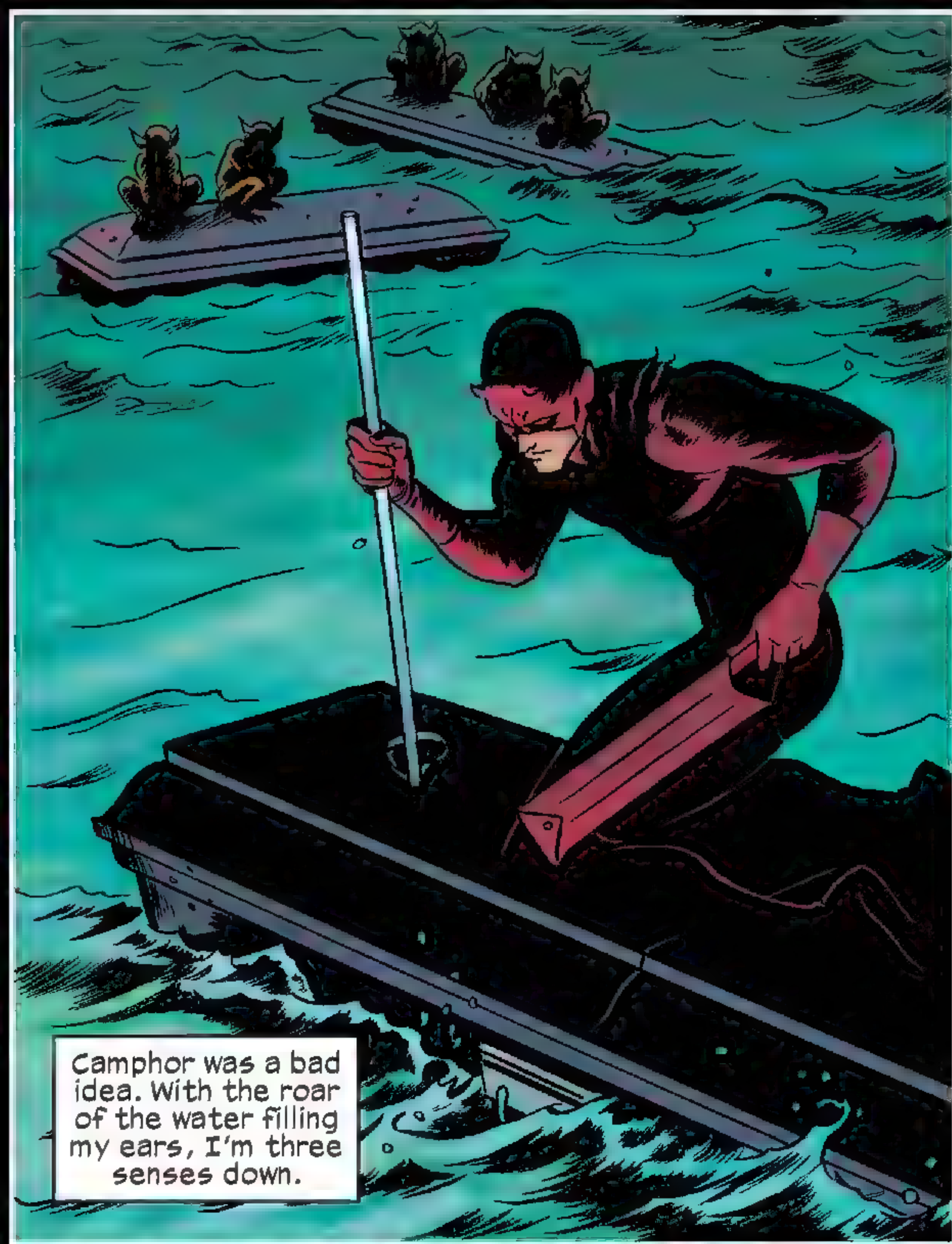
If I lose them,
there's no trail
to follow.



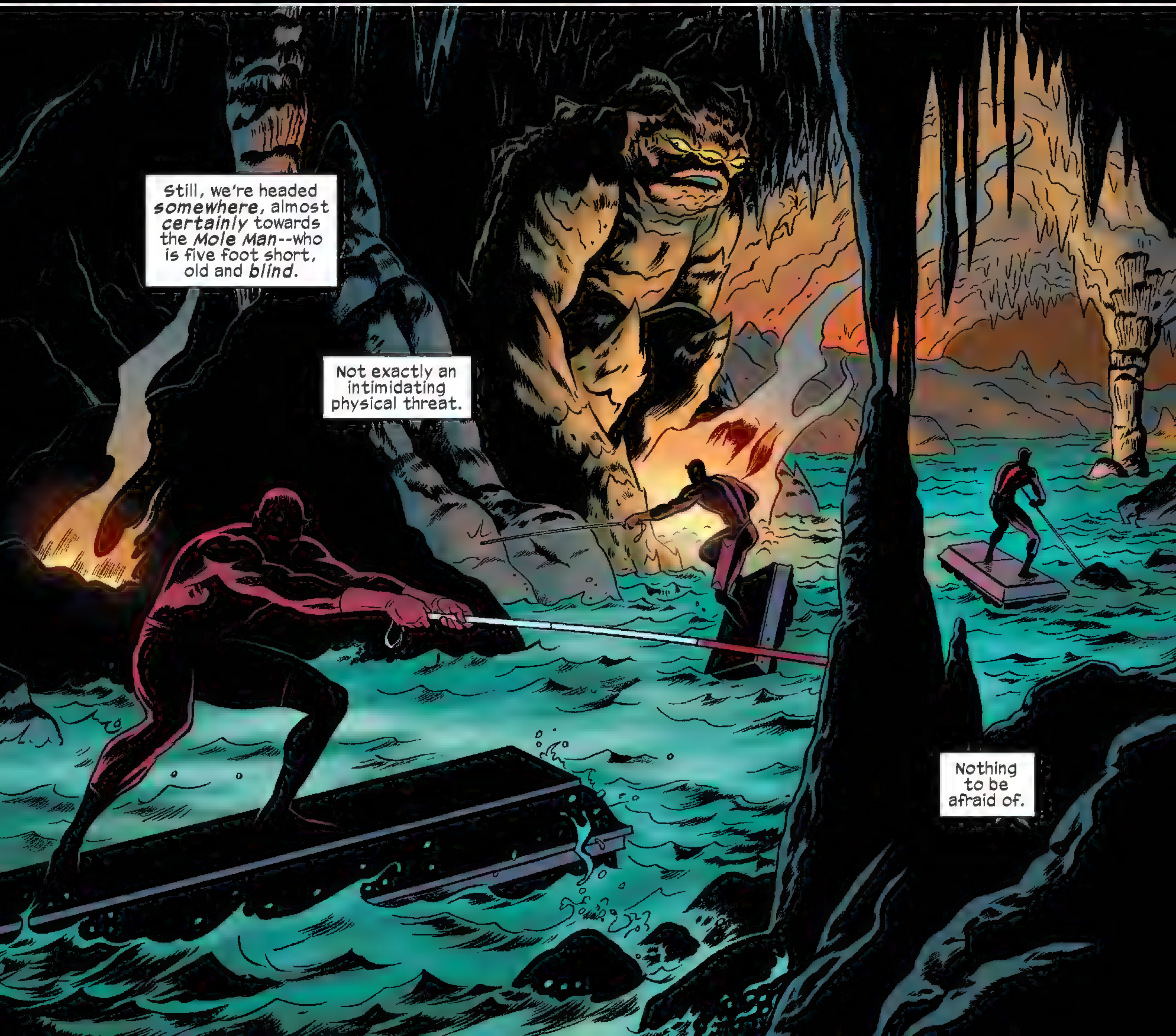
Which does not,
by default, make
this a good idea.



And may be indicative of
why Luke Cage refers to me
as a hero to the judgment-
impaired *everywhere*.



Camphor was a bad idea. With the roar of the water filling my ears, I'm three senses down.



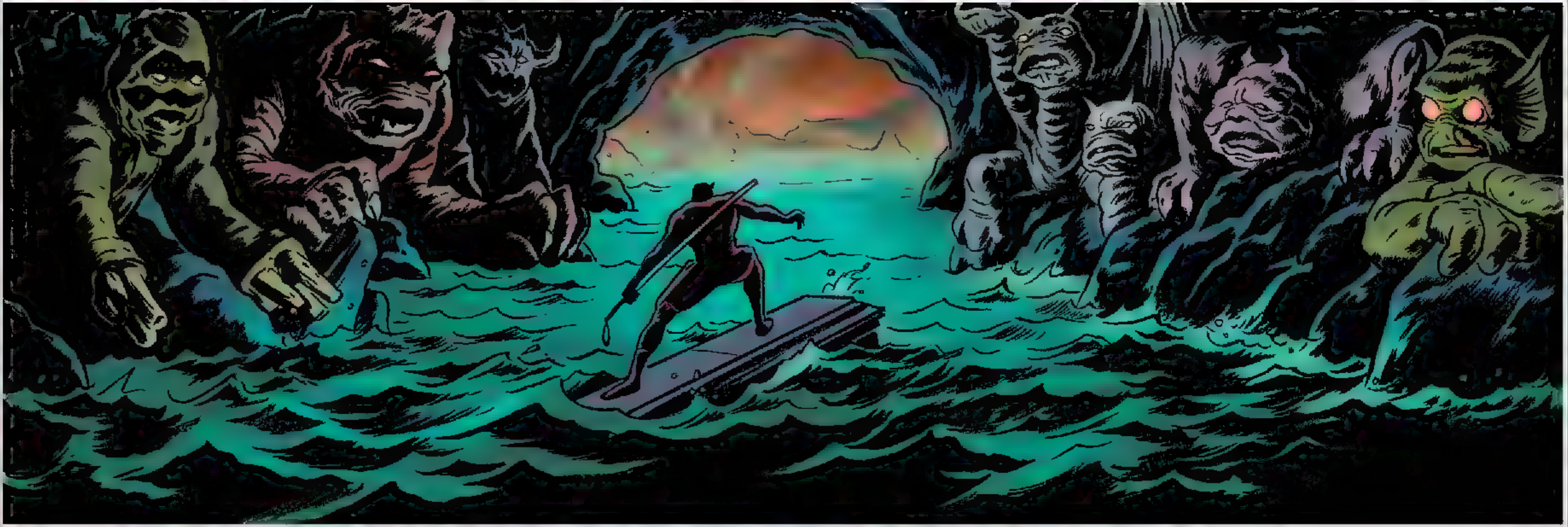
Still, we're headed *somewhere*, almost *certainly* towards the *Mole Man*--who is five foot short, old and *blind*.

Not exactly an intimidating physical threat.

Nothing to be afraid of.



Just
caves.



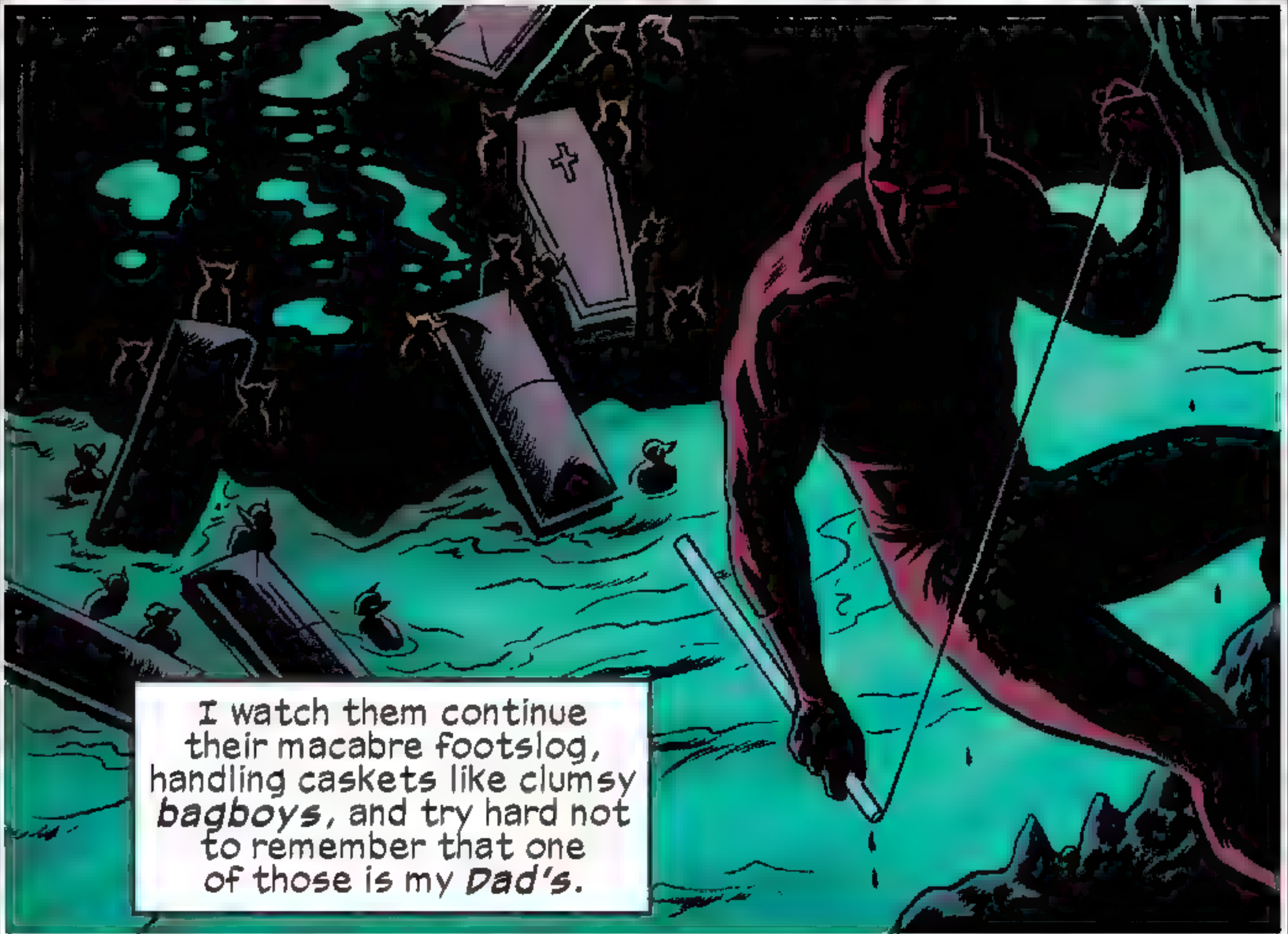
This leg of the
journey comes
to an end as
the river slows.



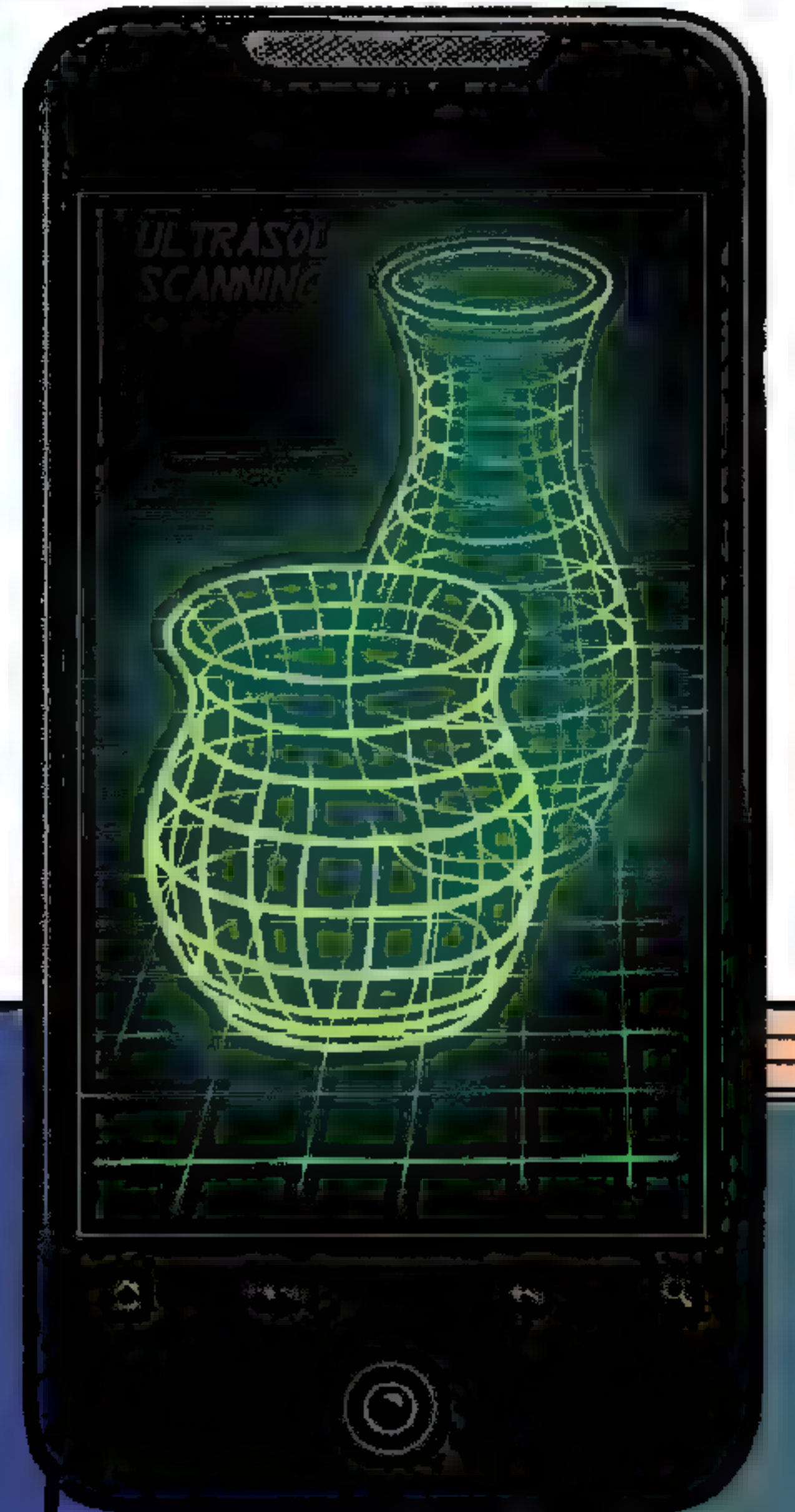
CHFF



SCHK

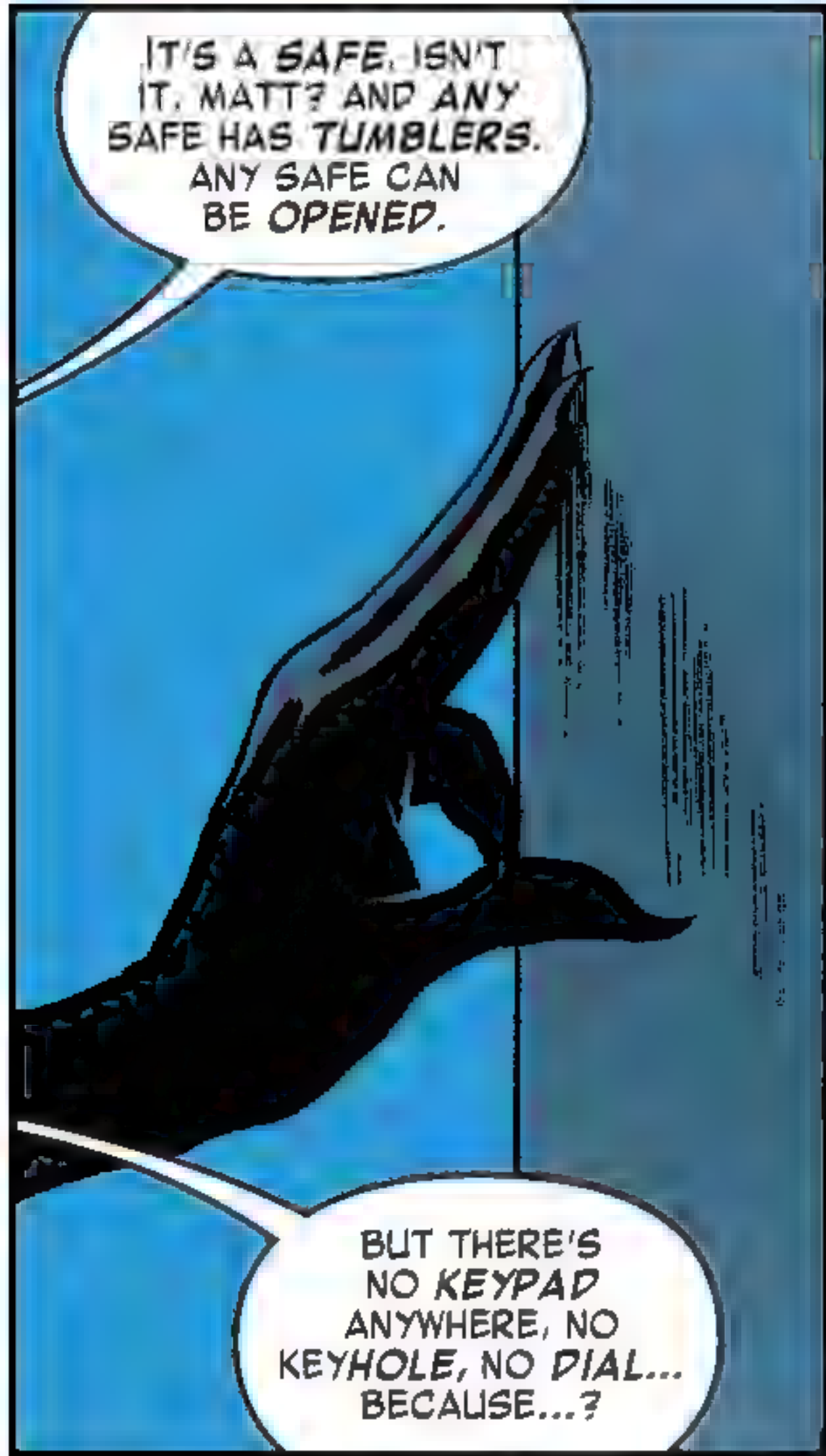
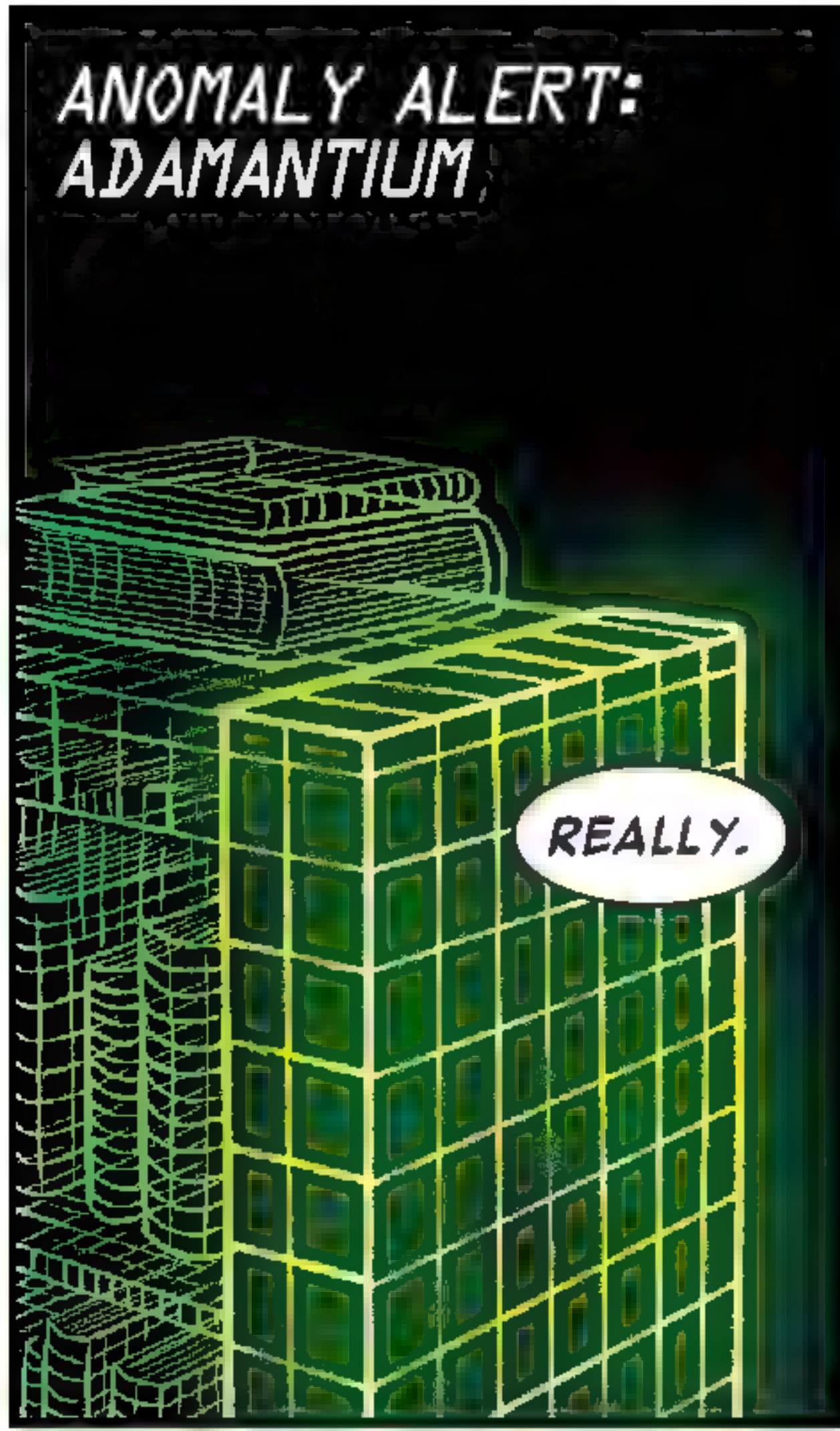


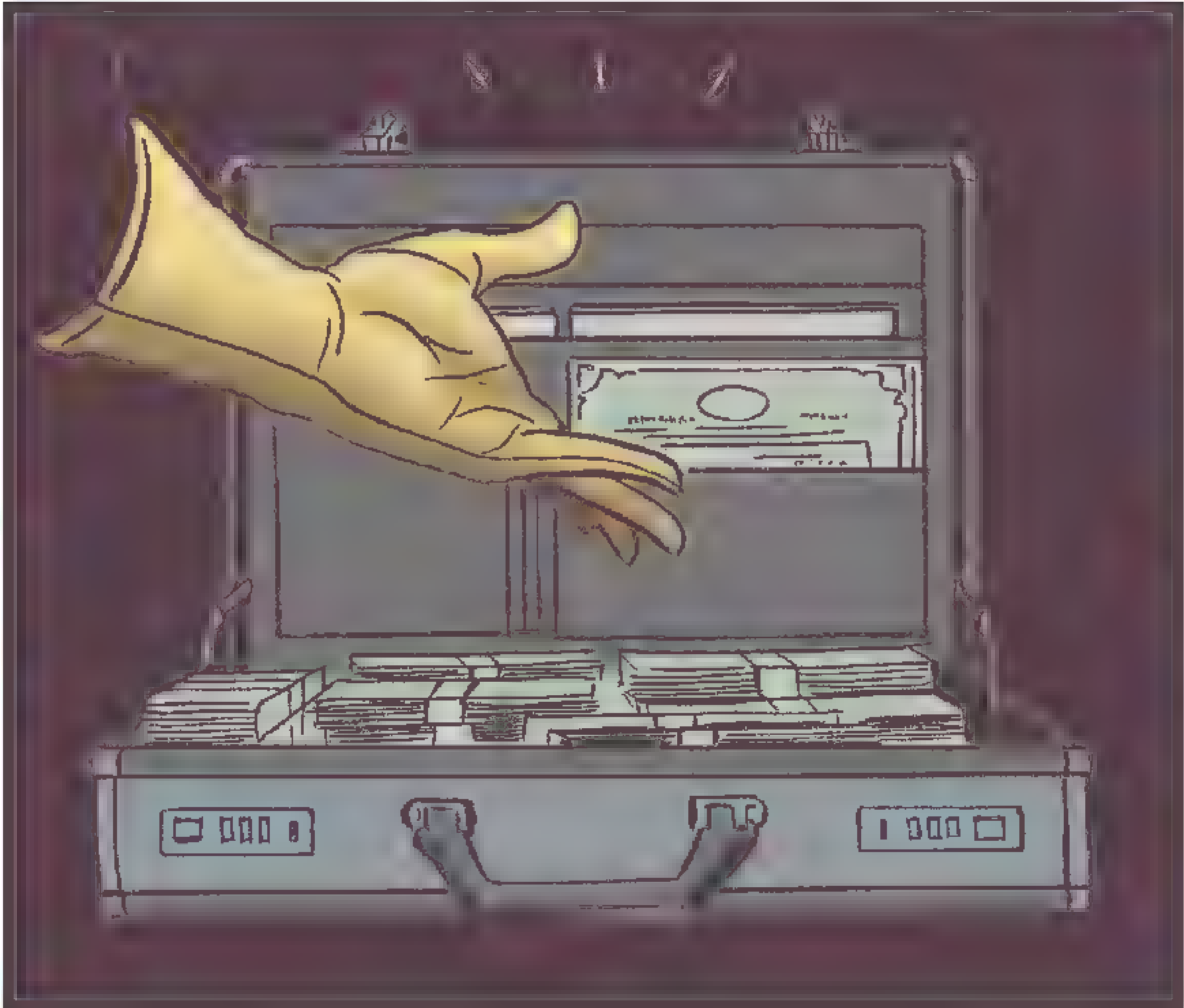
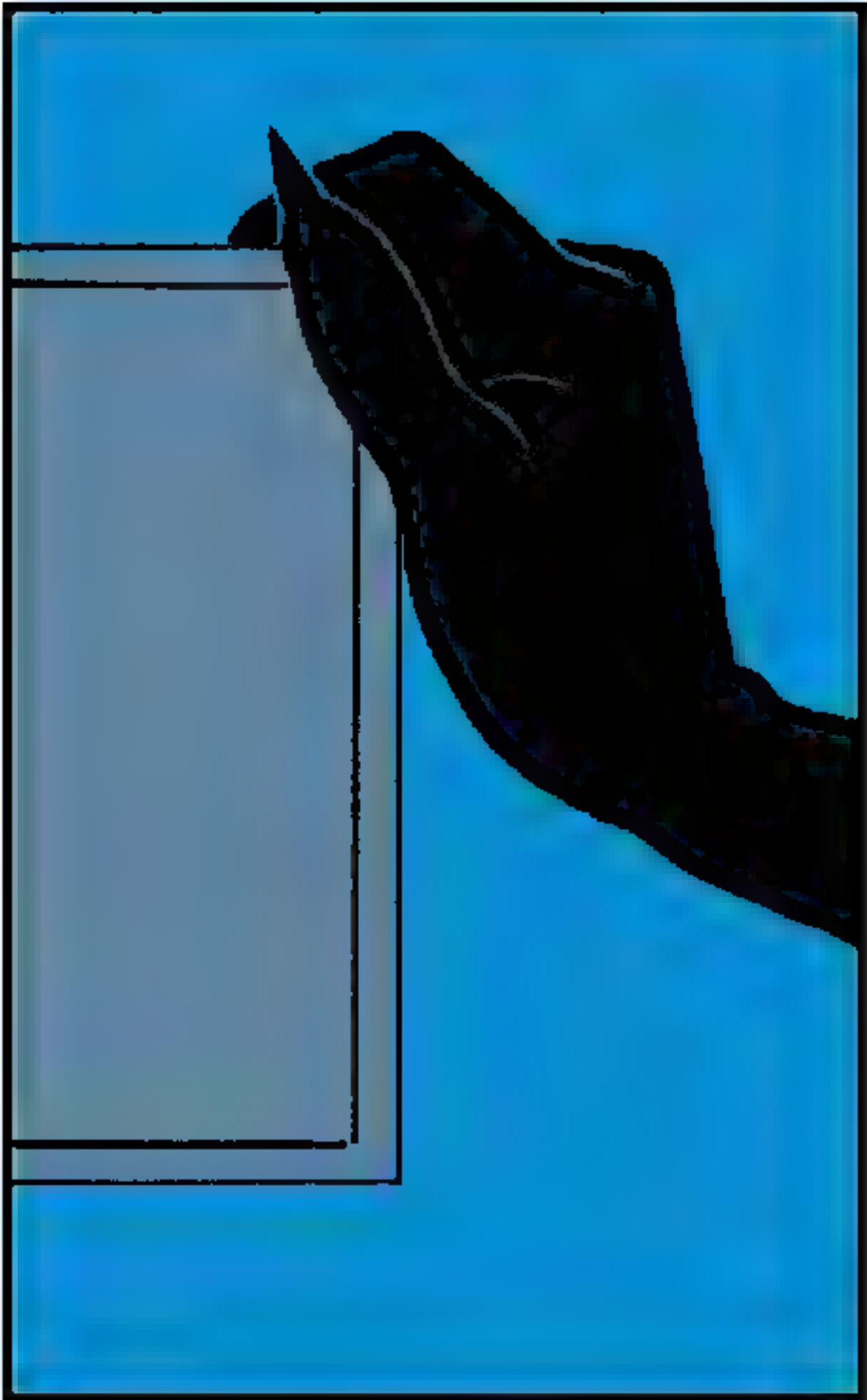
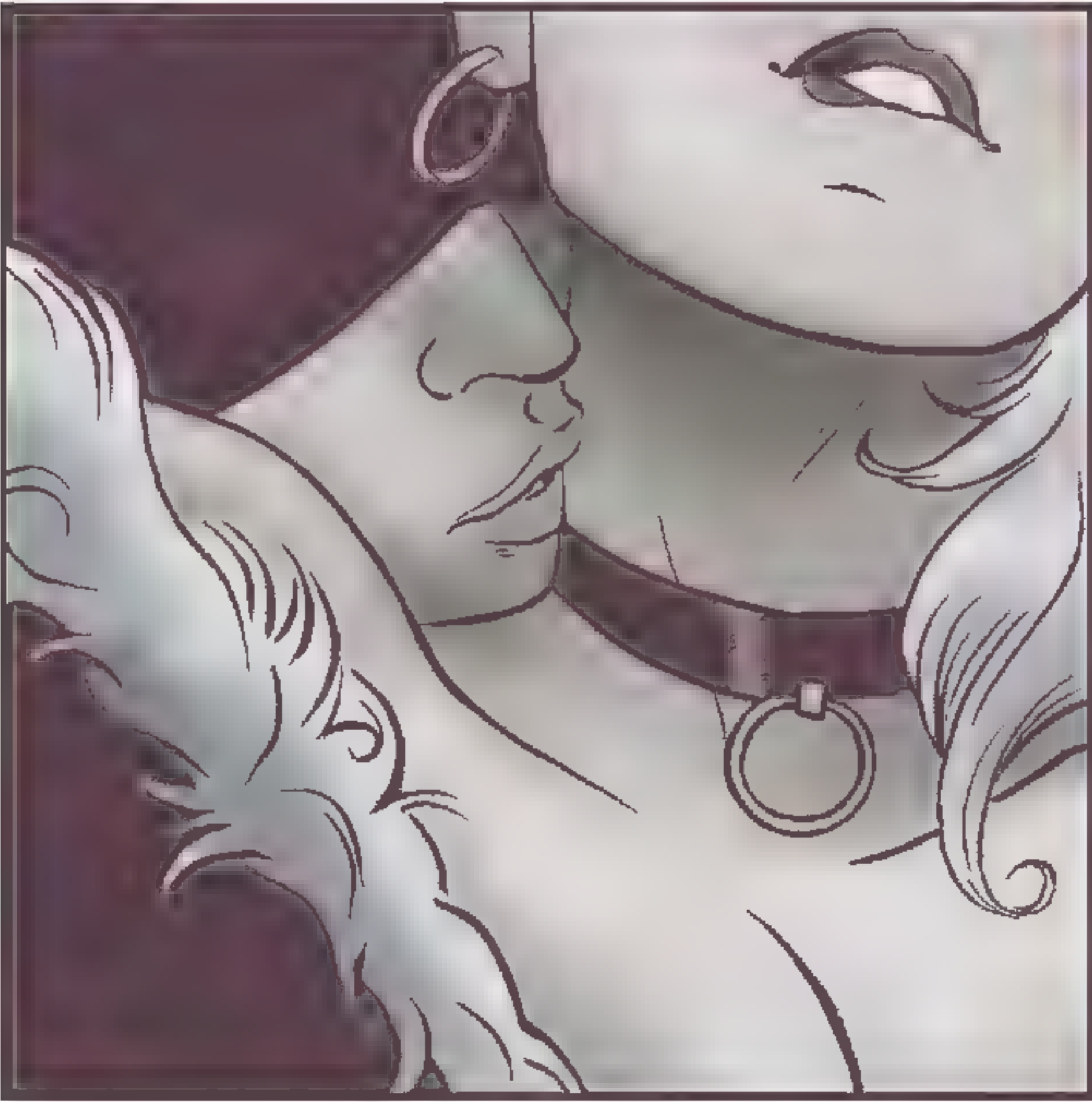
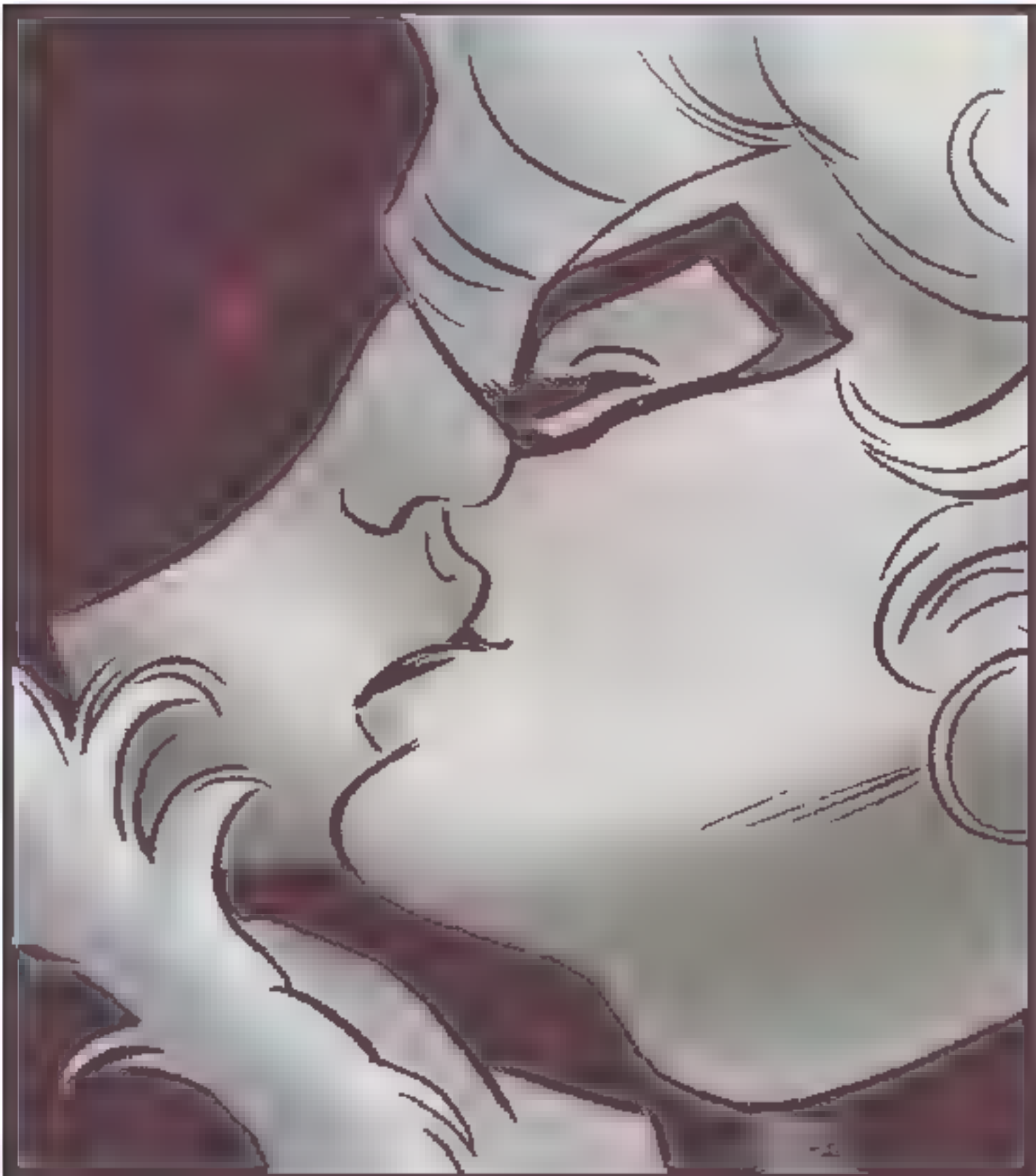
I watch them continue
their macabre footslog,
handling caskets like clumsy
bagboys, and try hard not
to remember that one
of those is my *Dad's*.



WE CAN
AND WILL
REWARD YOU
HANDSOMELY.

THE **BLACK
SPECTRE**
ORGANIZATION IS
WELL AWARE THAT THE
BLACK CAT IS A THIEF
OF UNPARALLELED
SKILL.







About a half-mile from the river, the Moloids deliver their cargo.

And then it gets weird.

Judging by the silhouette and the deference of the creatures, it's the *Mole Man* himself.

But I can't tell what he's doing. Why are they arranging the caskets around him? What is he--



NO.

To keep myself
in *check*, I tell
myself the
logical thing:

That those could
be *anyone's*
bones, *anyone's*
casket.

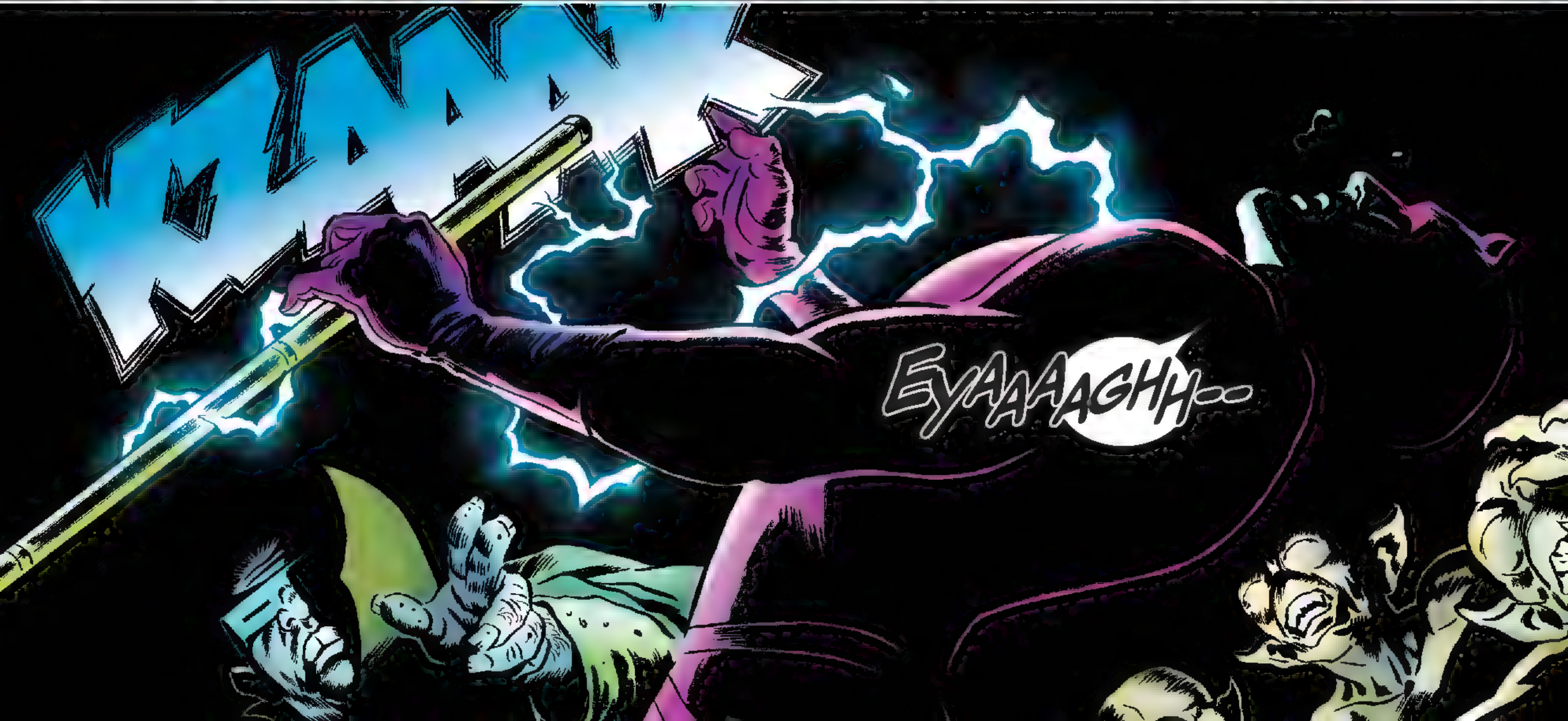
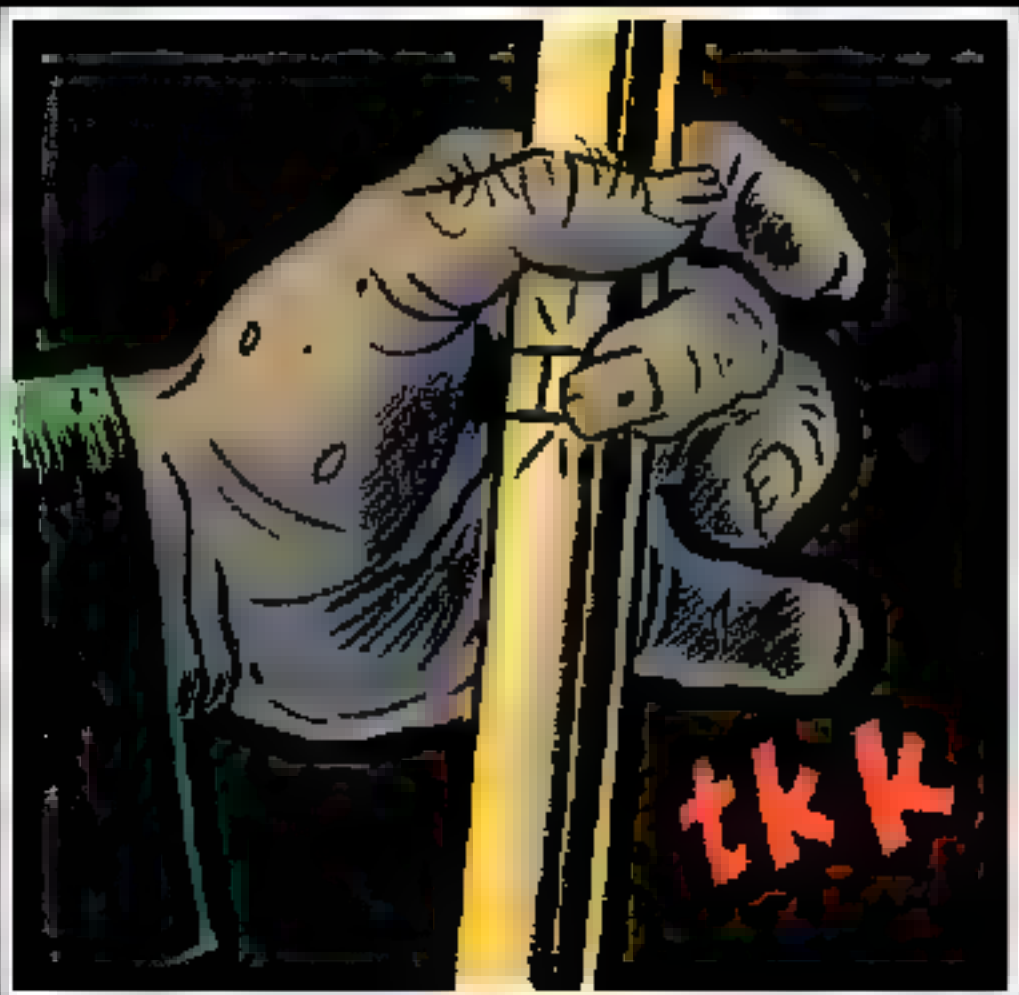
Not my
Dad's.

But I don't
listen.

SKRAK

creeeUNKK

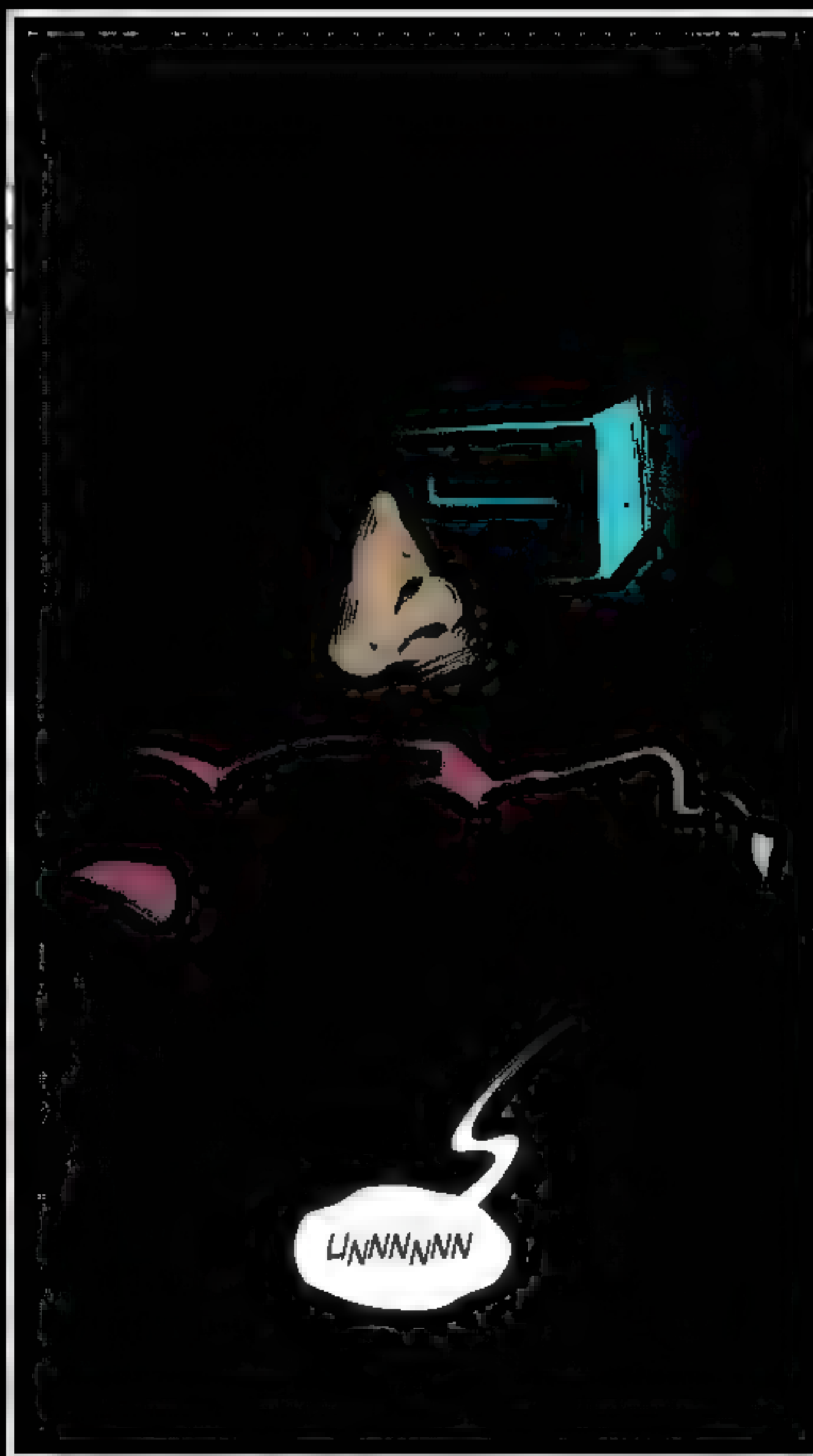
HOW
DARE
YOU?



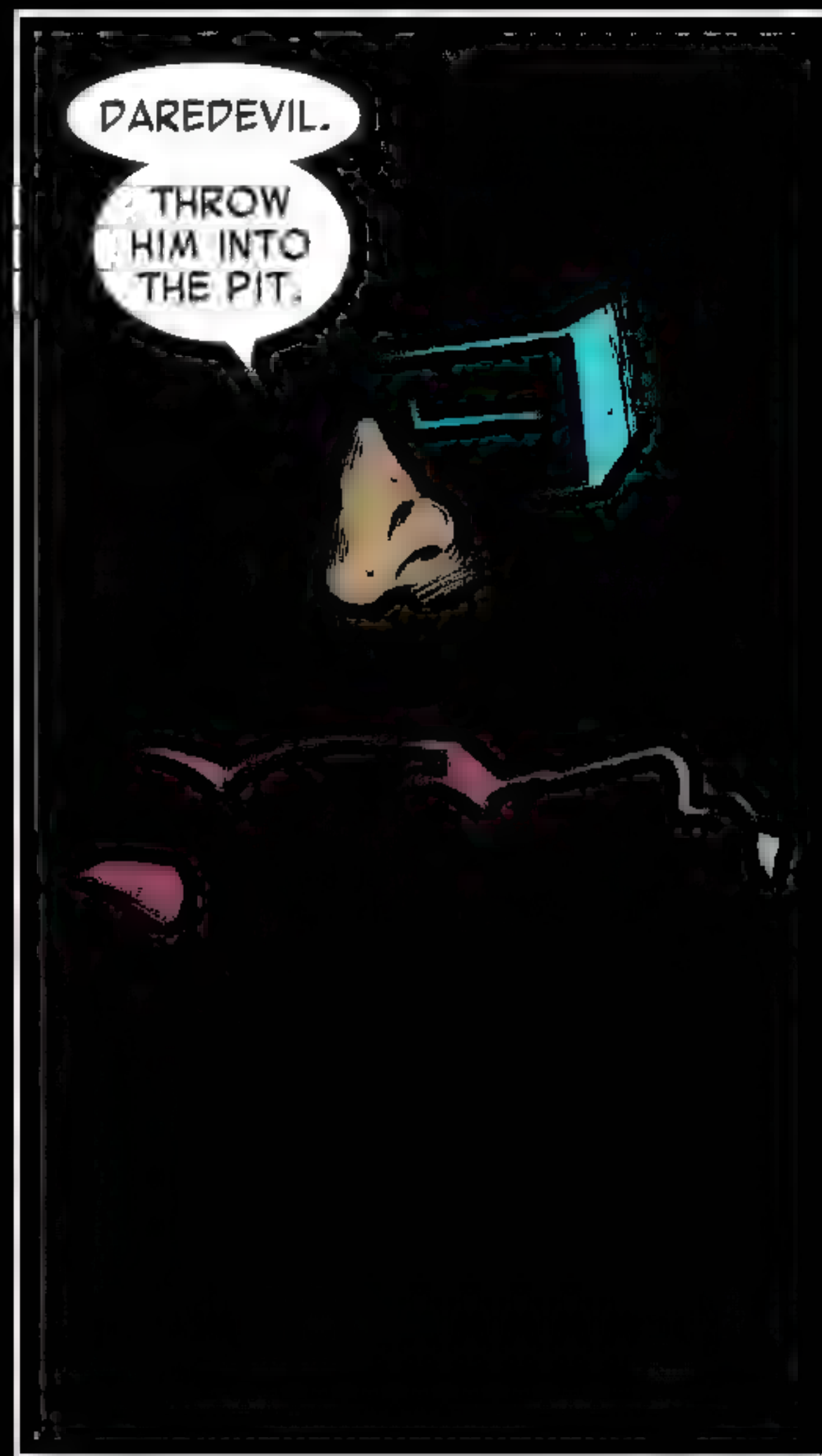


CLOP.
I HAVE
WEAPONS.

DO YOUR
HOMEWORK
NEXT TIME.



LNNNNNN



DAREDEVIL.

THROW
HIM INTO
THE PIT.



NNHH
NNHH

Stupid.
Now mouth...
won't work.

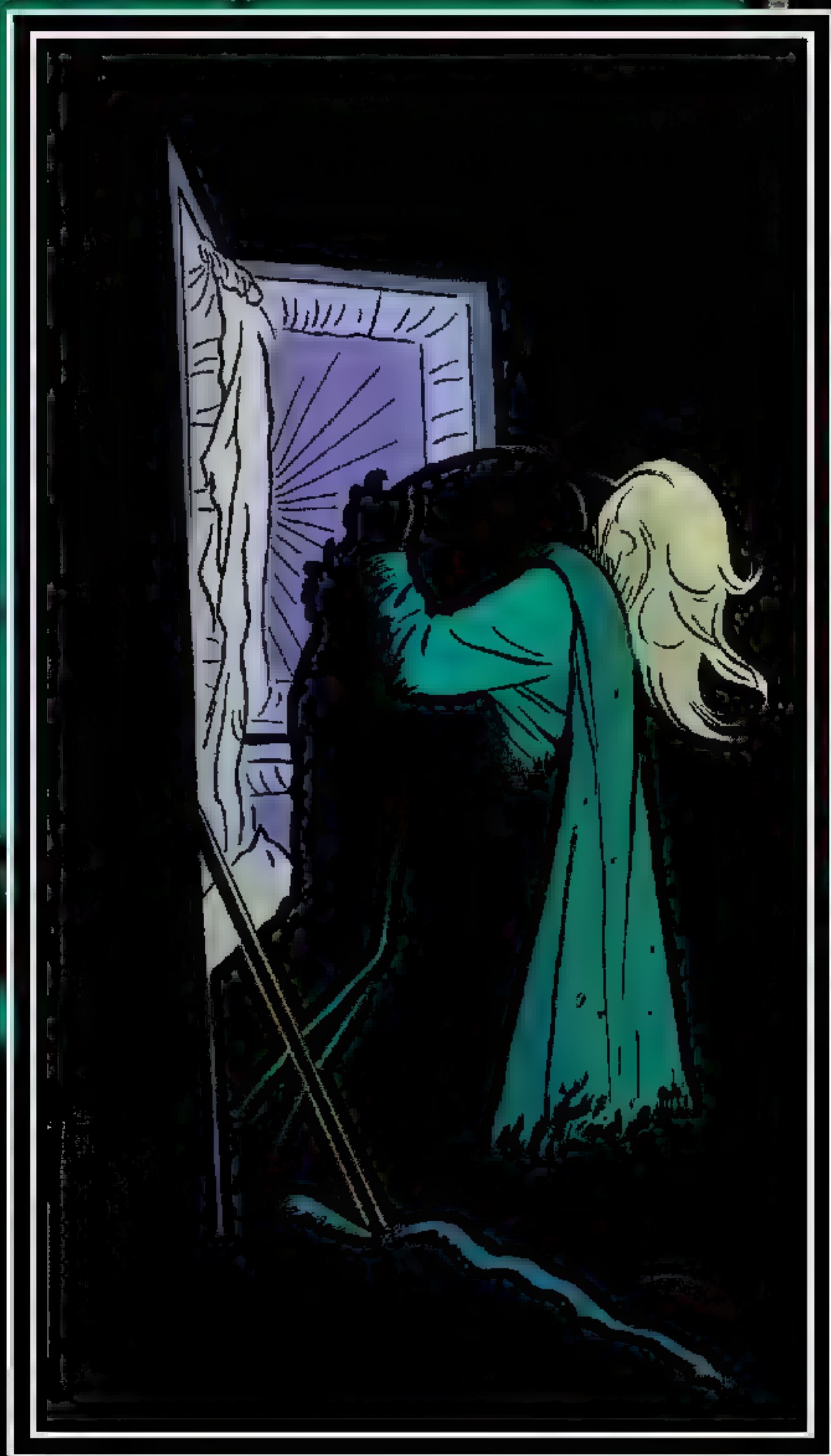
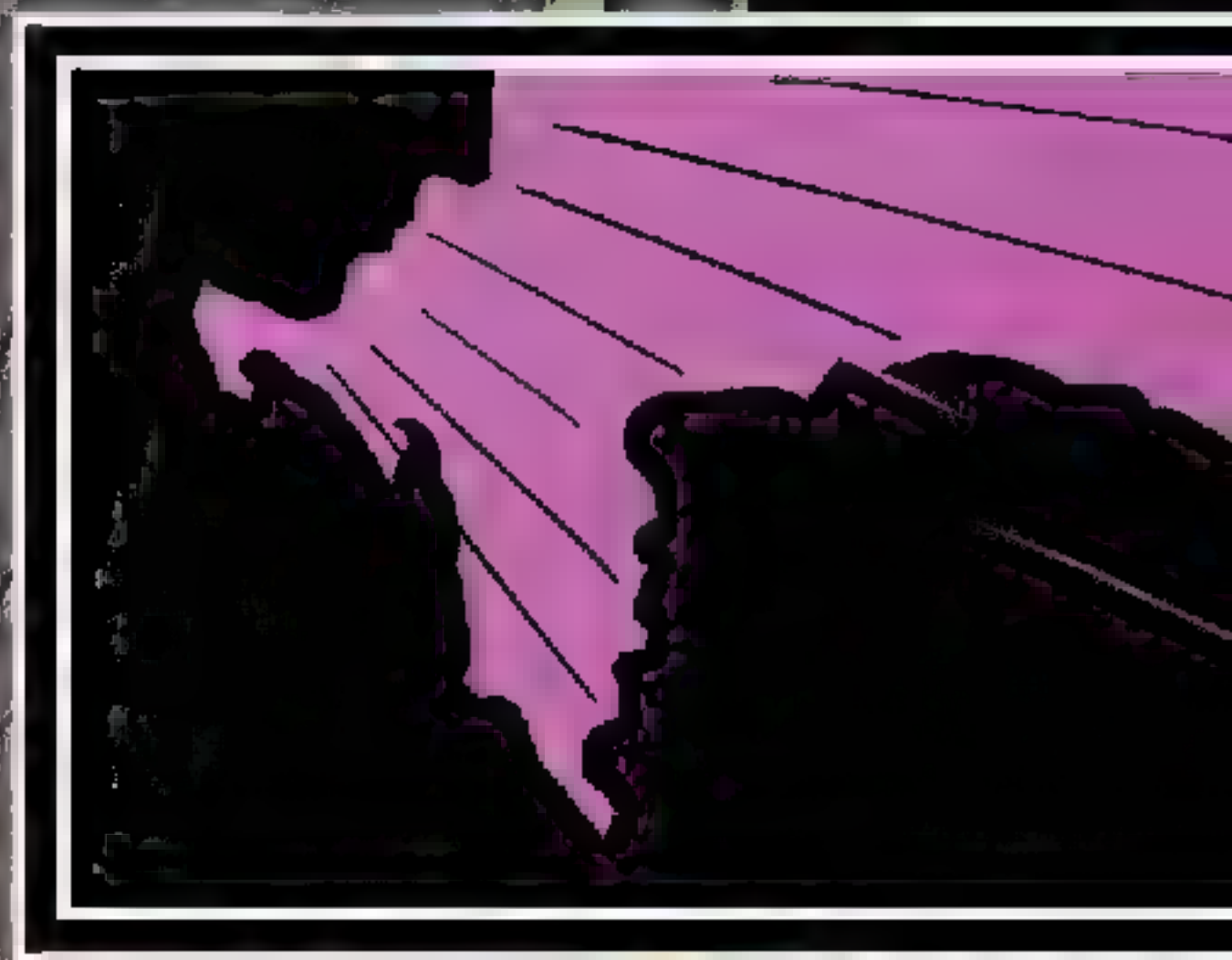
Surrounded.
Calloused hands...
scraping skin...
pulling...



...can't keep...
the ghoul...
from his sick
desecration...



...but what's...
he looking
for...?

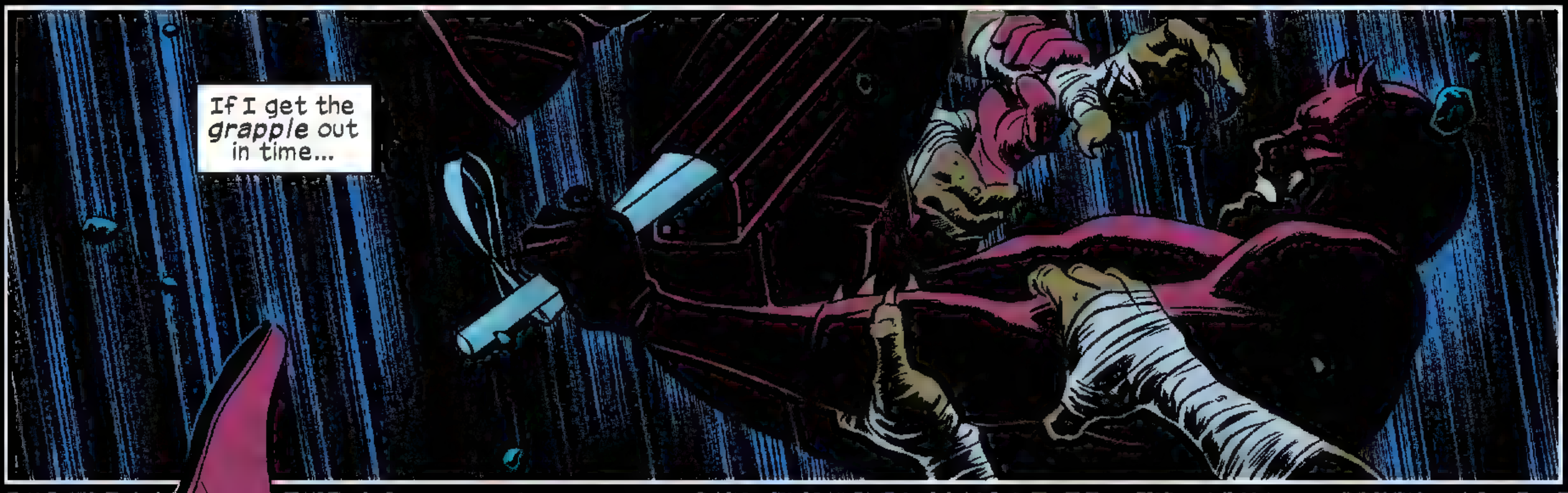
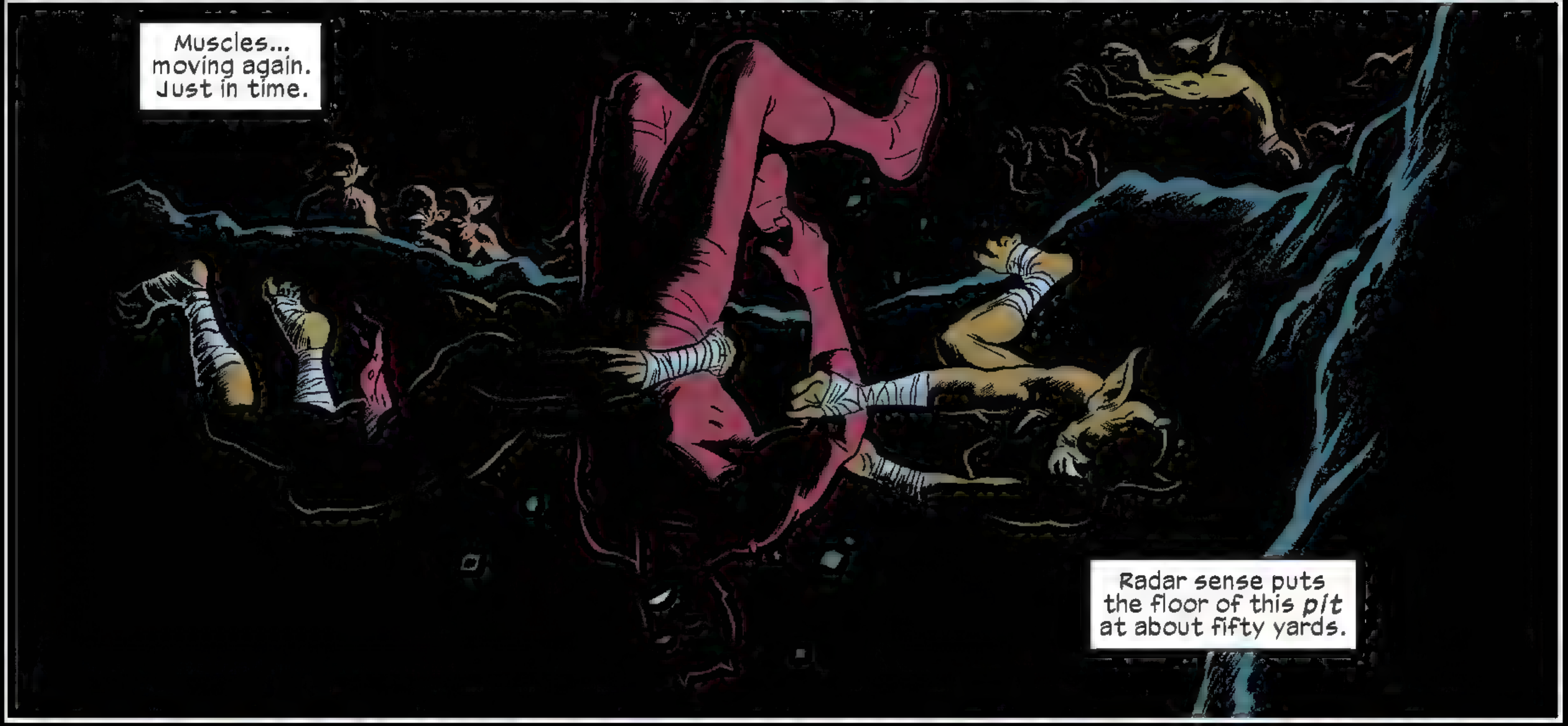


Muscles...
moving again.
Just in time.

Radar sense puts
the floor of this *pit*
at about fifty yards.

If I get the
grapple out
in time...

...I should be
able to touch
bottom without
a *scratch*.



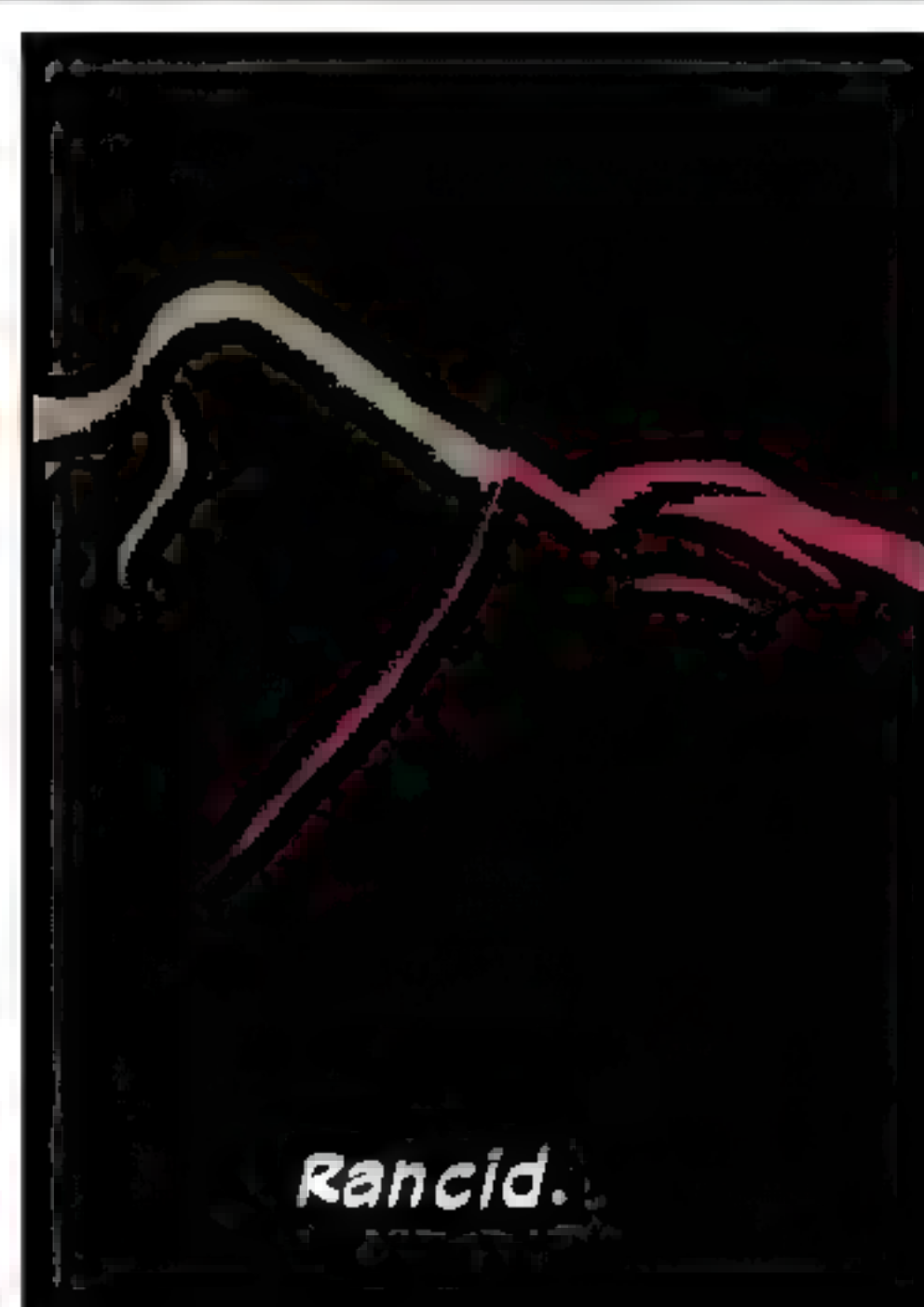




As I fall, I feel
an *updraft*
against my skin.



But it's
moist.



Rancid.

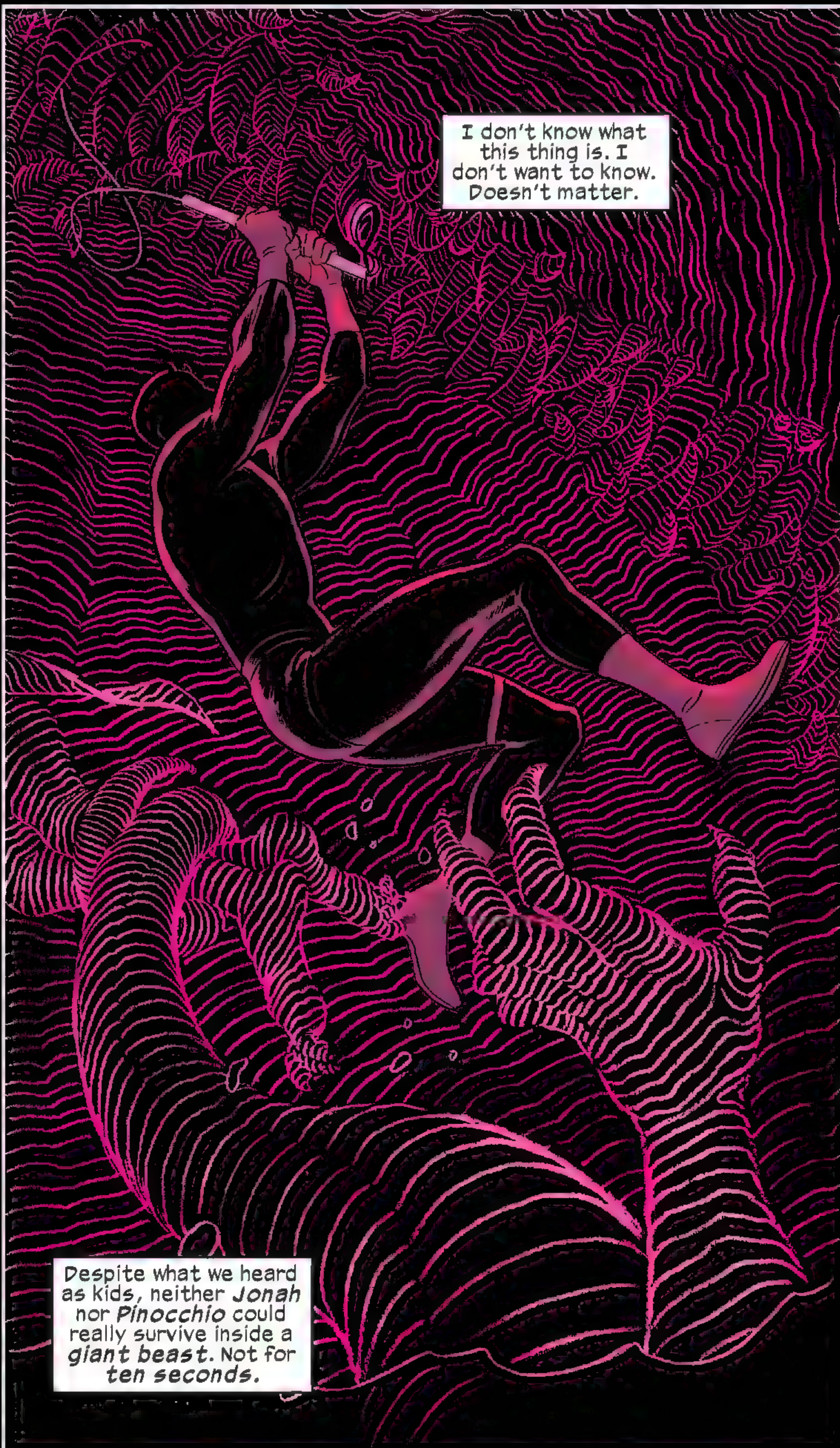


Rhythmic.



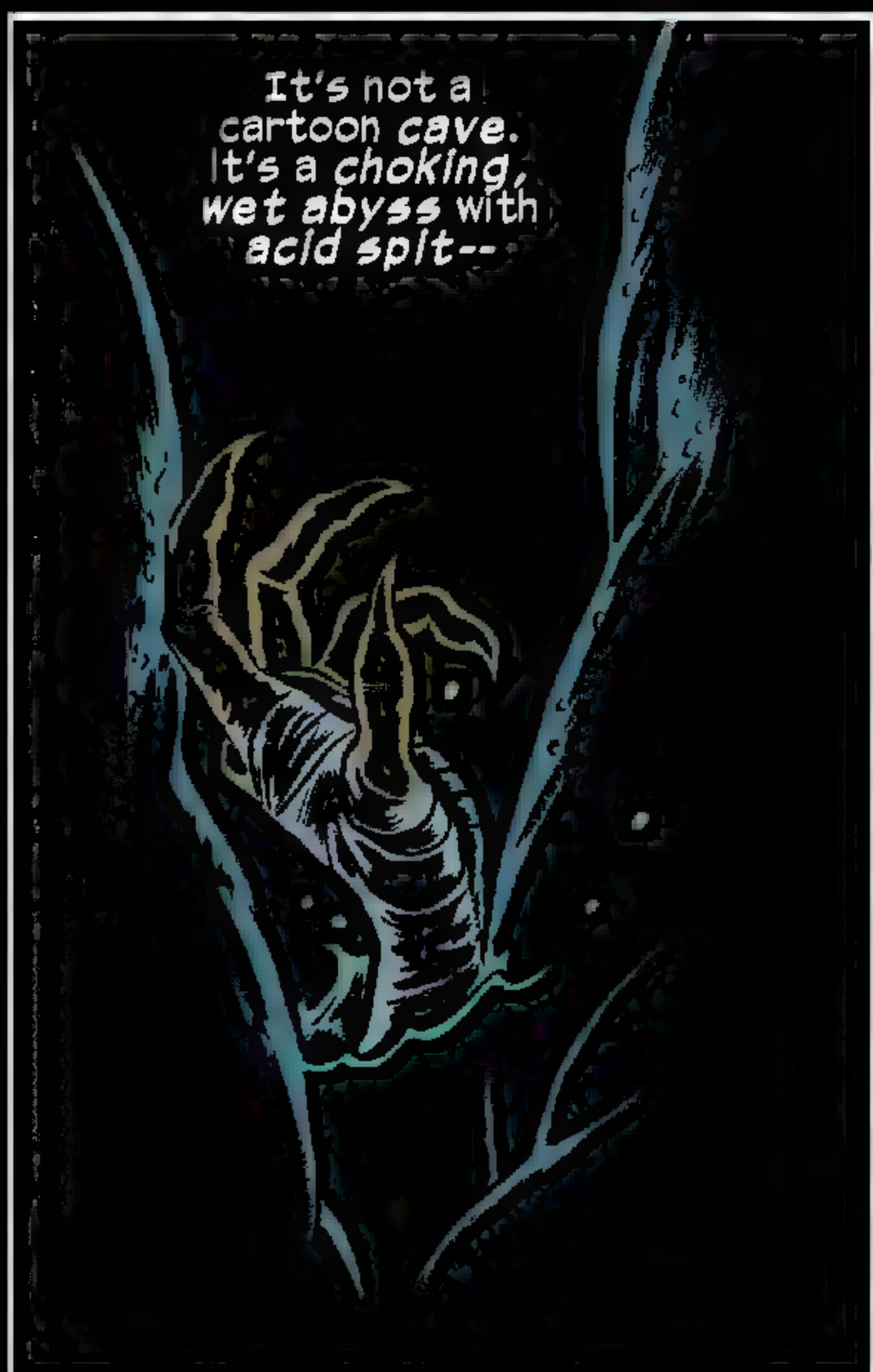
This isn't
a *pit*.

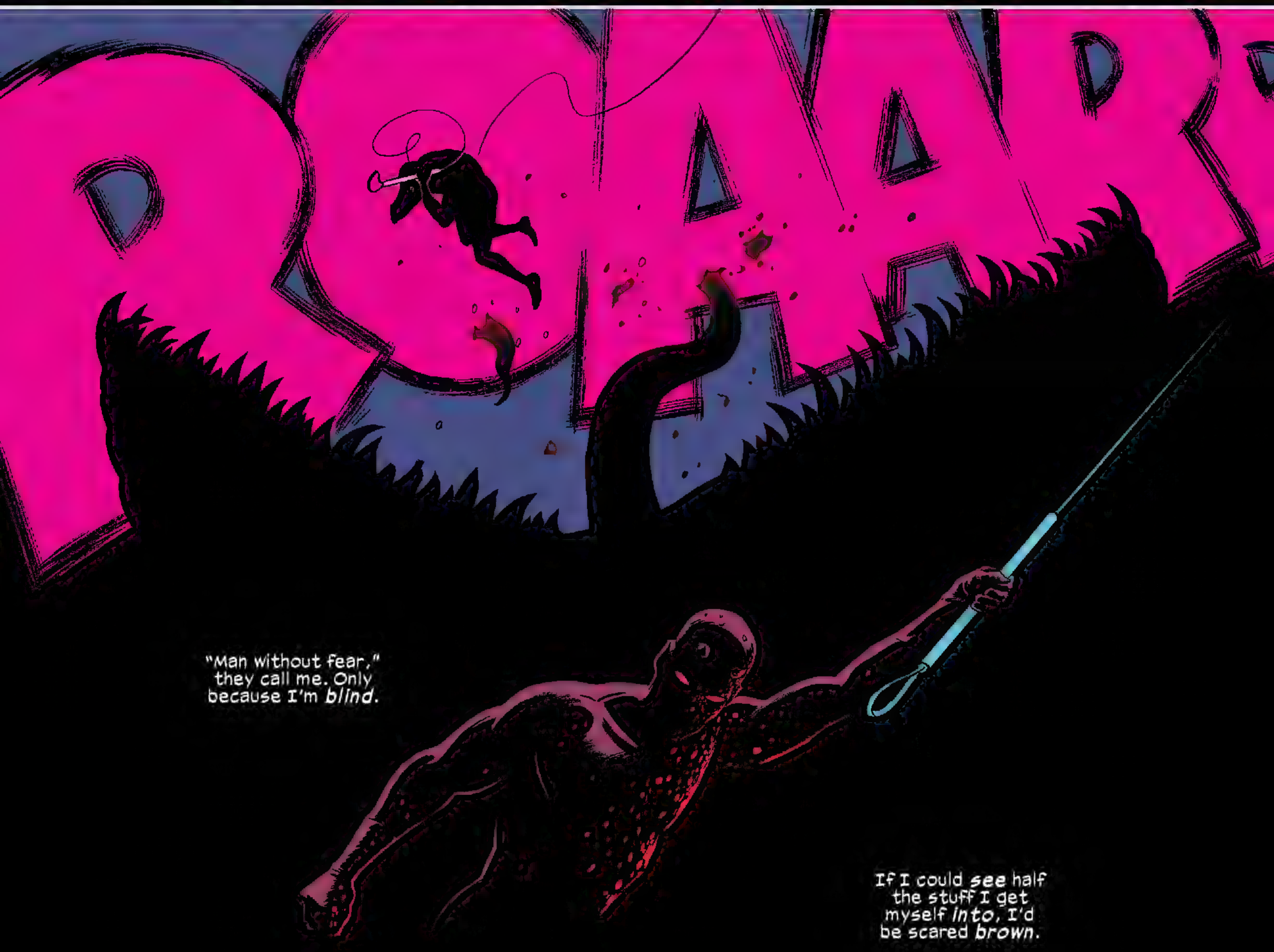
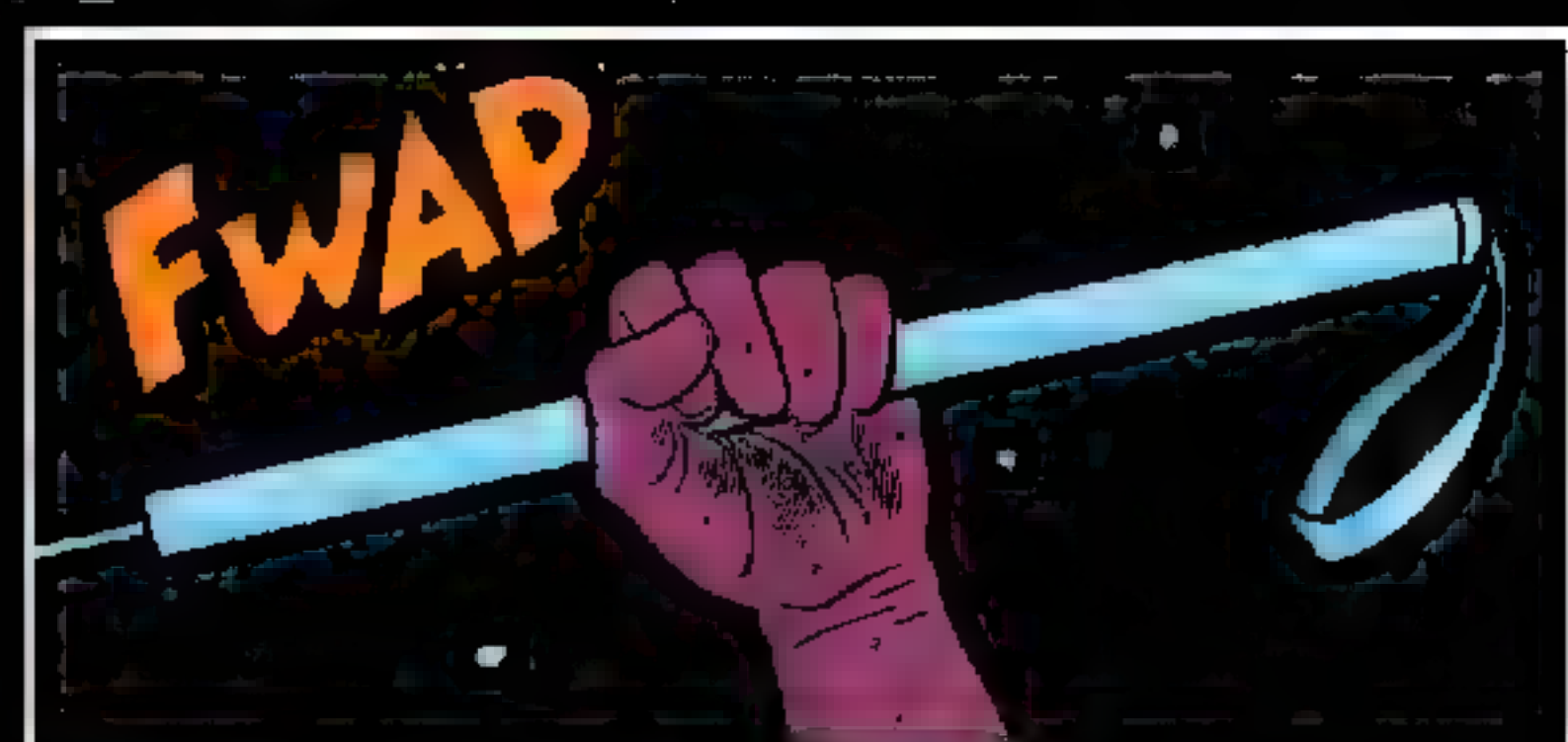
It's a
maw.



I don't know what this thing is. I don't want to know. Doesn't matter.

Despite what we heard as kids, neither *Jonah* nor *Pinocchio* could really survive inside a *giant beast*. Not for *ten seconds*.







Mole Man found what...who...he was looking for inside these coffins.

Where did you run to with your ghoulish *treasure*, little man?

He and his Moloids are gone, but at least now the silence down here is appropriately funereal.



Which way--

...BEAUTIFUL DRESS, MY DEAR...



...SEA BLUE WAS ALWAYS YOUR FAVORITE COLOR, WASN'T IT? I COULD TELL.

OH, LORNA, I COULD SO TELL.



IT BROUGHT OUT YOUR EYES.



DID YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I WORSHIPPED YOU?

HOW FAR DR. HARVEY ELDER WENT OUT OF HIS WAY EACH MORNING JUST TO BATHE IN YOUR SMILE?



YOU MADE
THAT HORRIBLE
OFFICE *TOLERABLE*,
LORNA. YOU SAVED
ME FROM MY...
FROM DOING...

YOU
SAVED
ME.

I ALWAYS...
I ALWAYS
DREAMED OF TELLING
YOU HOW I FELT
ABOUT YOU, BUT I
WAS TOO...

...TOO
SHY.

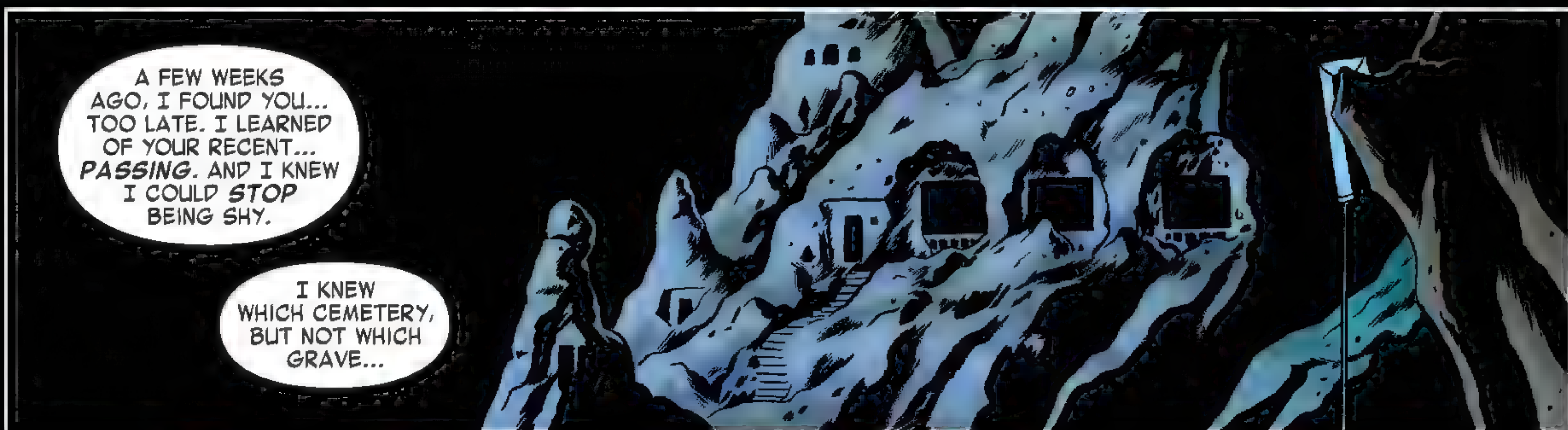


"WHEN YOU LEFT, I WAS
DEVASTATED. THE *OTHERS*
WERE ALL TOO *EAGER* TO
FILL THE ABSENCE OF YOUR
KINDNESS WITH THE SAME
CRUELTY AND *HATE* I'D
ENDURED SINCE *CHILDHOOD*.

"WITHOUT
YOU, IT BECAME
TOO MUCH.

"THAT'S WHY I LEFT THE
SURFACE WORLD, LORNA.
THAT'S WHY I CAME DOWN
HERE TO...*BE ALONE*. TO
START A NEW LIFE REMOVED
FROM THE *RIDICULE*.

"BUT I NEVER
STOPPED LOOKING
FOR YOU, LORNA.
NOT IN ALL THOSE
YEARS."



A FEW WEEKS
AGO, I FOUND YOU...
TOO LATE. I LEARNED
OF YOUR RECENT...
PASSING. AND I KNEW
I COULD *STOP*
BEING SHY.

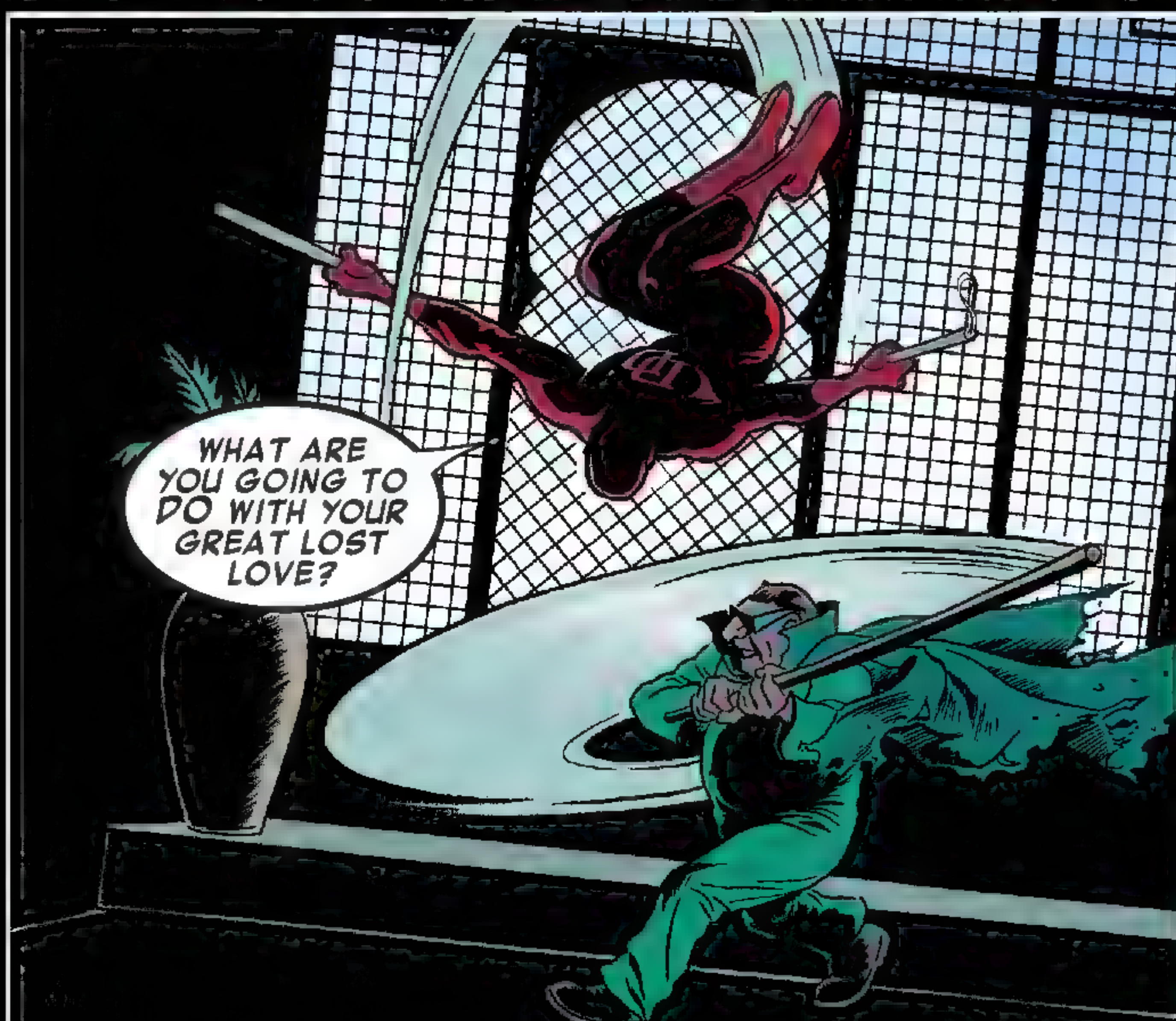
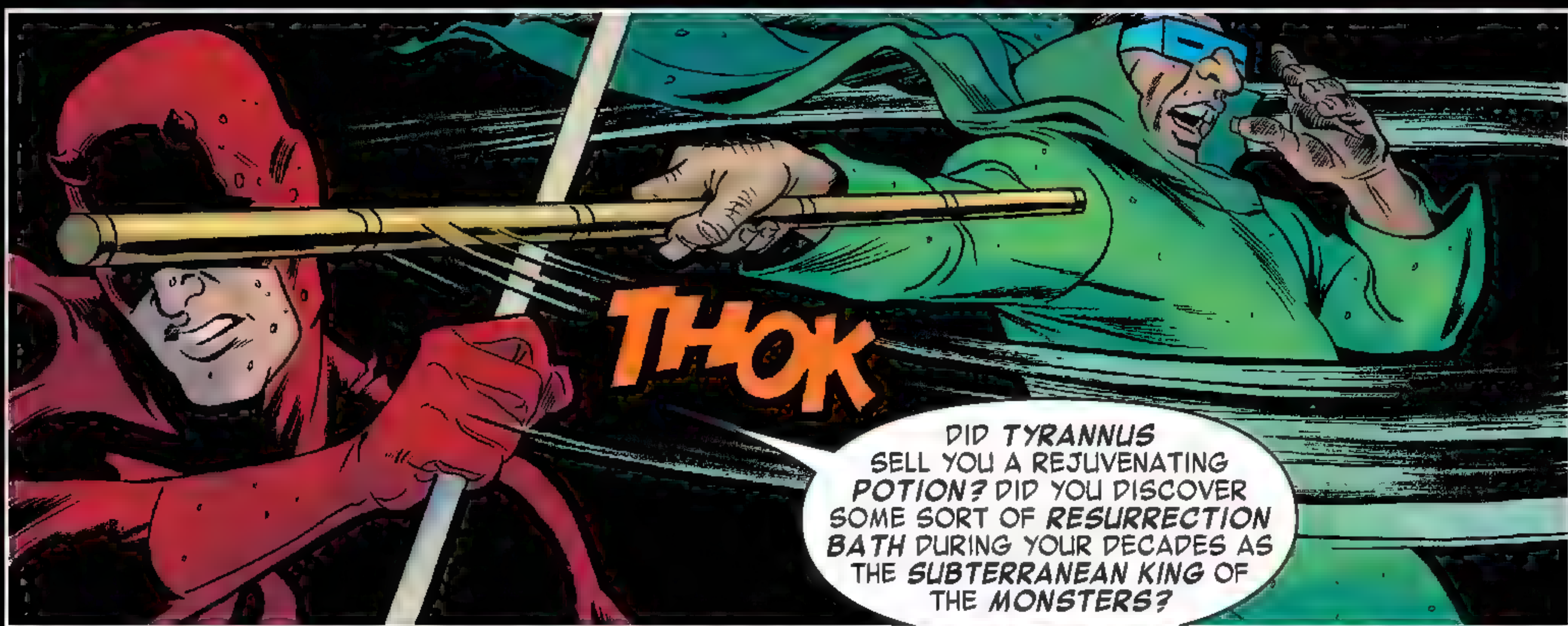
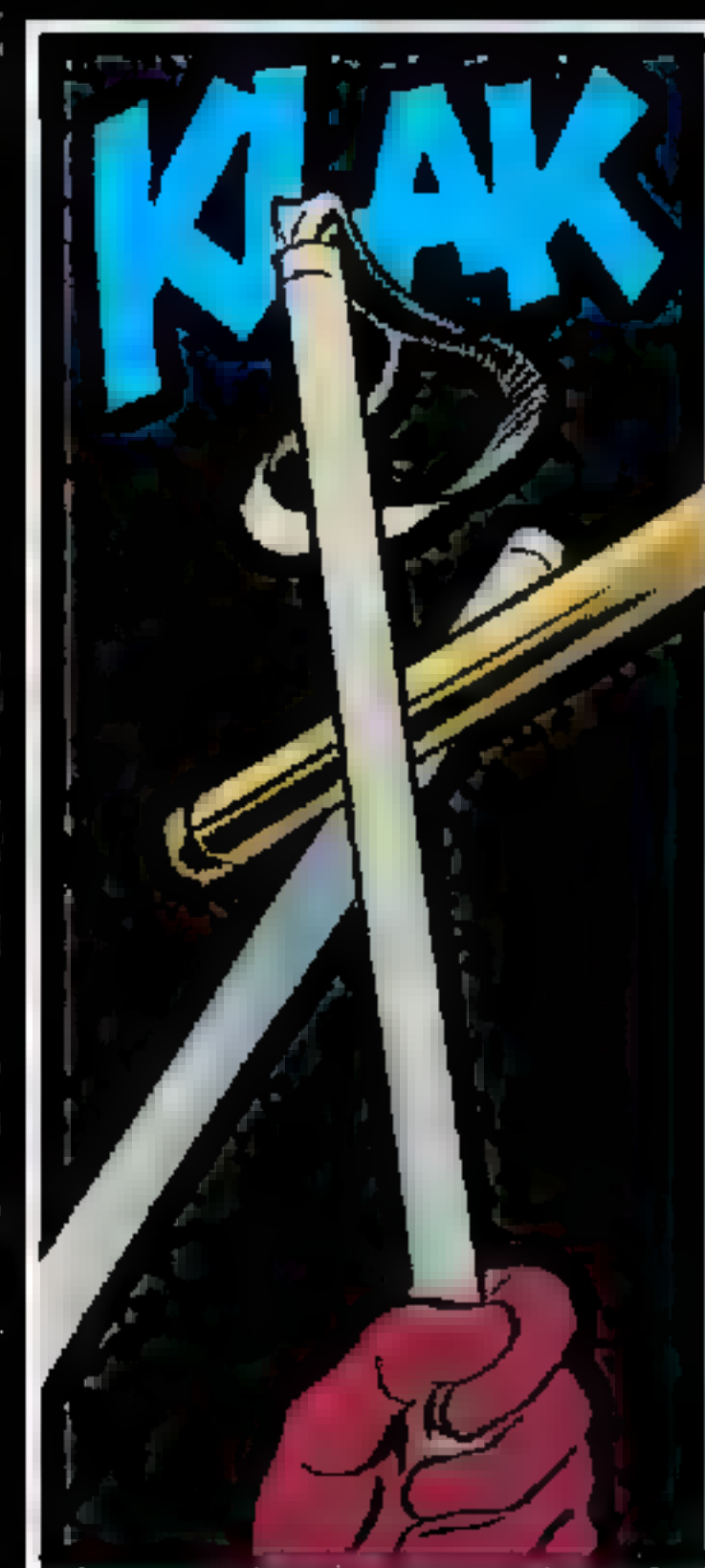
I KNEW
WHICH CEMETERY,
BUT NOT WHICH
GRAVE...

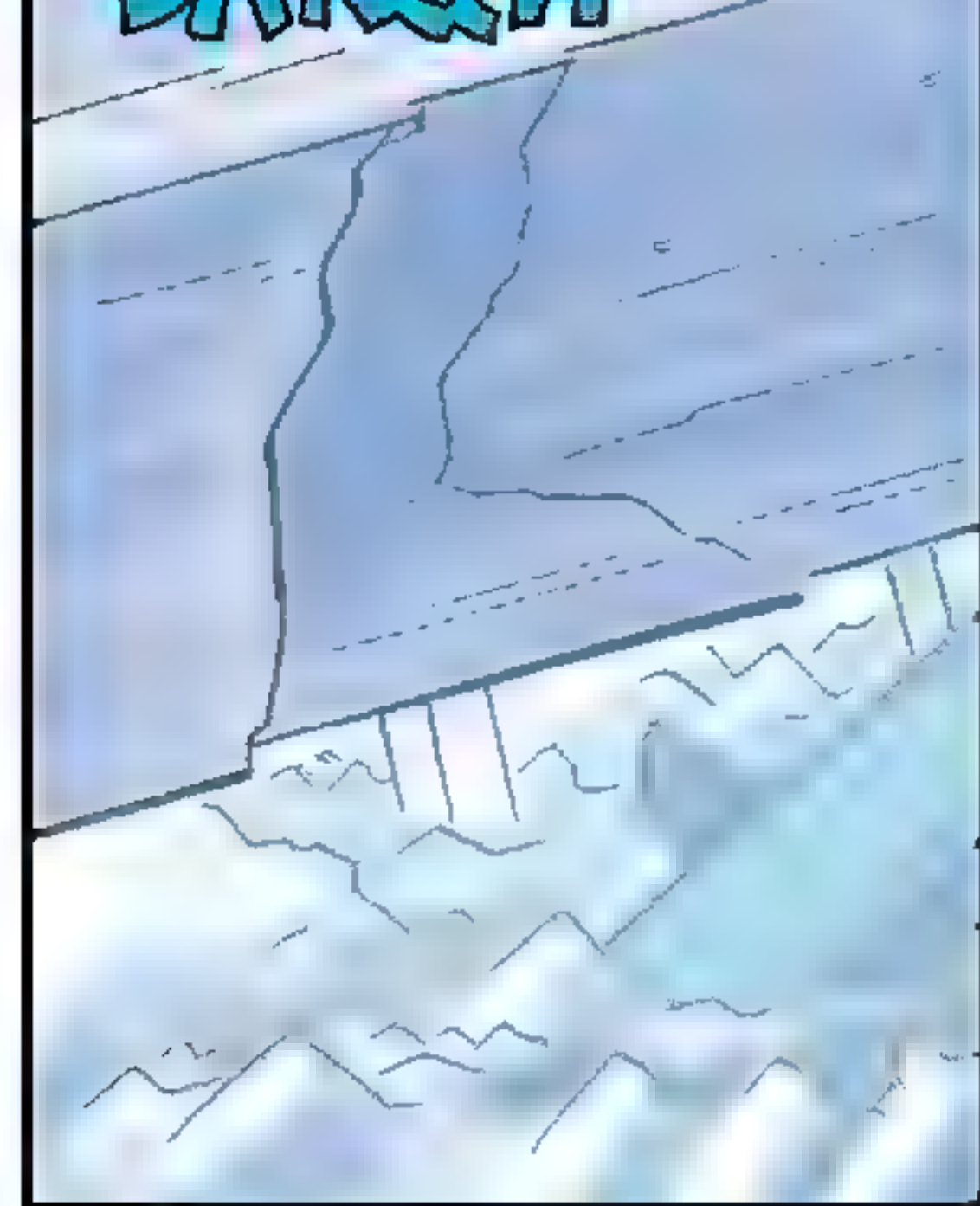
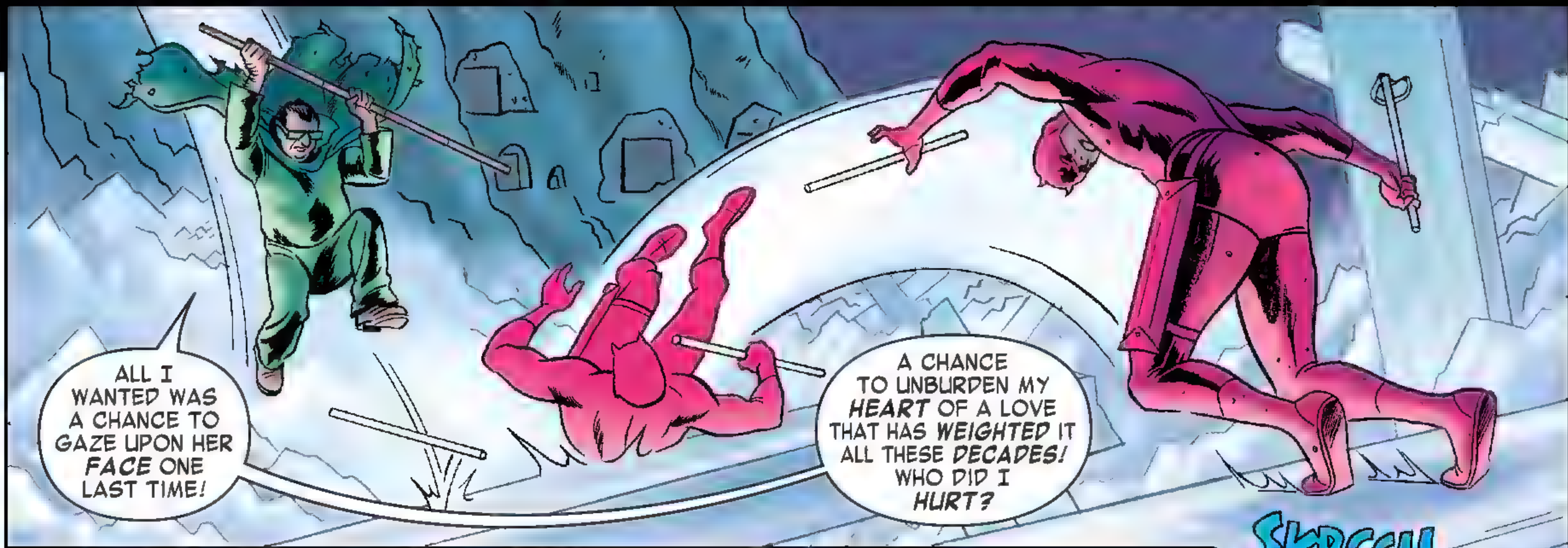


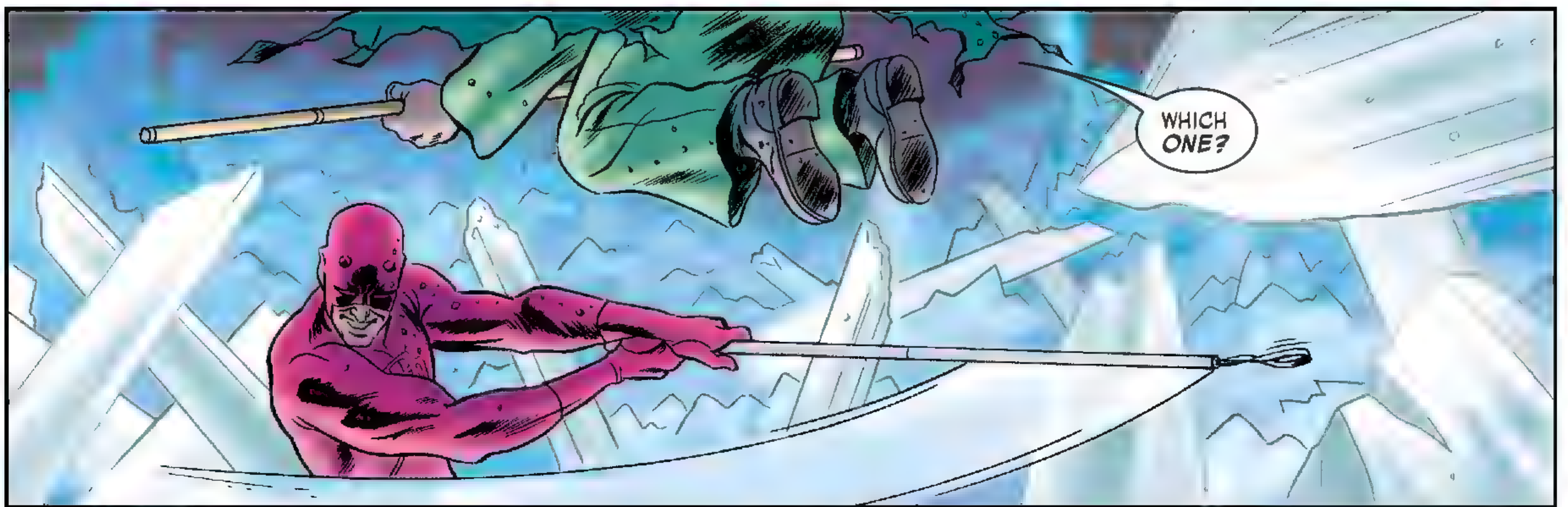
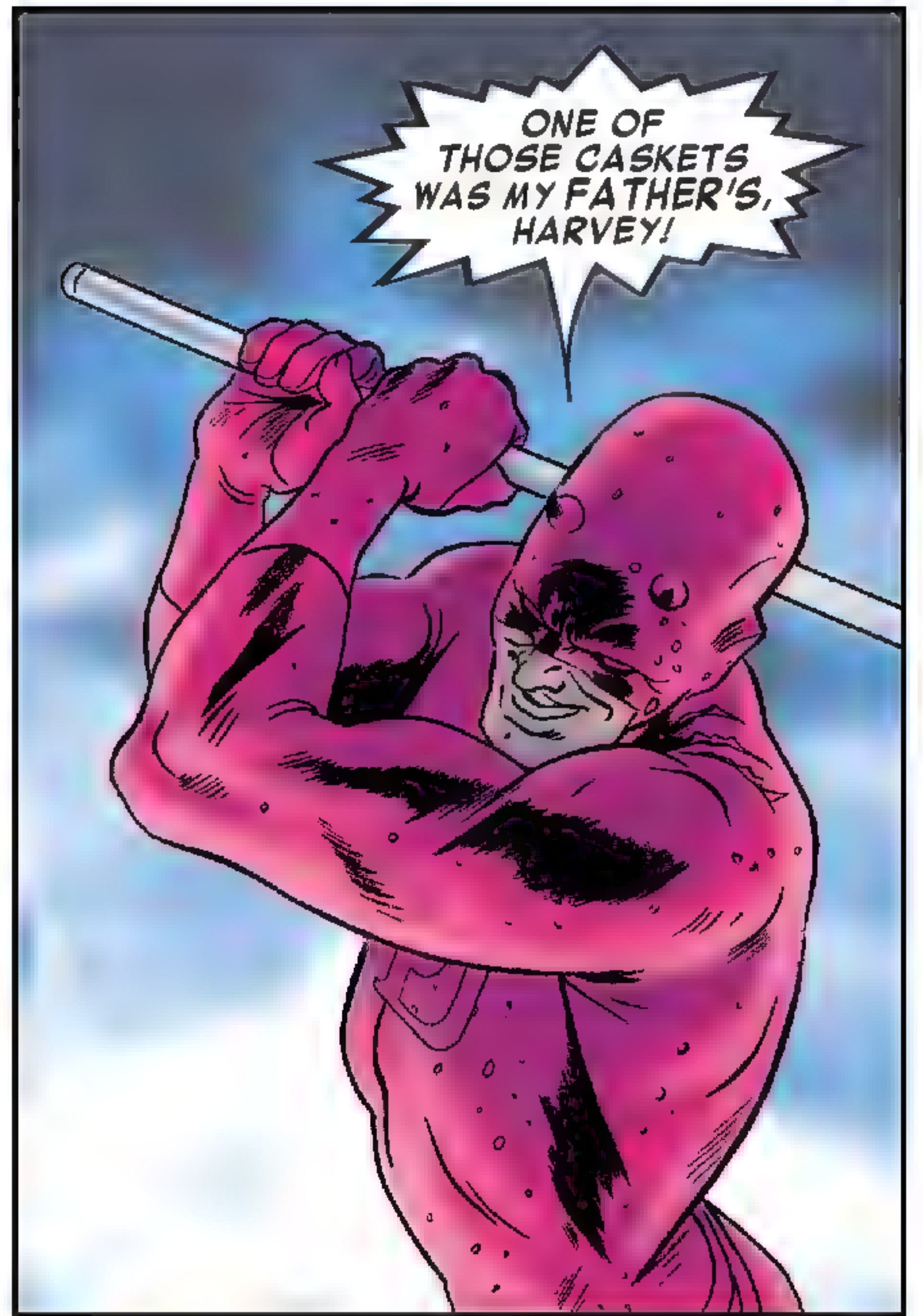
...SO I
SIMPLY HAD
THEM ALL
BROUGHT.

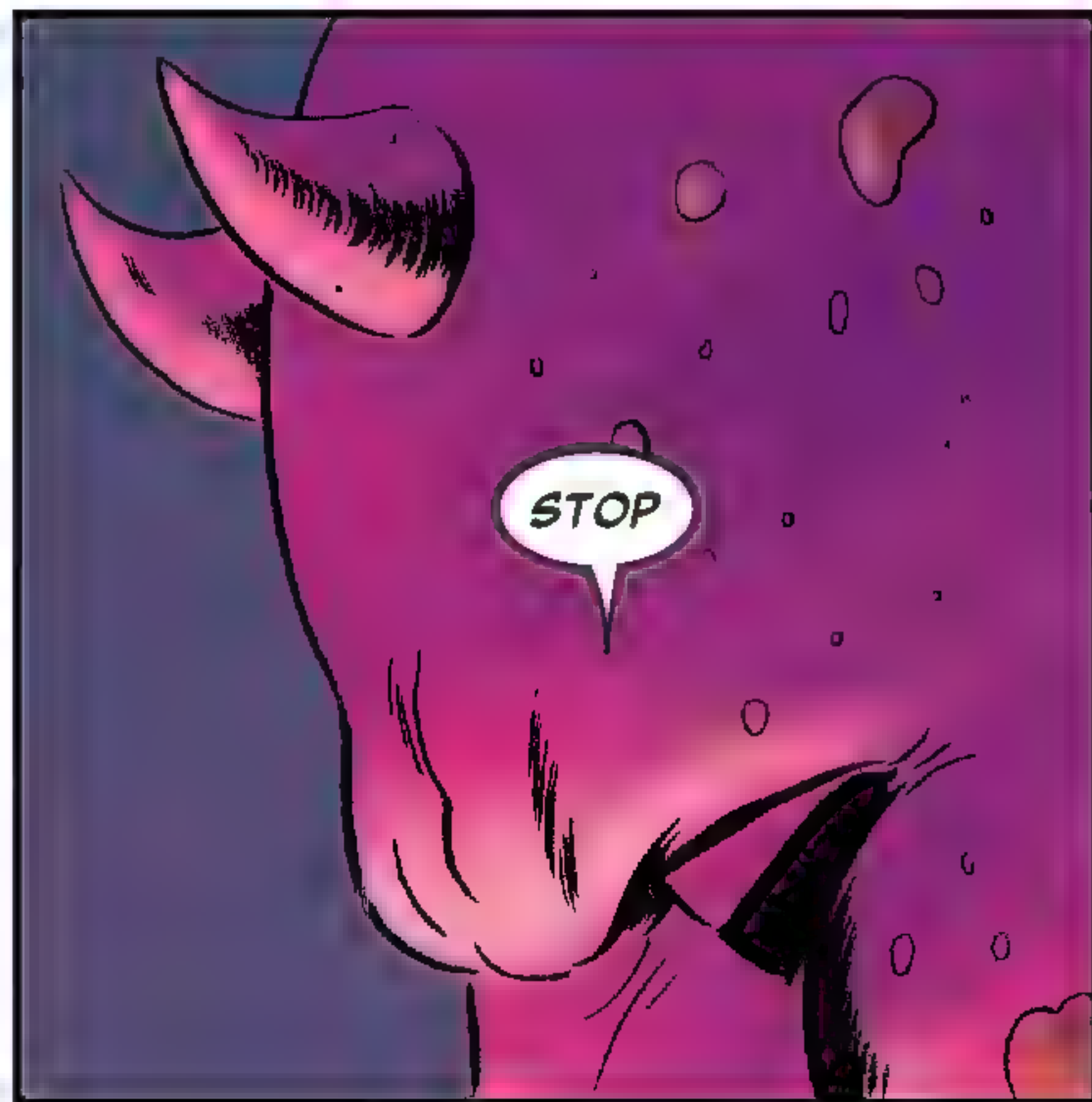
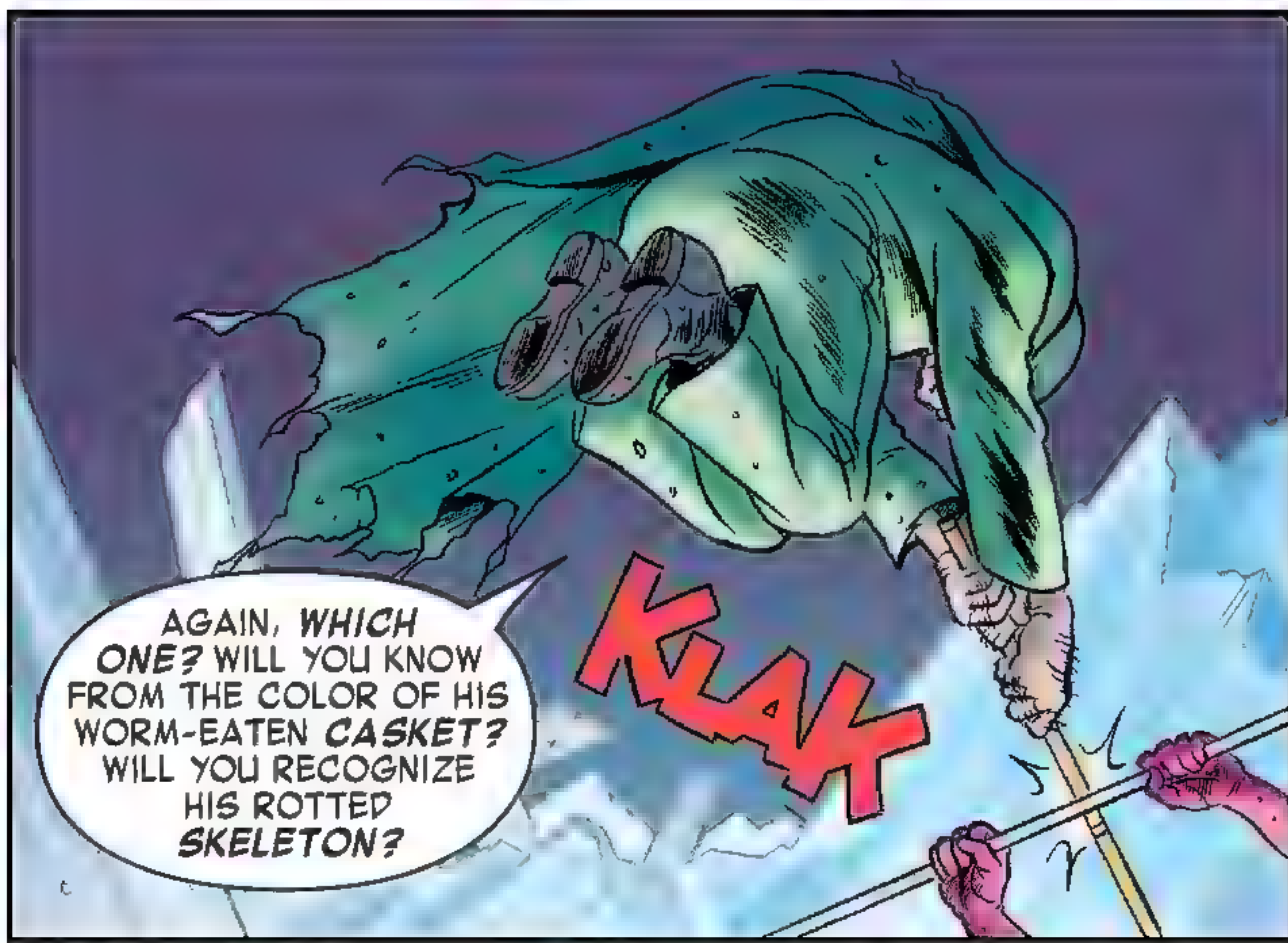
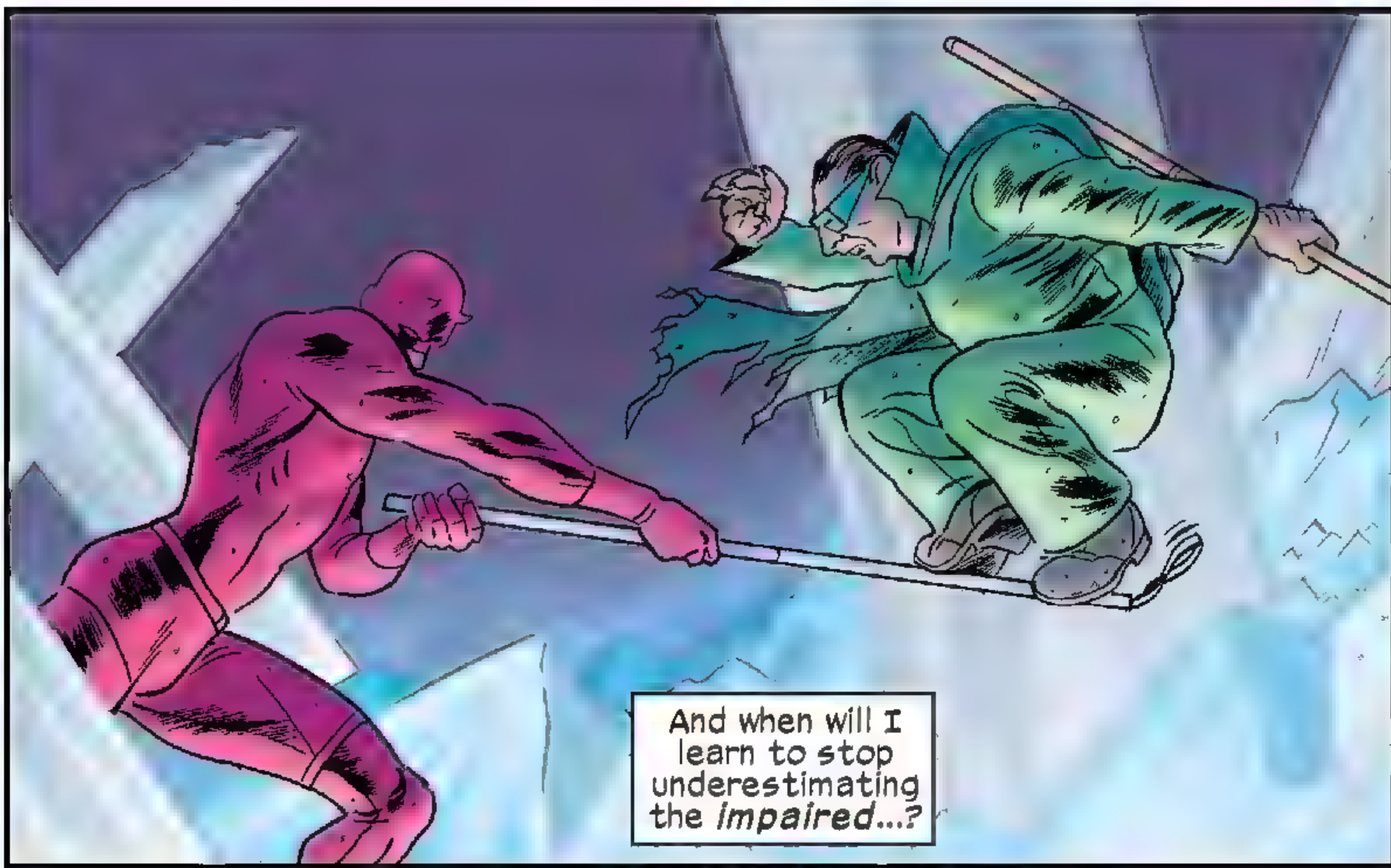
A *GRAND*
GESTURE...
BUT SUCH A
ROMANTIC
AM I...

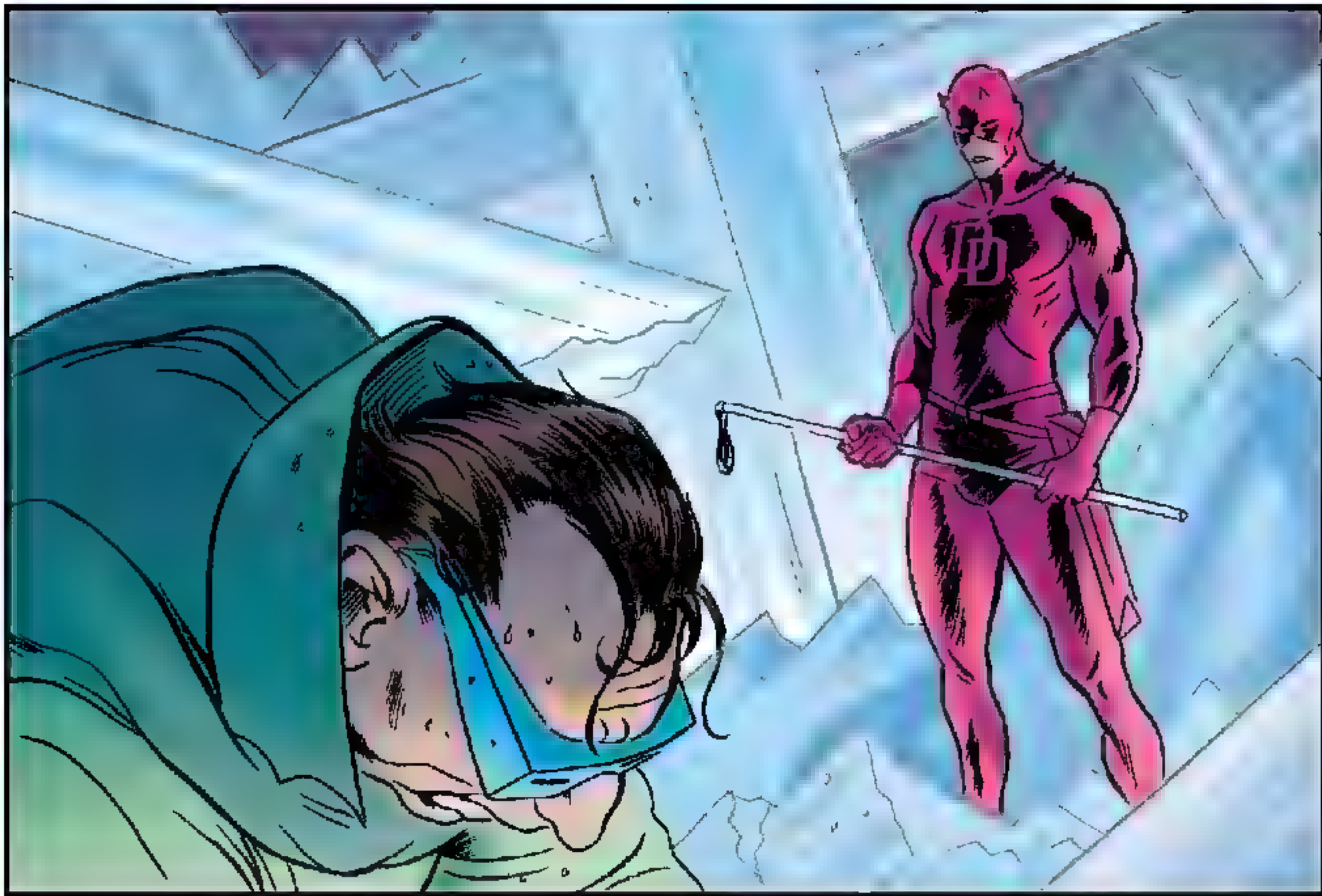
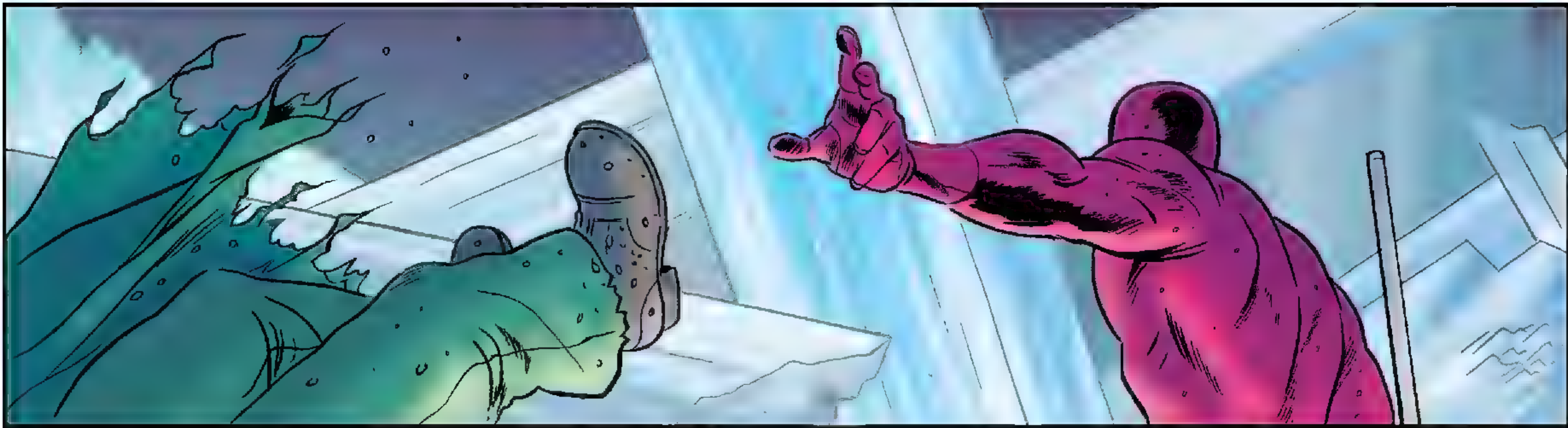
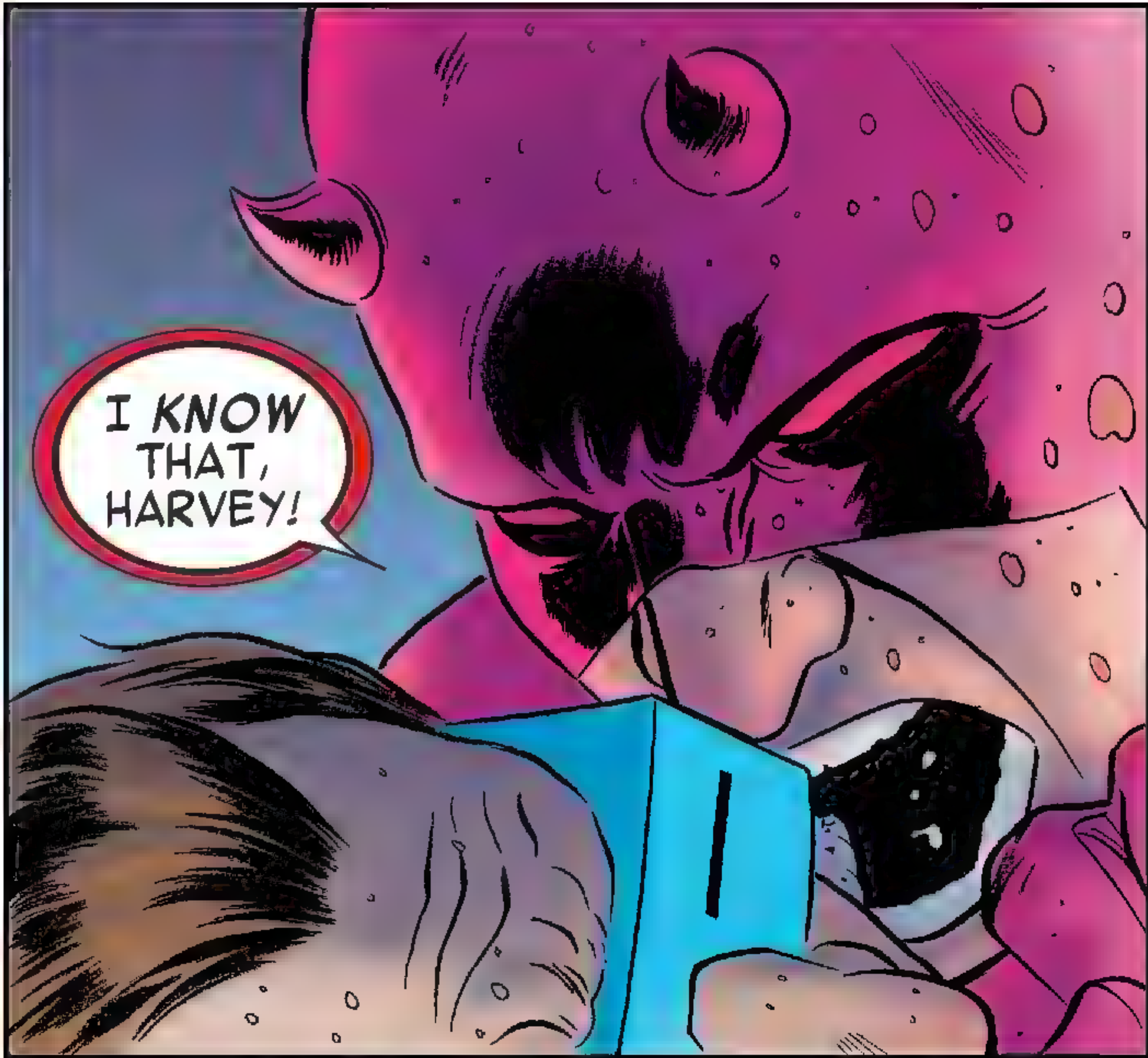
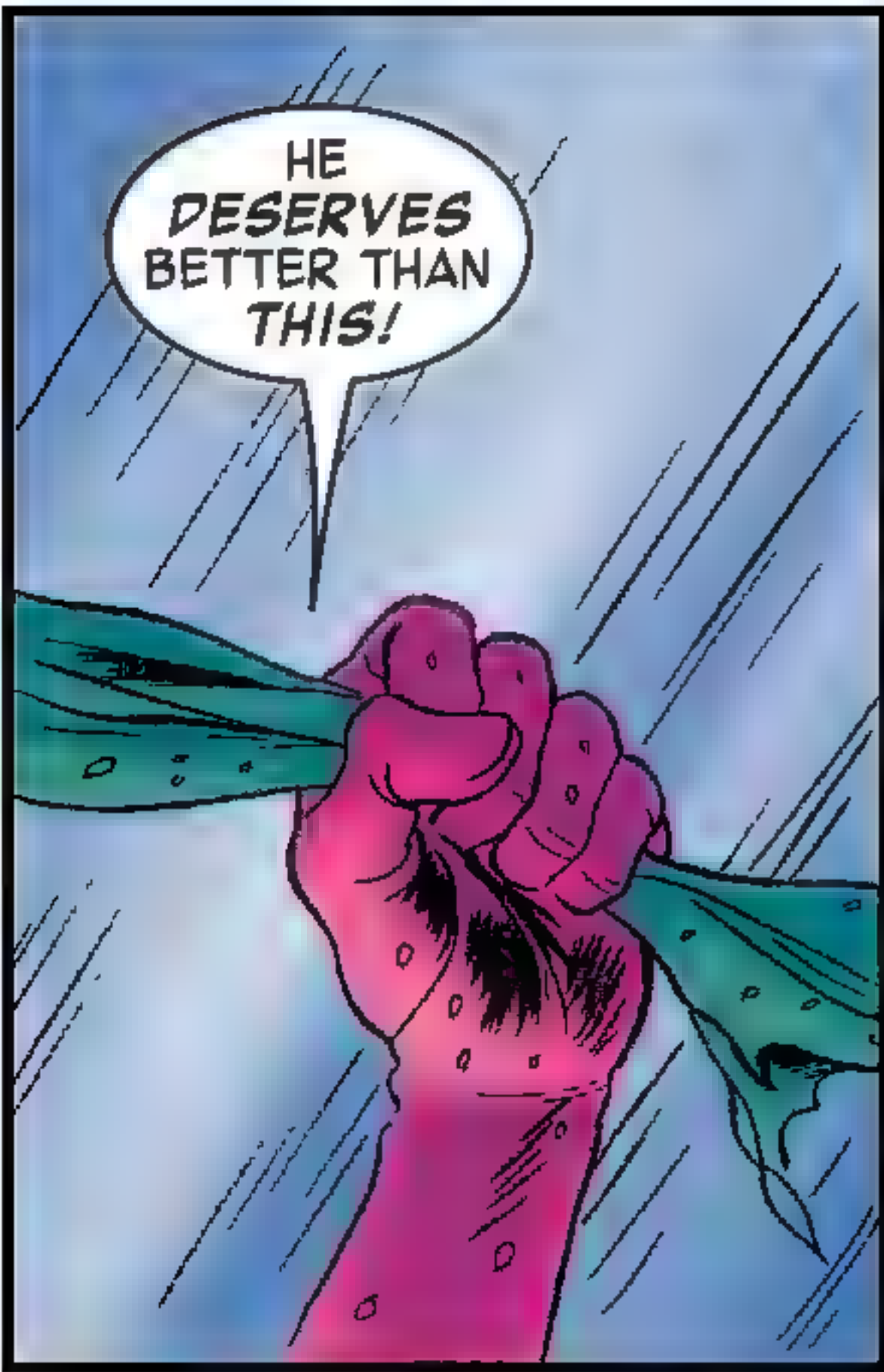


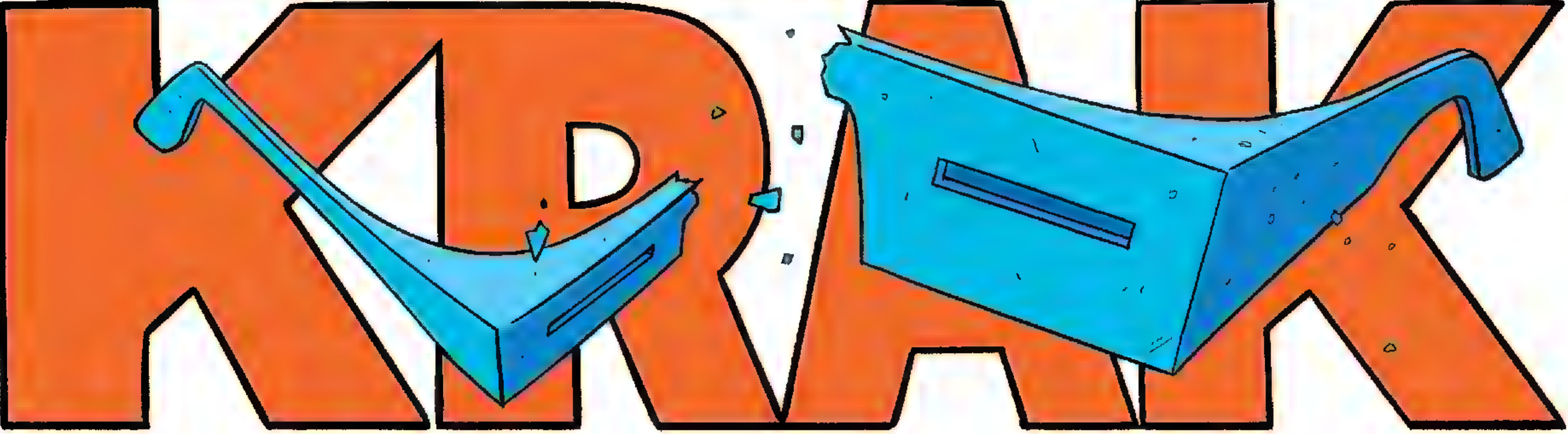
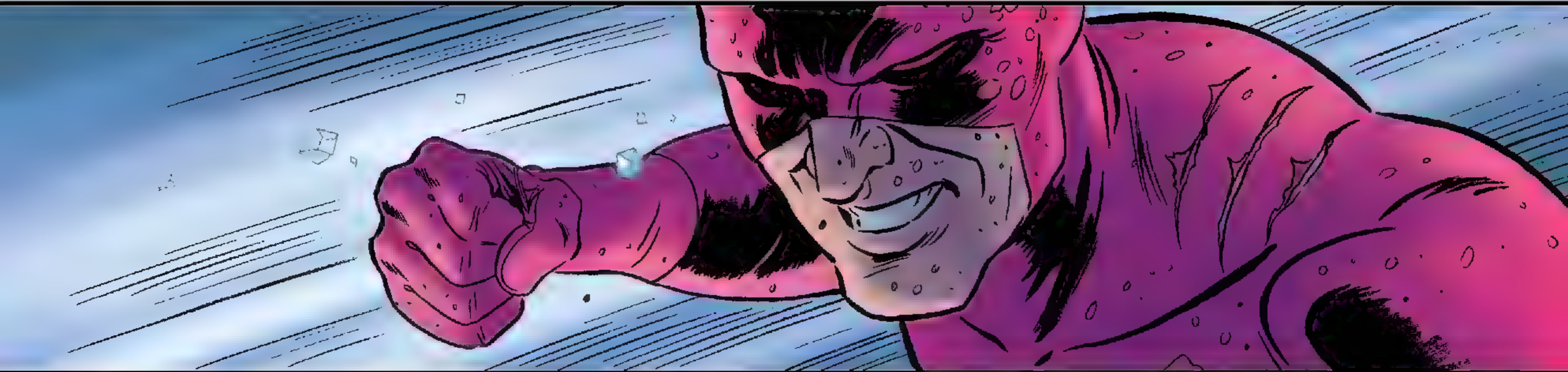


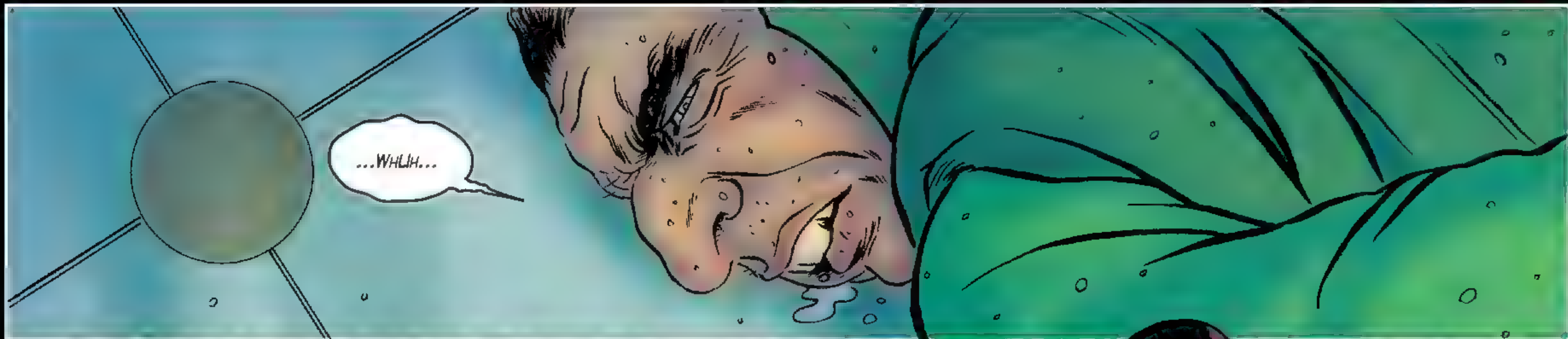










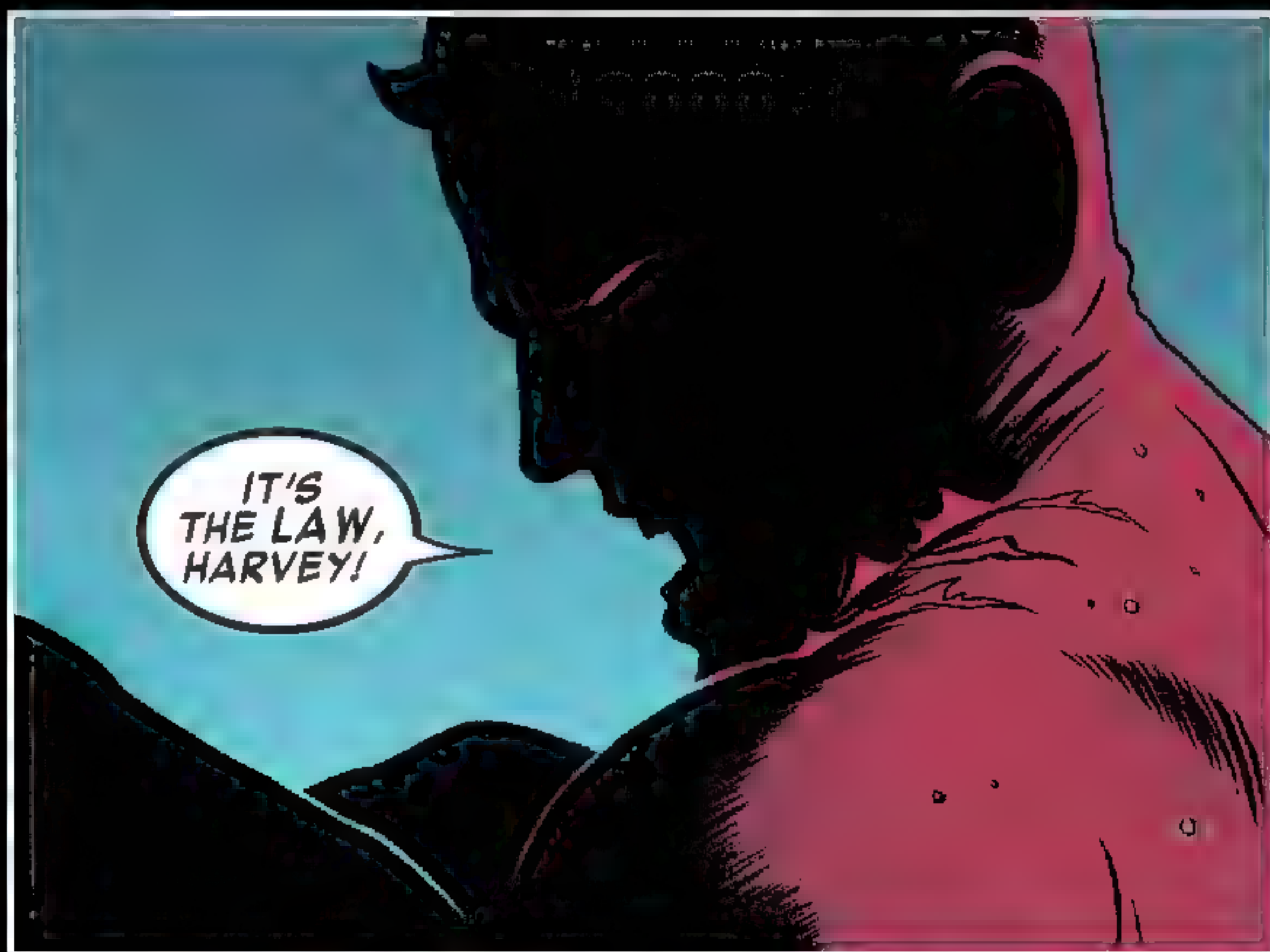




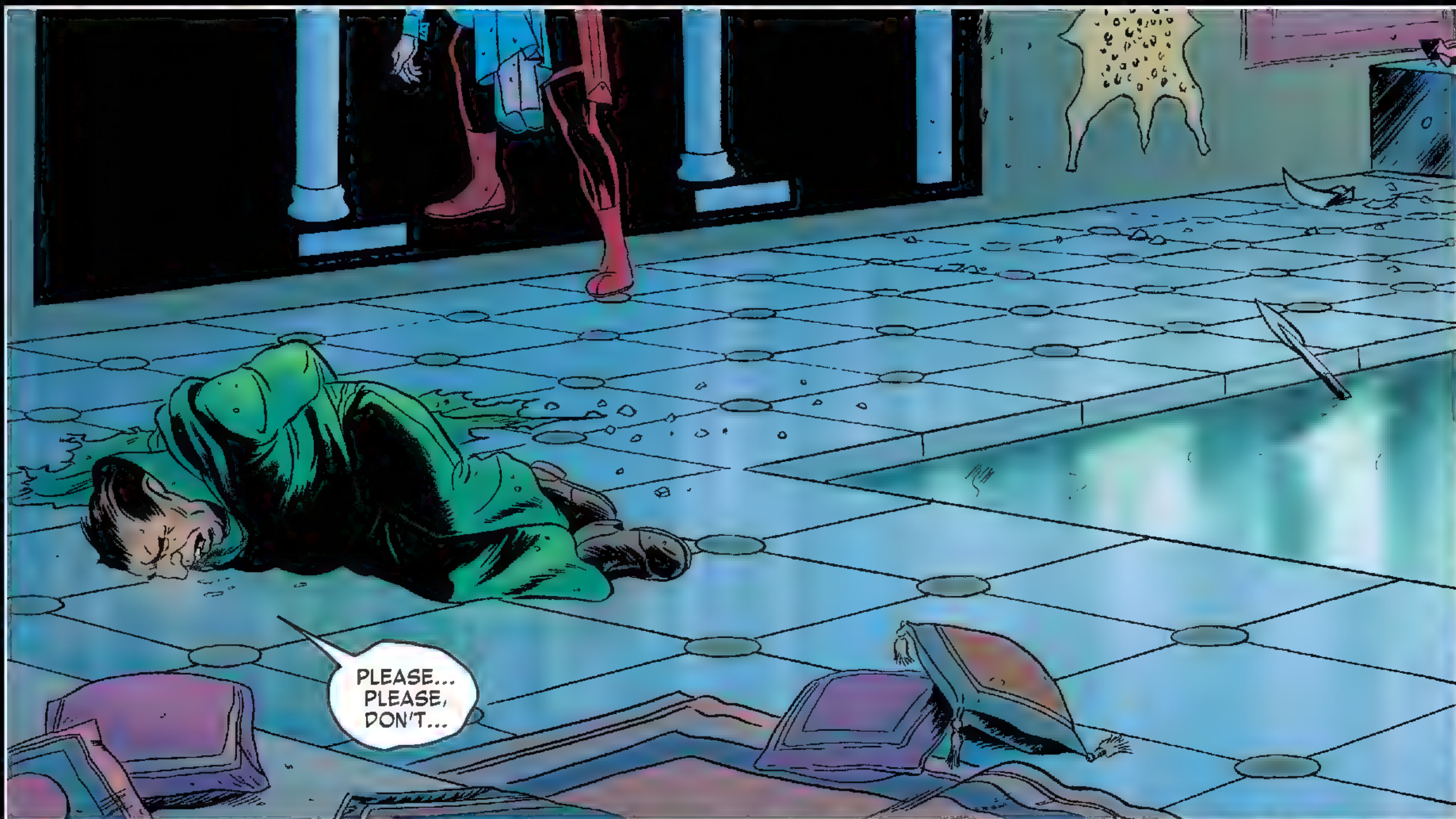
THAT DOESN'T MEAN OTHERS WON'T. BUT I WILL RETURN WITH SOMETHING.

WITH HER.

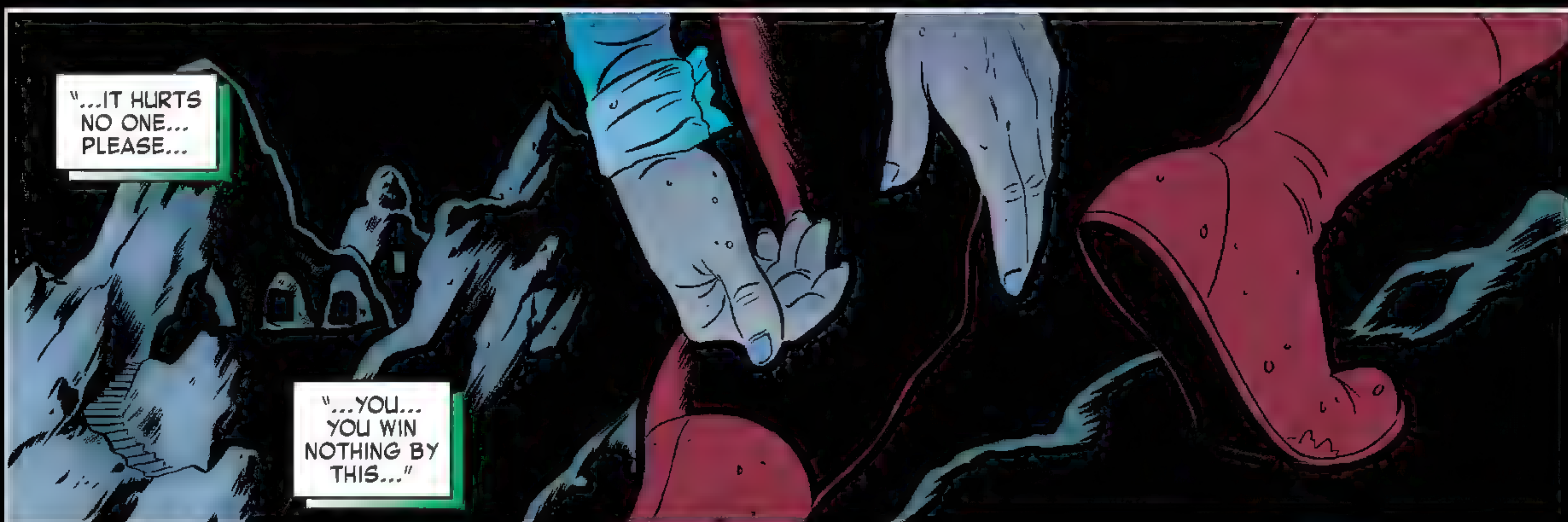
SO IT'S REVENGE, THEN--!



IT'S THE LAW, HARVEY!



PLEASE... PLEASE, DON'T...



...IT HURTS NO ONE... PLEASE...

...YOU... YOU WIN NOTHING BY THIS...



THAT'S THE WAY JUSTICE WORKS, HARVEY.

"SOMETIMES
BOTH SIDES
LOSE."





...AND WHILE WE AT SUNCOURT CEMETERY CAN IN NO WAY **REPLACE** THE LOSSES OF THE BEREAVED...



...WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR THE GENEROUS DONATION FROM THE LAW FIRM OF **NELSON & MURDOCK** THAT MAKES IT POSSIBLE TO **COMMEMORATE** THOSE WE MOURN...



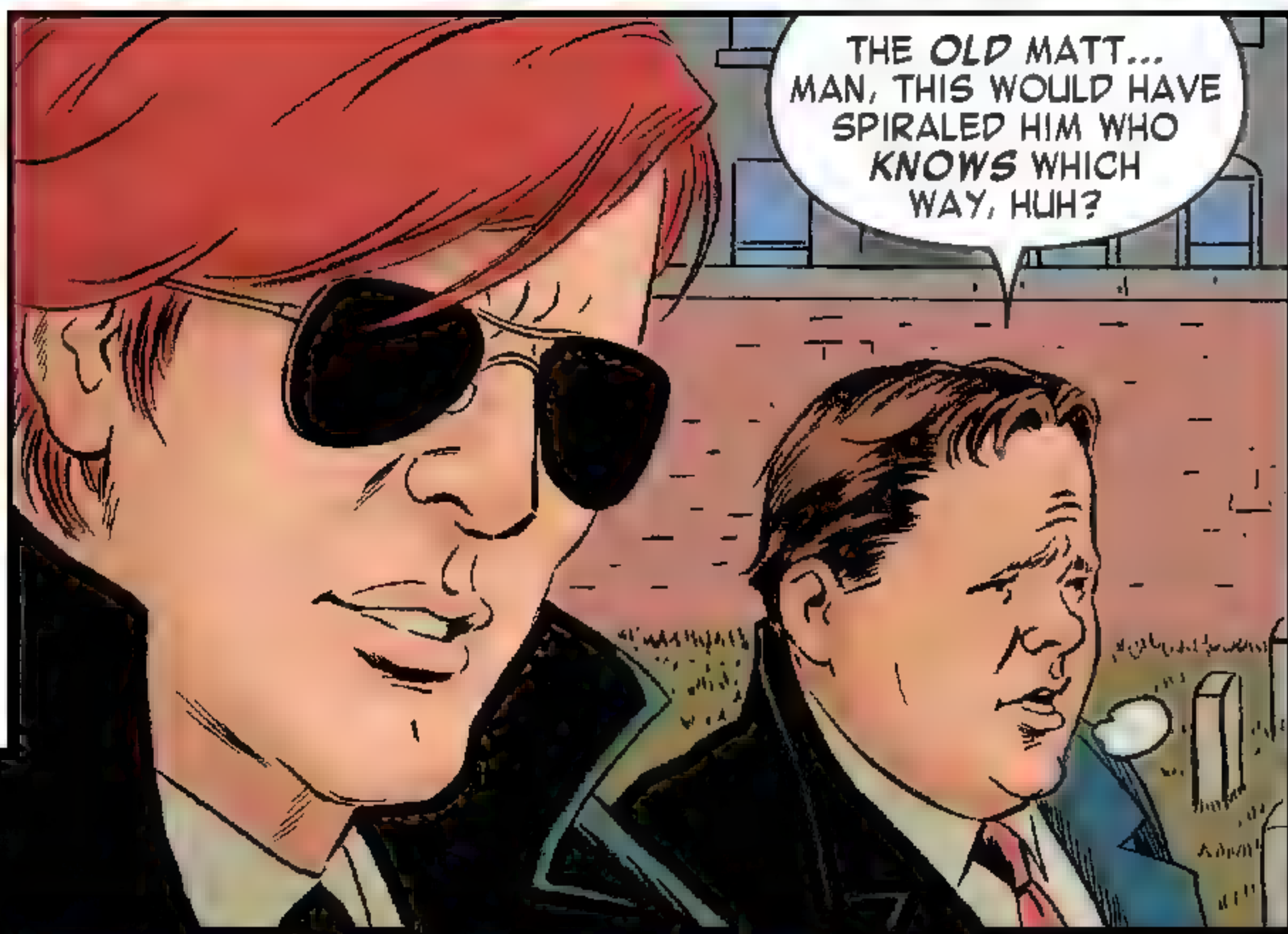
...WITH THE GLOW OF **ETERNAL FLAME**.

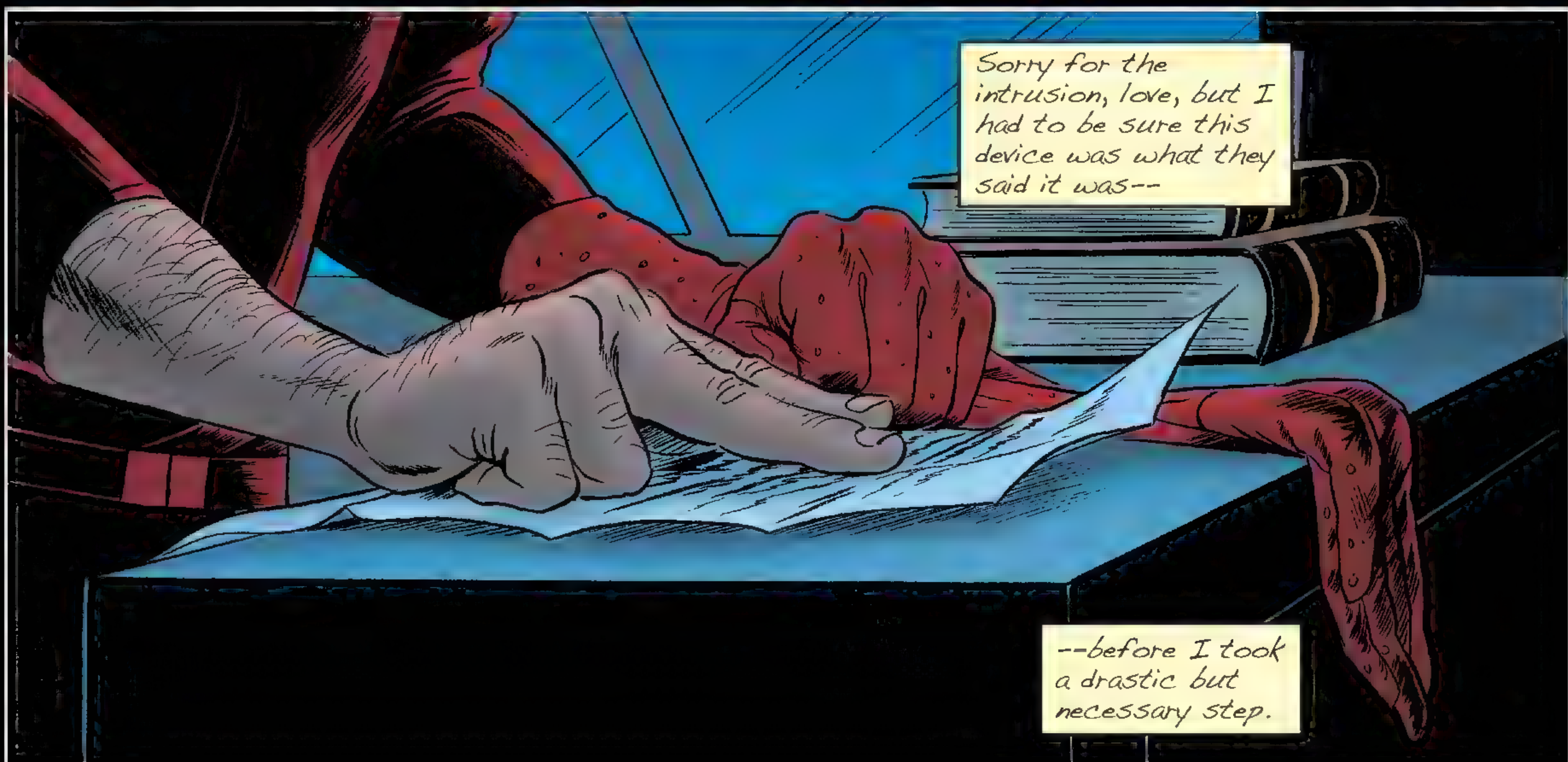
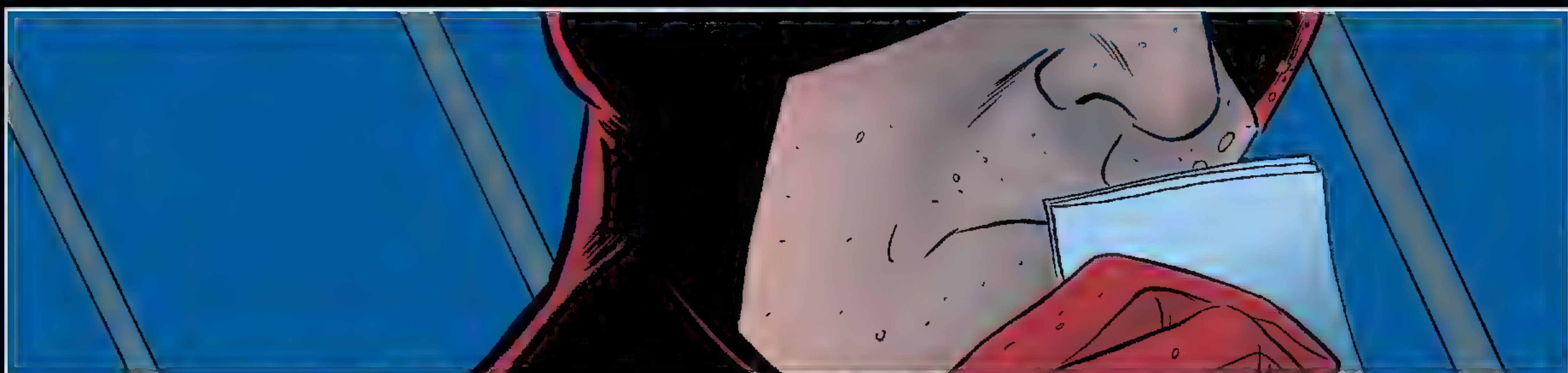
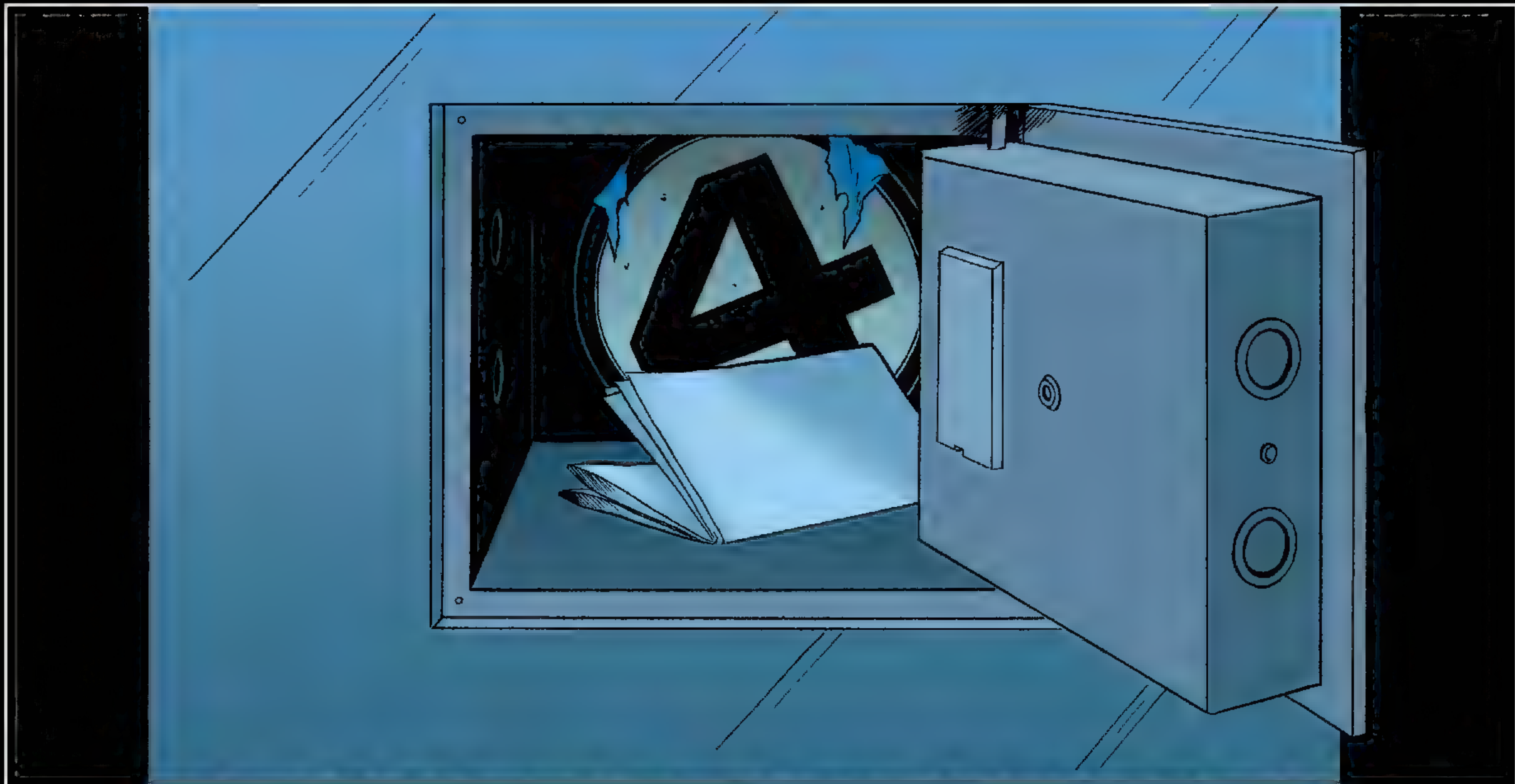
THESE **UNIQUE MARKERS** WILL SHINE BRIGHTLY IN THE DAYS AND YEARS TO COME...

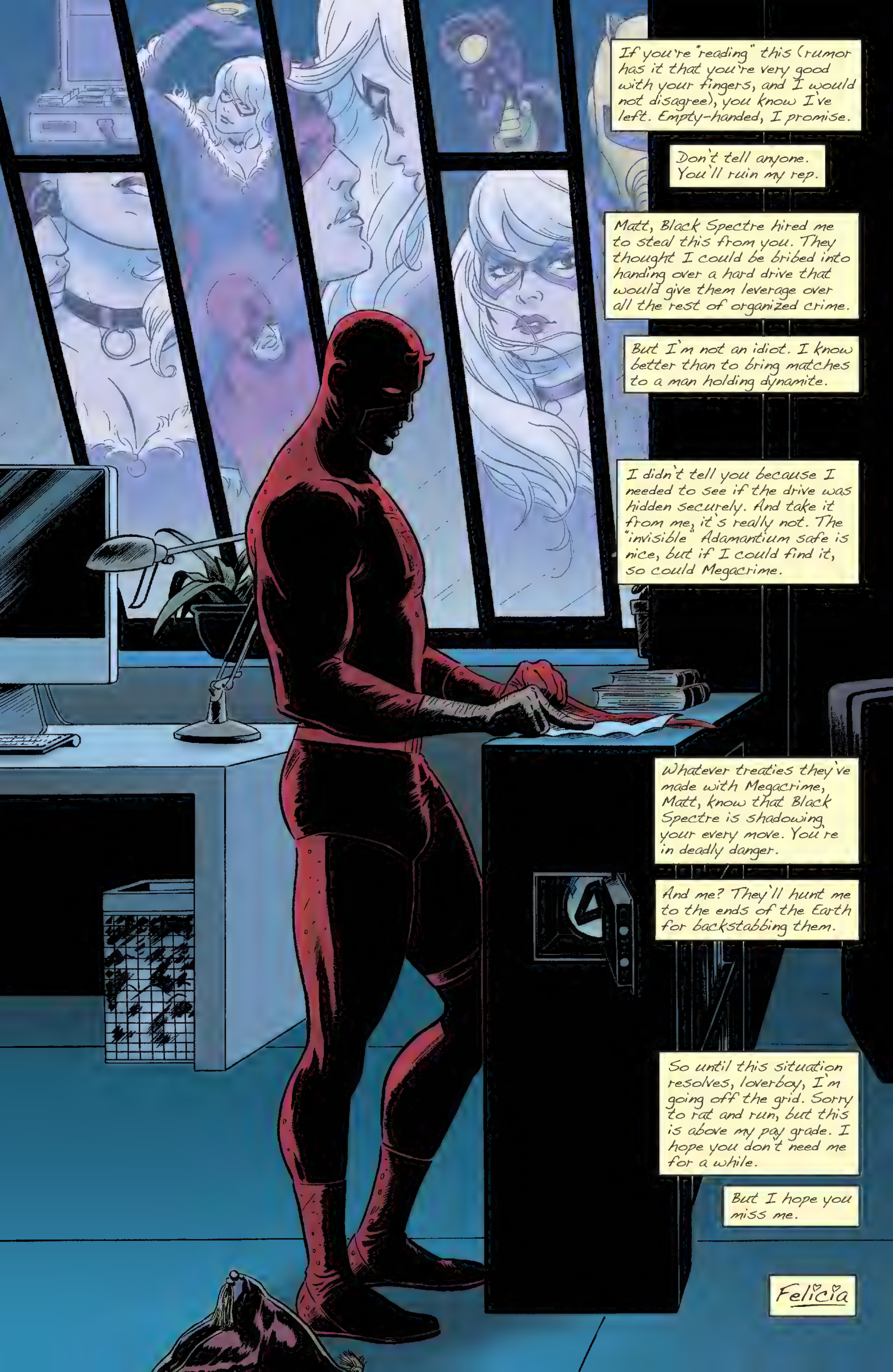


...FOREVER REMINDING US THAT, EVEN IN THE DEEPEST DARKNESS...

...THERE IS ALWAYS **LIGHT** TO BE FOUND.







If you're "reading" this (rumor has it that you're very good with your fingers, and I would not disagree), you know I've left. Empty-handed, I promise.

Don't tell anyone.
You'll ruin my rep.

Matt, Black Spectre hired me to steal this from you. They thought I could be bribed into handing over a hard drive that would give them leverage over all the rest of organized crime.

But I'm not an idiot. I know better than to bring matches to a man holding dynamite.

I didn't tell you because I needed to see if the drive was hidden securely. And take it from me, it's really not. The "invisible" Adamantium safe is nice, but if I could find it, so could Megacrime.

Whatever treaties they've made with Megacrime, Matt, know that Black Spectre is shadowing your every move. You're in deadly danger.

And me? They'll hunt me to the ends of the Earth for backstabbing them.

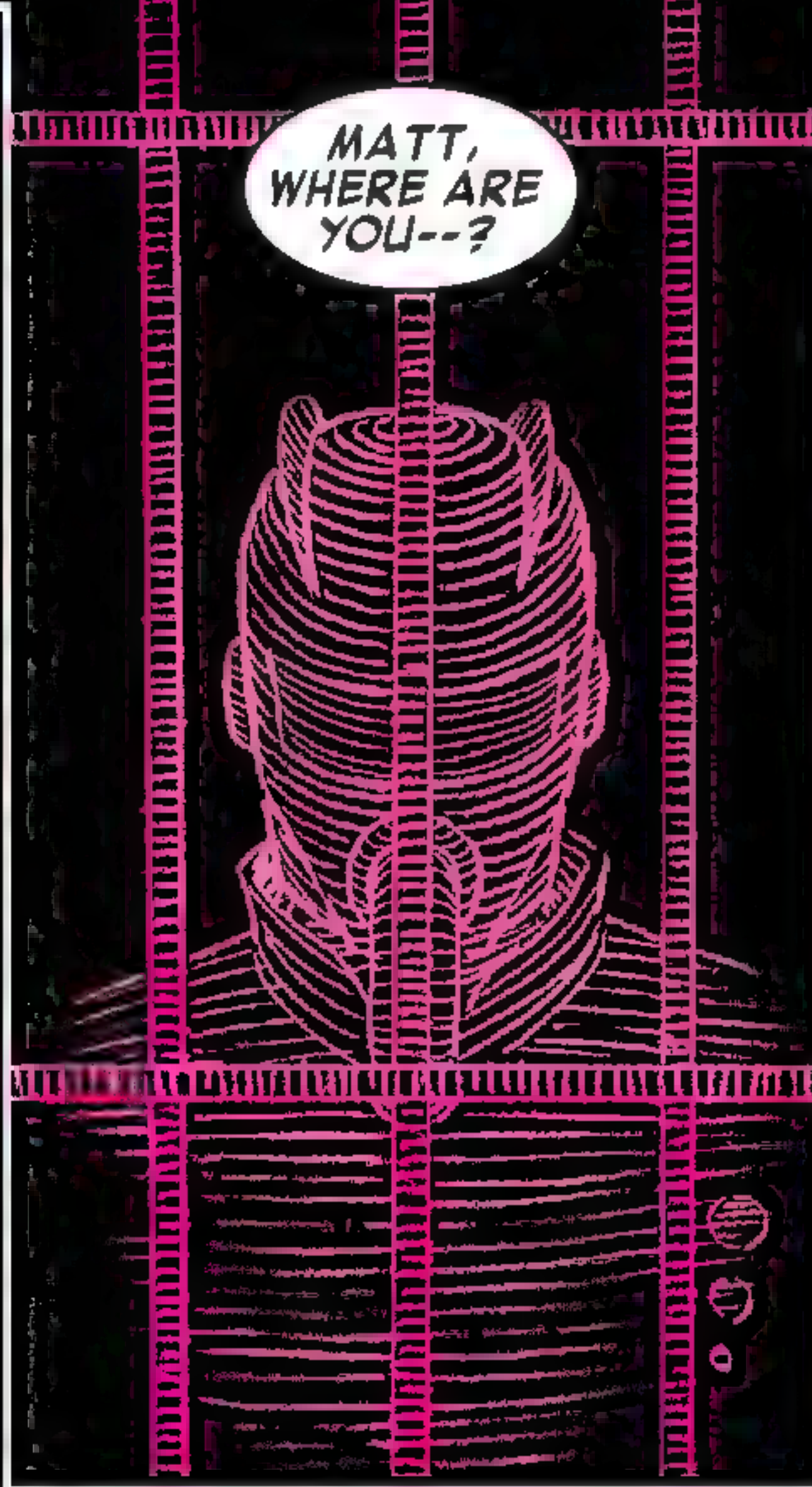
So until this situation resolves, loverboy, I'm going off the grid. Sorry to rat and run, but this is above my pay grade. I hope you don't need me for a while.

But I hope you miss me.

Felicia



MATT?



MATT,
WHERE ARE
YOU--?



YOU'RE
FOLLOWING
ME HERE, YOU
BASTARD?

WHAT
DID I WARN
YOU ABOUT
COMING--



--AFTER--

--ME?



MATTY,
WHAT'S ~~SHFF~~
WHAT'S
WRONG?

A BLACK
SPECTRE AGENT!
YOU SAW HIM,
RIGHT? HE WAS
JUST HERE!



HE WAS
FOLLOWING
ME! HE WAS
RIGHT
HERE!

MATT--

DON'T
USE THAT
TONE, FOGGY!
I'M NOT
CRAZY!



I'M
NOT!

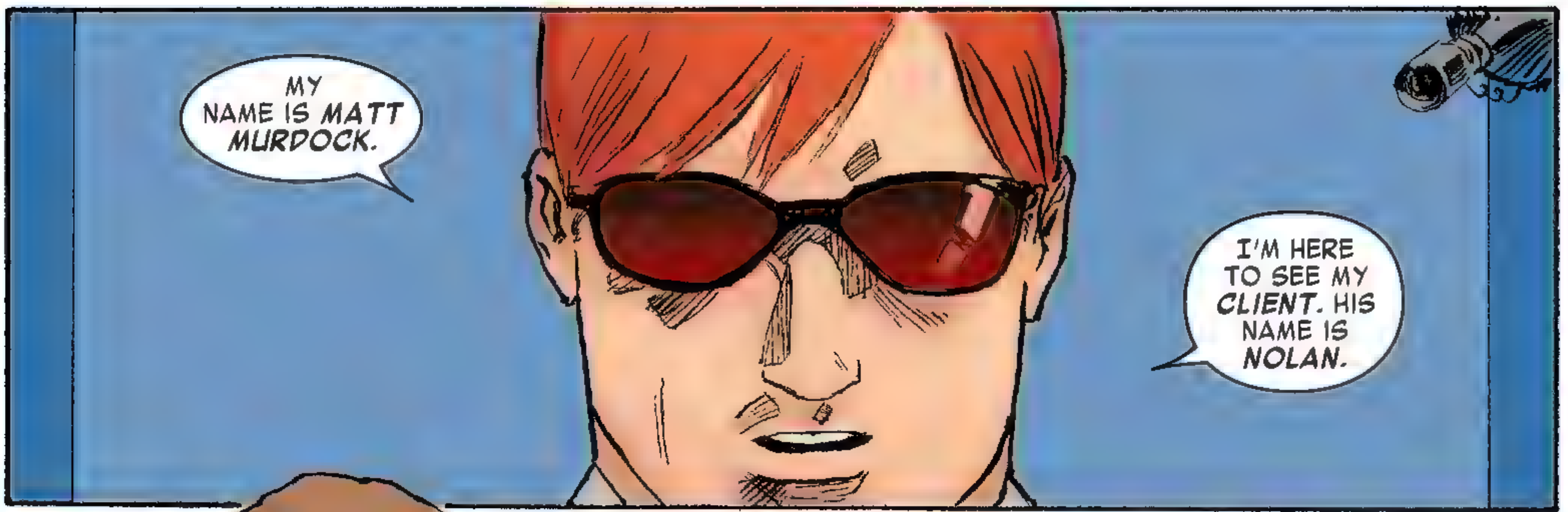
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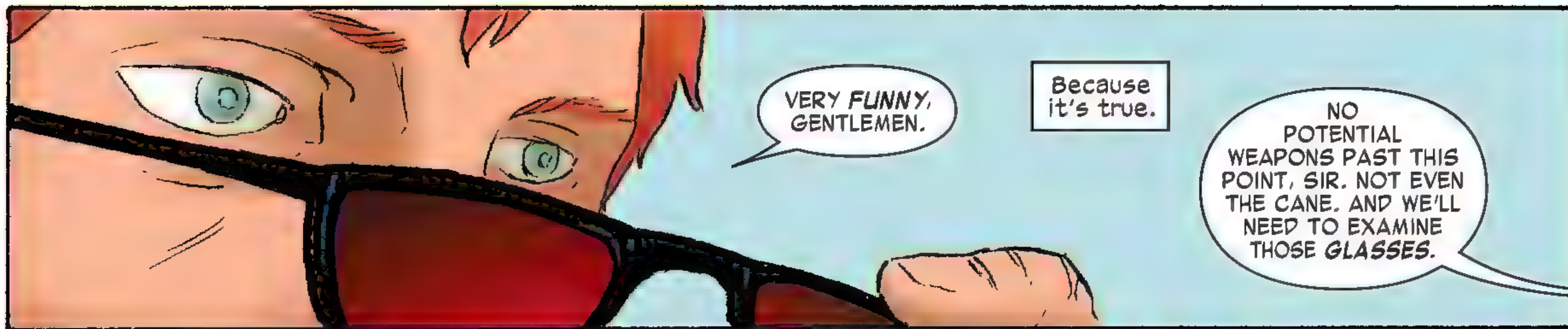


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TEN POINT ONE

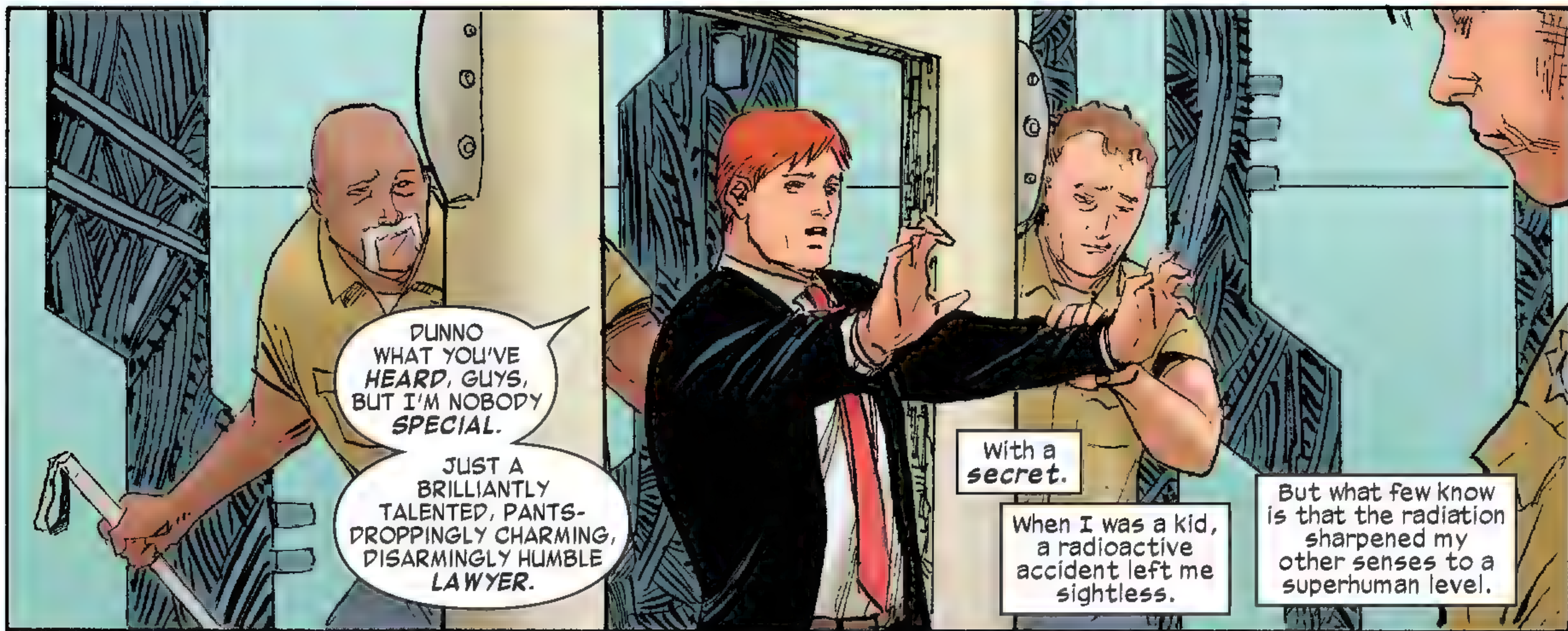




VERY FUNNY, GENTLEMEN.

Because it's true.

NO POTENTIAL WEAPONS PAST THIS POINT, SIR. NOT EVEN THE CANE. AND WE'LL NEED TO EXAMINE THOSE GLASSES.



DUNNO WHAT YOU'VE HEARD, GUYS, BUT I'M NOBODY SPECIAL.

JUST A BRILLIANTLY TALENTED, PANTS-DROPPINGLY CHARMING, DISARMINGLY HUMBLE LAWYER.

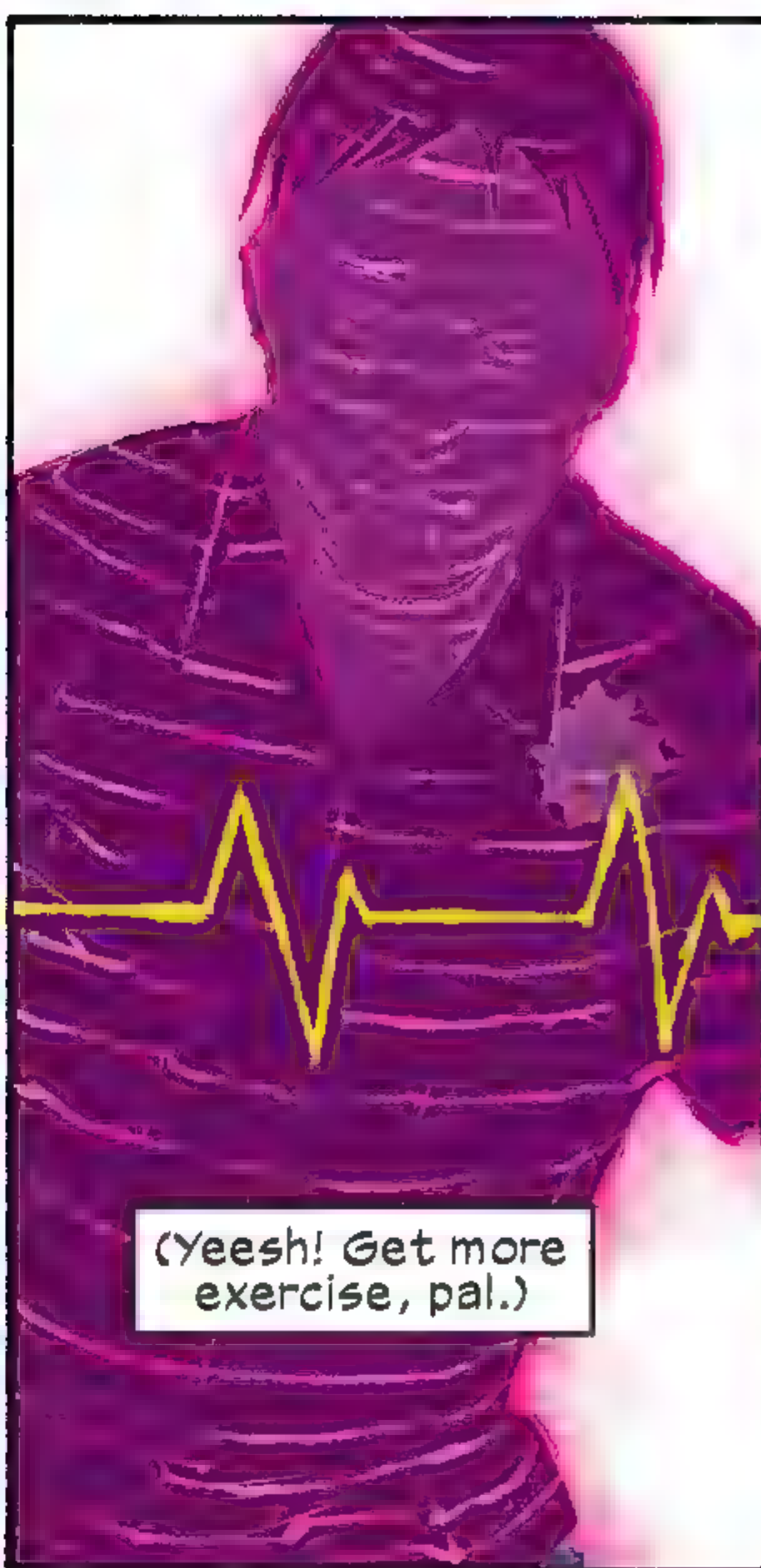
With a secret.

When I was a kid, a radioactive accident left me sightless.

But what few know is that the radiation sharpened my other senses to a superhuman level.



Hearing.



(Yeesh! Get more exercise, pal.)



Smell.

LOOK, PAREDEVIL, YOU WANNA GIVE YOUR CLIENT ANOTHER BEATDOWN, WE C'N LOOK THE OTHER WAY...

(Fresh silver fillings.)



Taste.

MOUTH'S ALL CLEAR. SORRY, SIR, PROTOCOL.

--'S OGGGAY--

(Alcohol disinfectant.)



Touch.

FINGERPRINTS LEGIT, NO DERMAL TAMPERING.

(Hot hot hot--)



And most helpful of all--

--a 360-degree "radar sense" that gives me a limited idea of my immediate surroundings.



As to how all that comes in *handy* for a *Manhattan attorney*...well...



...just ask the people of New York.

DAREDEVIL!

They'll be more than *happy* to *debate* it with you.



HERE WE ARE. LOOK, ALL THAT TALK...WE'RE JUST GOOFIN', MAN. BUT THERE IS **BOOK** THAT YOU'RE REALLY... Y'KNOW...

ALL I'M SAYIN' IS, IF IT'S **TRUE**, WE'RE **BIG FANS**, HONEST TO GOD.

SO NOTED.

WHAT DO I NEED TO ENTER NOLAN'S CELL? SOME SORT OF PROTECTIVE SUIT, OR--



NAH. HE'S HARMLESS.

"PYROMANIA?" YOUR **LAWYER'S** HERE. YOU GOT THIRTY MINUTES.

"Harmless"? How do you keep a pyrokinetic harm!--



AAAAH!

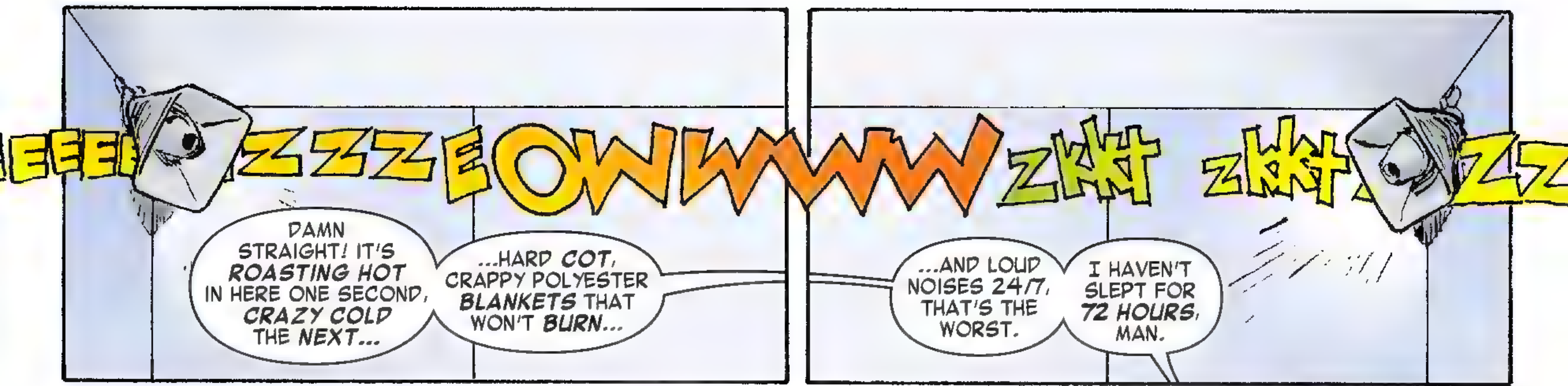
I'LL BE RIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOOR, MR. MURDOCK. KNOCK WHEN YOU'RE READY. YOU'LL BE FINE.



YOU GOTTA **HELP** ME, MURDOCK. I'M INNOCENT--

I'M NOT HERE ABOUT YOUR **ARREST** CHARGES, MR. NOLAN-- A.K.A. "PYROMANIA," I BELIEVE. THE WAY I HEAR IT, **PARADEVIL** PUT YOU AWAY FOR **GOOD** REASON.

I'M HERE BECAUSE YOU'RE CLAIMING **CRUEL** AND **UNUSUAL** PUNISHMENT.

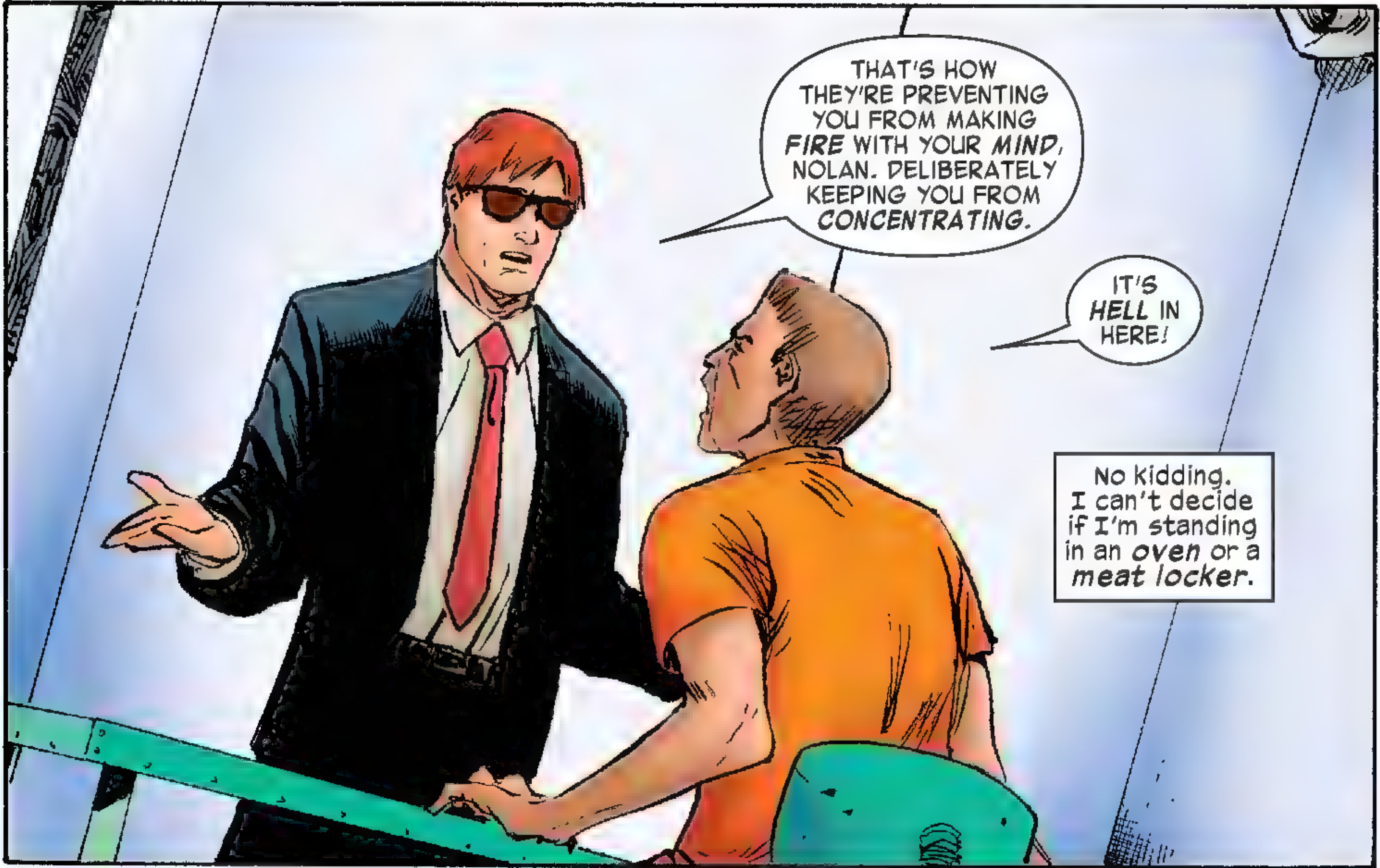


DAMN STRAIGHT! IT'S ROASTING HOT IN HERE ONE SECOND, CRAZY COLD THE NEXT...

...HARD COT, CRAPPY POLYESTER BLANKETS THAT WON'T BURN...

...AND LOUD NOISES 24/7, THAT'S THE WORST.

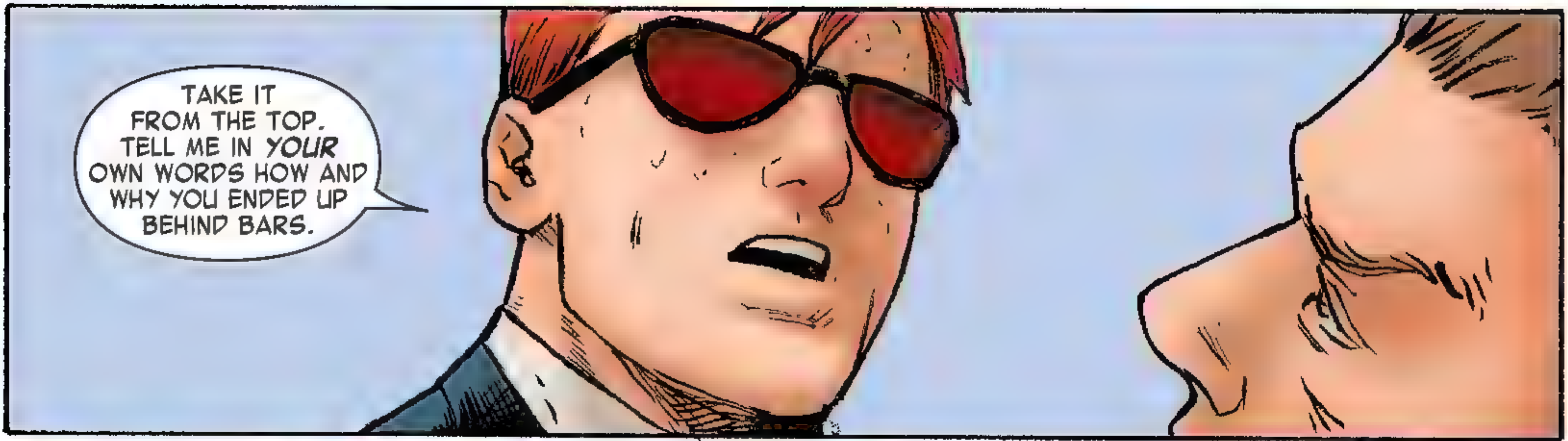
I HAVEN'T SLEPT FOR 72 HOURS, MAN.



THAT'S HOW THEY'RE PREVENTING YOU FROM MAKING FIRE WITH YOUR MIND, NOLAN. DELIBERATELY KEEPING YOU FROM CONCENTRATING.

IT'S HELL IN HERE!

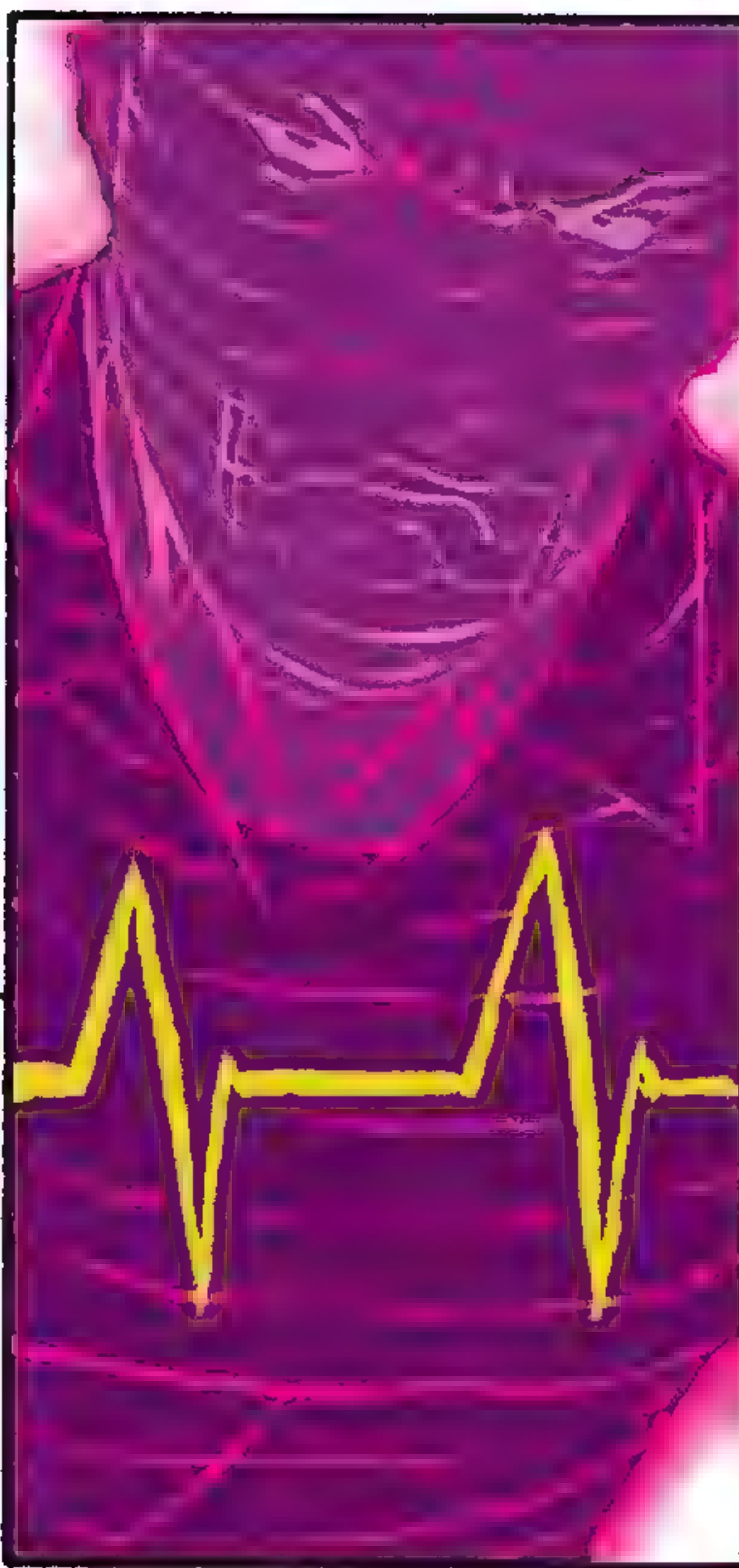
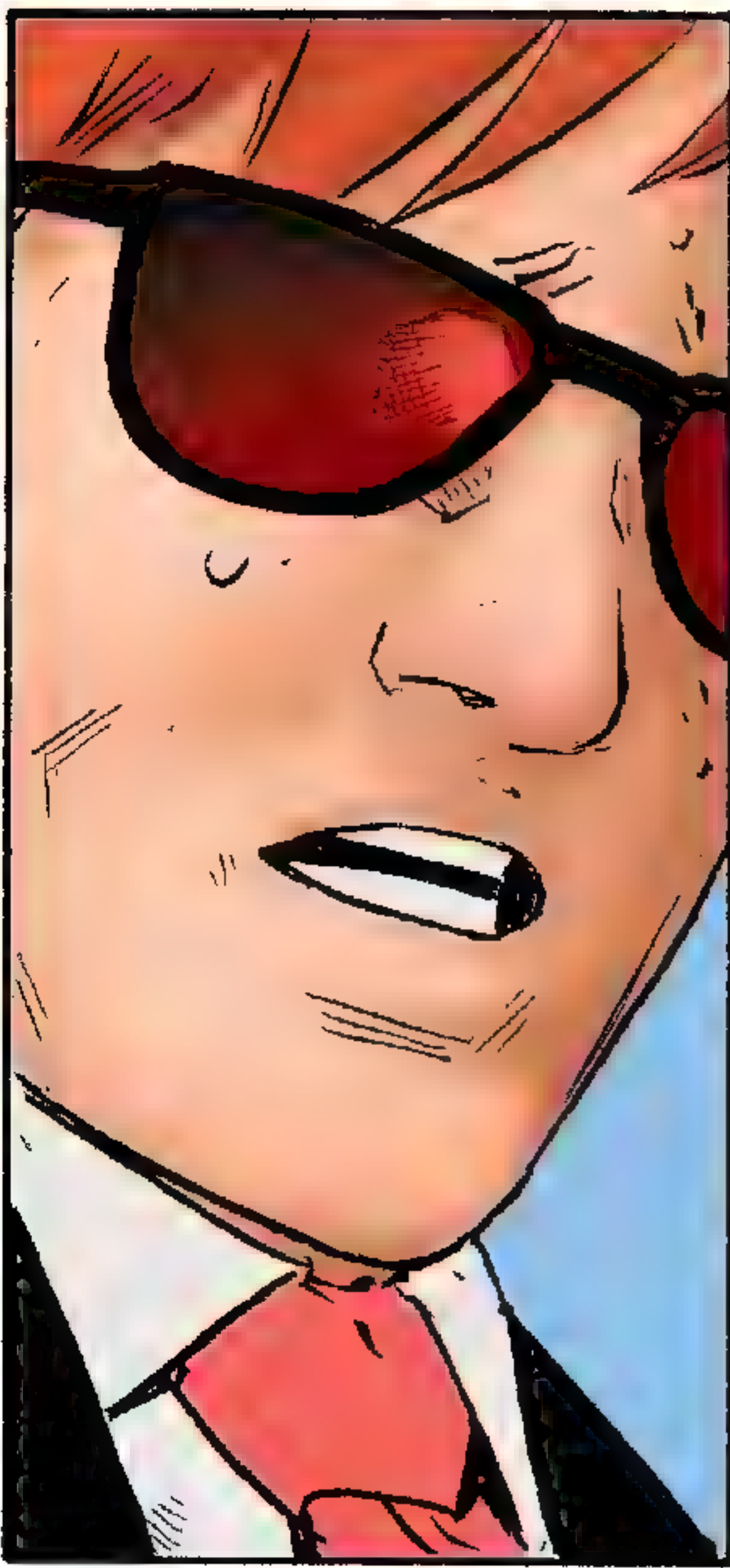
No kidding. I can't decide if I'm standing in an oven or a meat locker.

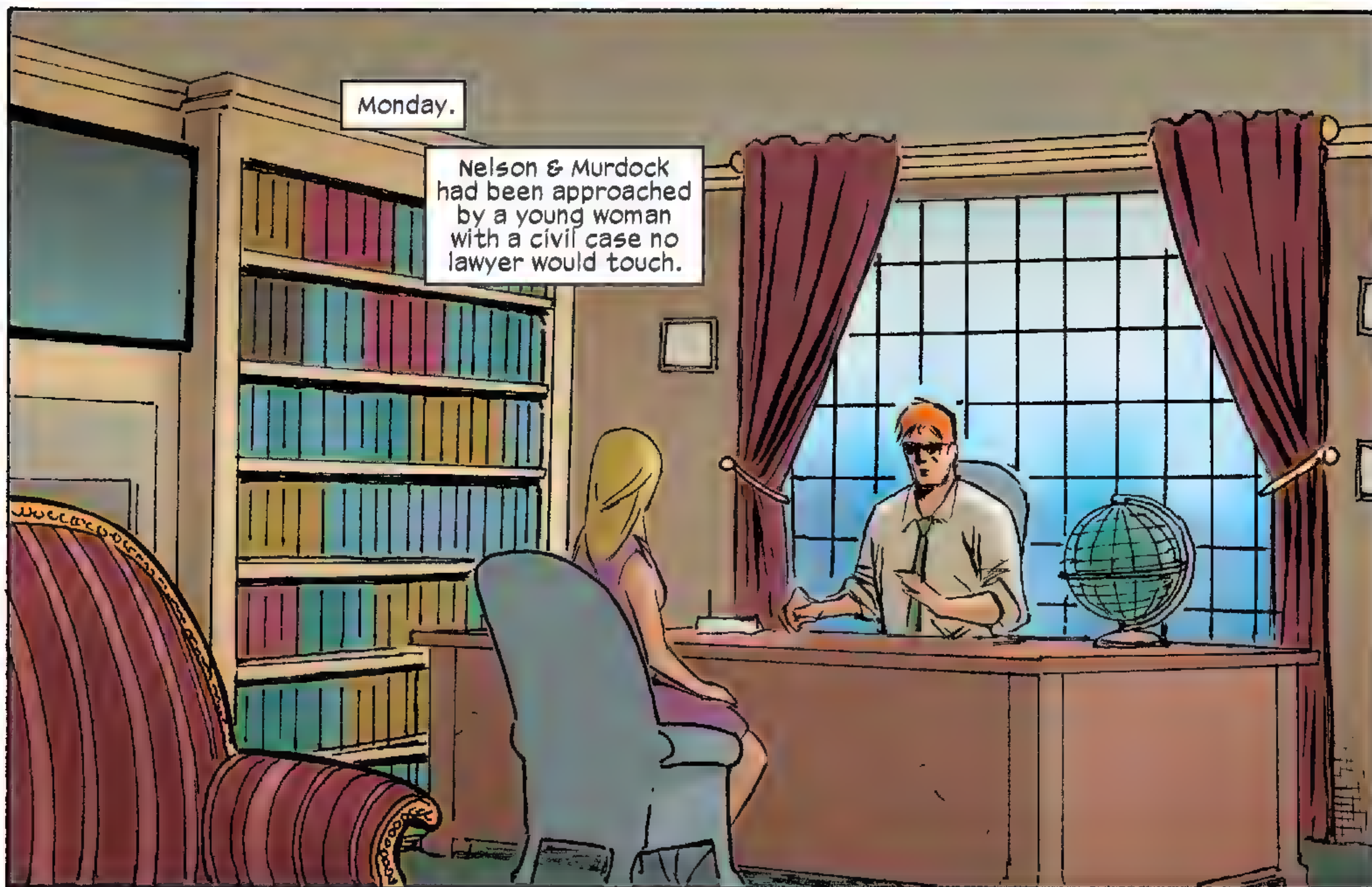
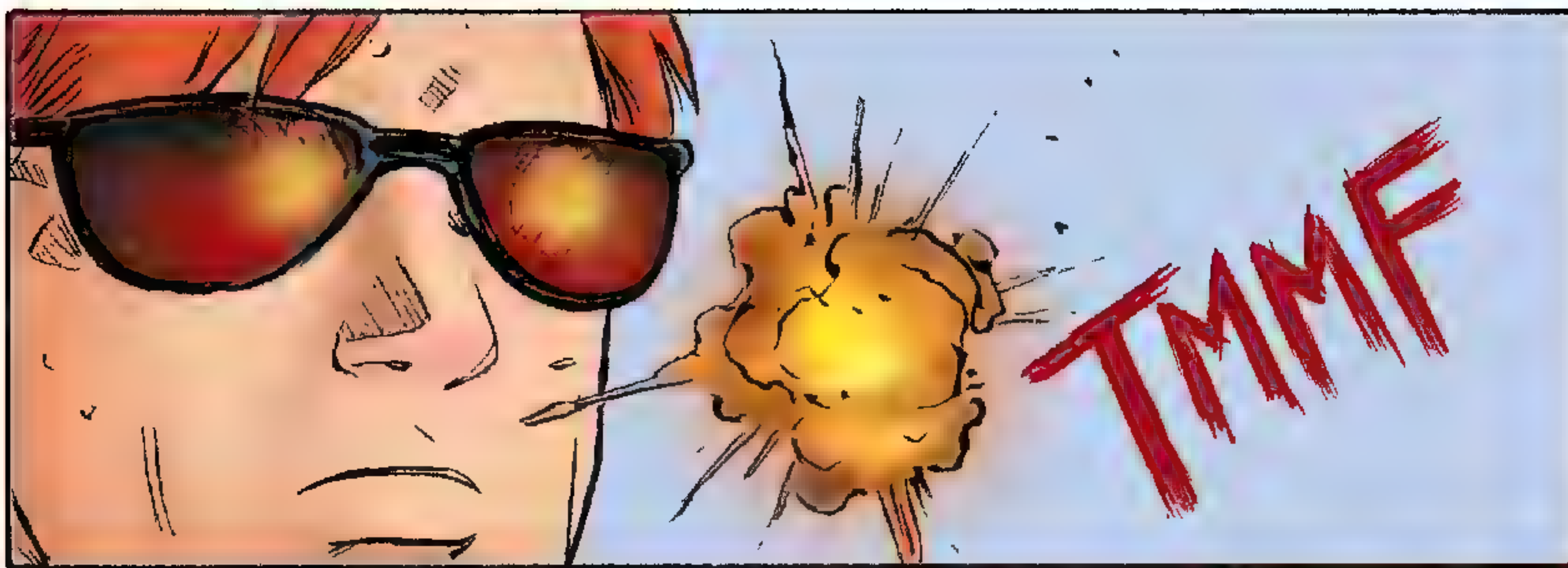


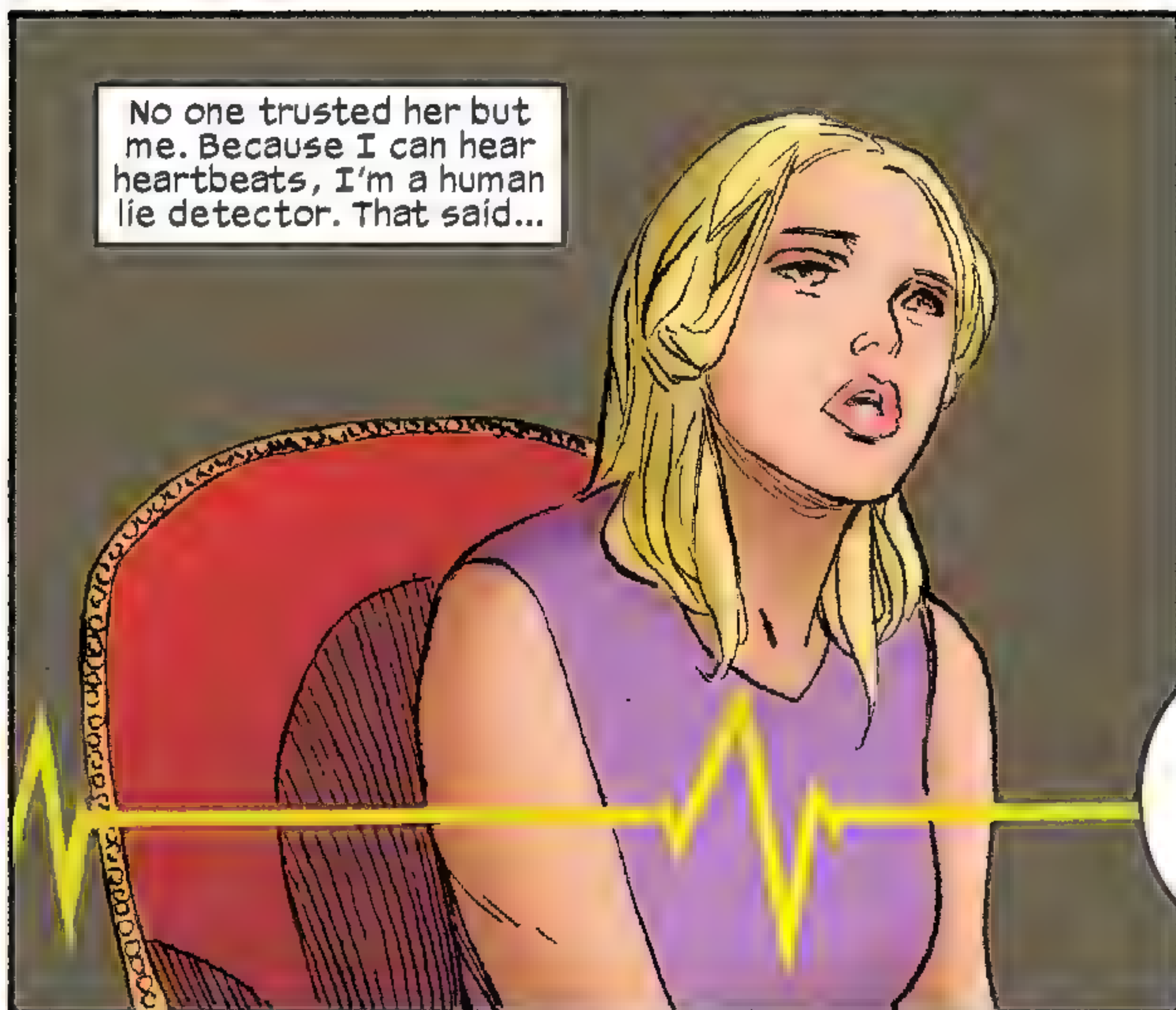
TAKE IT FROM THE TOP. TELL ME IN YOUR OWN WORDS HOW AND WHY YOU ENDED UP BEHIND BARS.



NOLAN?







No one trusted her but me. Because I can hear heartbeats, I'm a human lie detector. That said...



...EVEN THOUGH I'M WITH YOU, MISS FOLENDahl, I CAN'T ADVISE SLING DR. STRANGE FOR MALPRACTICE WITHOUT MORE EVIDENCE OF--

FIRE!

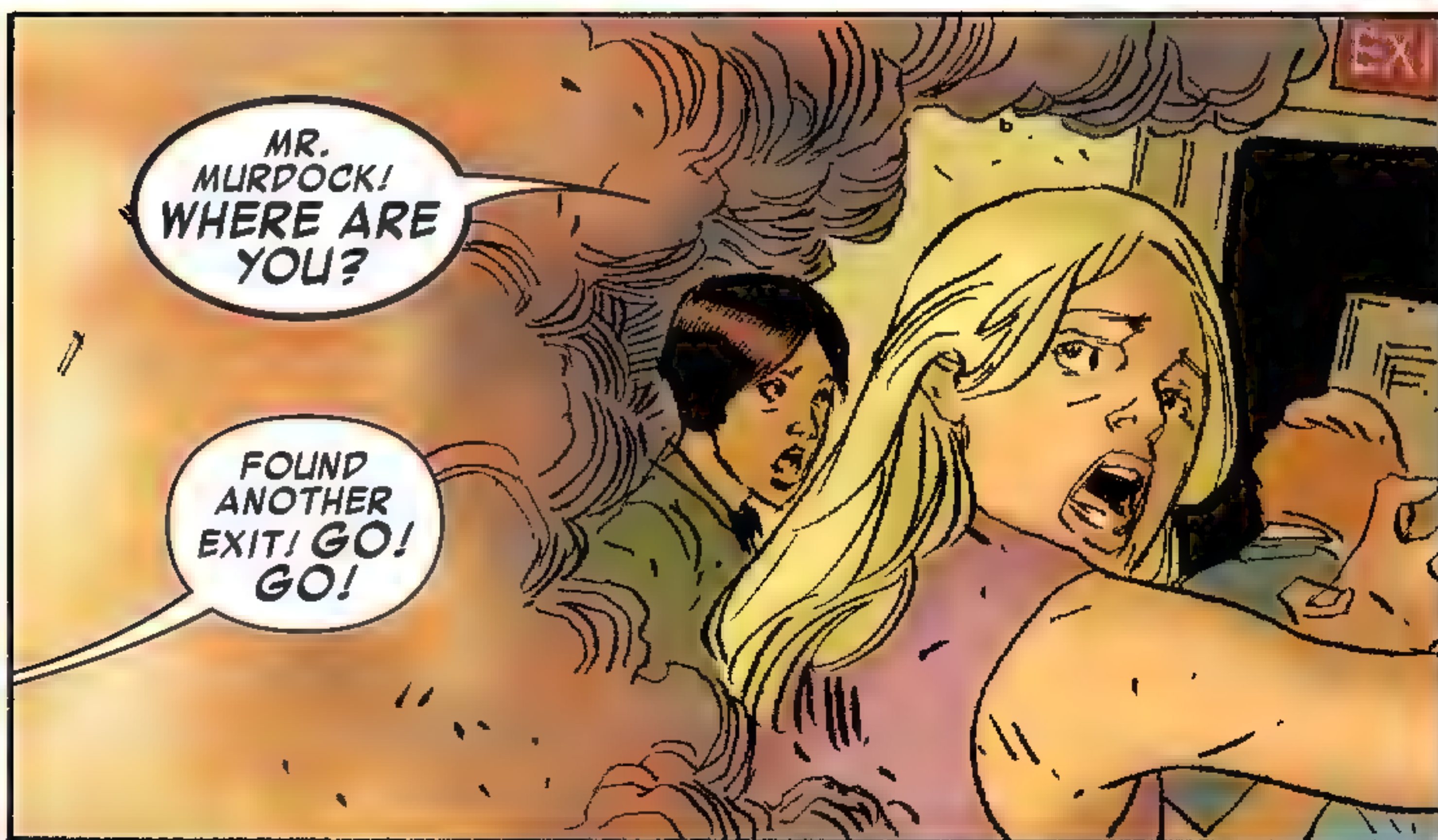


OHMIGOD! THIS WAY, MR. MURDOCK! I'LL GUIDE YOU!

FIRE? HOW? WHERE DID IT START?



My radar sense answered *that*. Through the smoke and haze, I could see the silhouette of a man--*Nolan* here--throwing flames around with *abandon*.



MR. MURDOCK! WHERE ARE YOU?

FOUND ANOTHER EXIT! GO! GO!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!





"I KICK HIS ASS A LITTLE. FOR FUN."

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH MURDOCK? AAH!



"FUN." WHAT DID YOU WANT WITH ME?

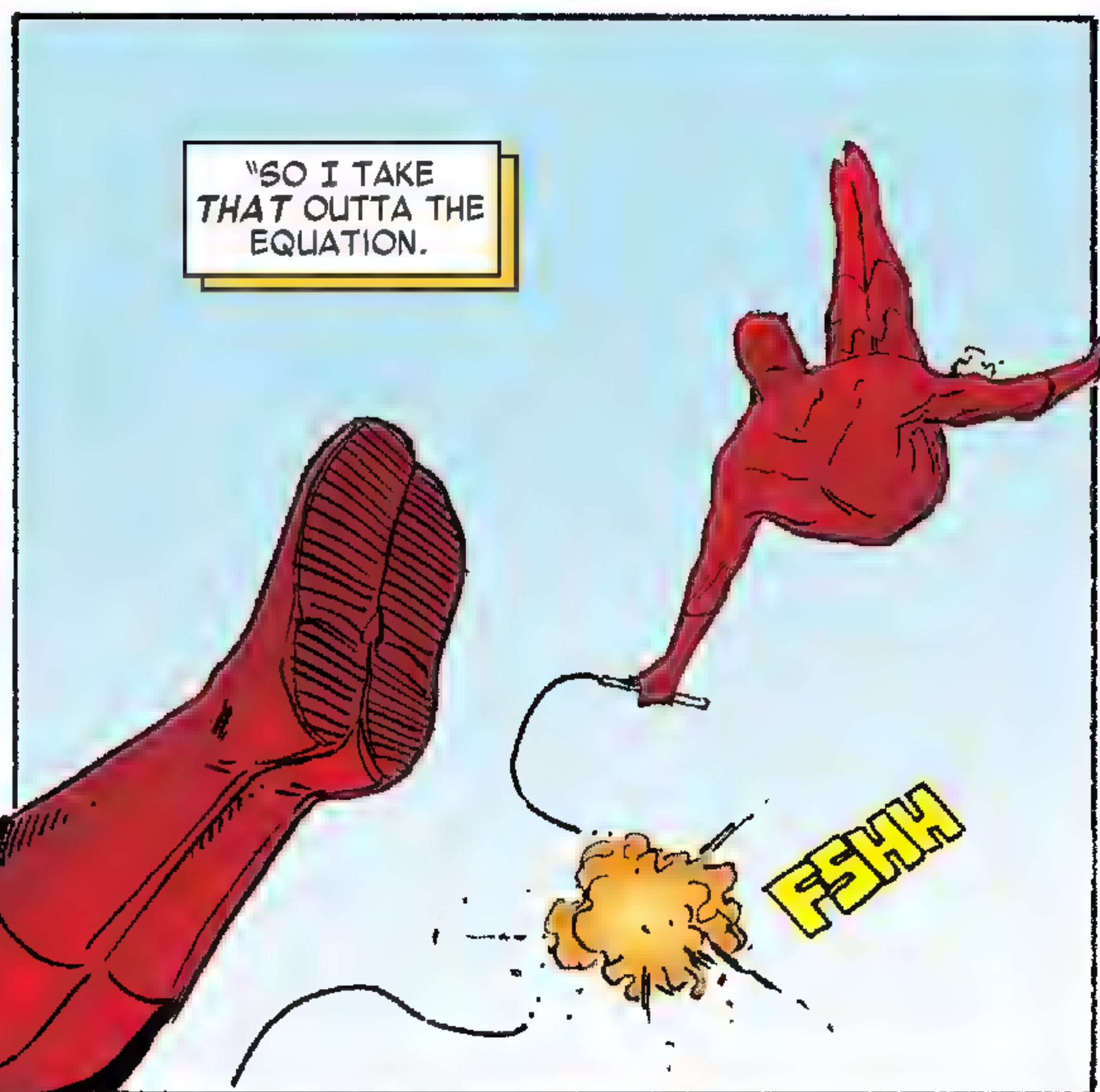
OH. OH. IS THAT WHAT THIS VISIT'S REALLY ALL ABOUT?

WELL, CALM DOWN, BLINKY. I'M GETTIN' THERE.



"I'LL GIVE DAREDEVIL ONE THING: HELL OF AN ACROBAT."

"WITH THAT BILLY-CLUB HE USES, HE BREAKS HIS FALL EASIER'N I DID."



"SO I TAKE THAT OUTTA THE EQUATION."



"WHICH DROPS HIM DEAD IN MY SIGHTS. SO YOU KNOW WHAT HE DOES? WHAT THAT FREAK DOES?"

STF

"AND THEN...

"...AND THEN
HE RUNS AWAY
'CAUSE HE'S
TERRIFIED!"

THE MAN
WITHOUT
FEAR.

I WAS
THERE. YOU
WEREN'T.

YOU SHOULD SIT DOWN.

I should chase a fistful of aspirin with a quart of *Scotch*.

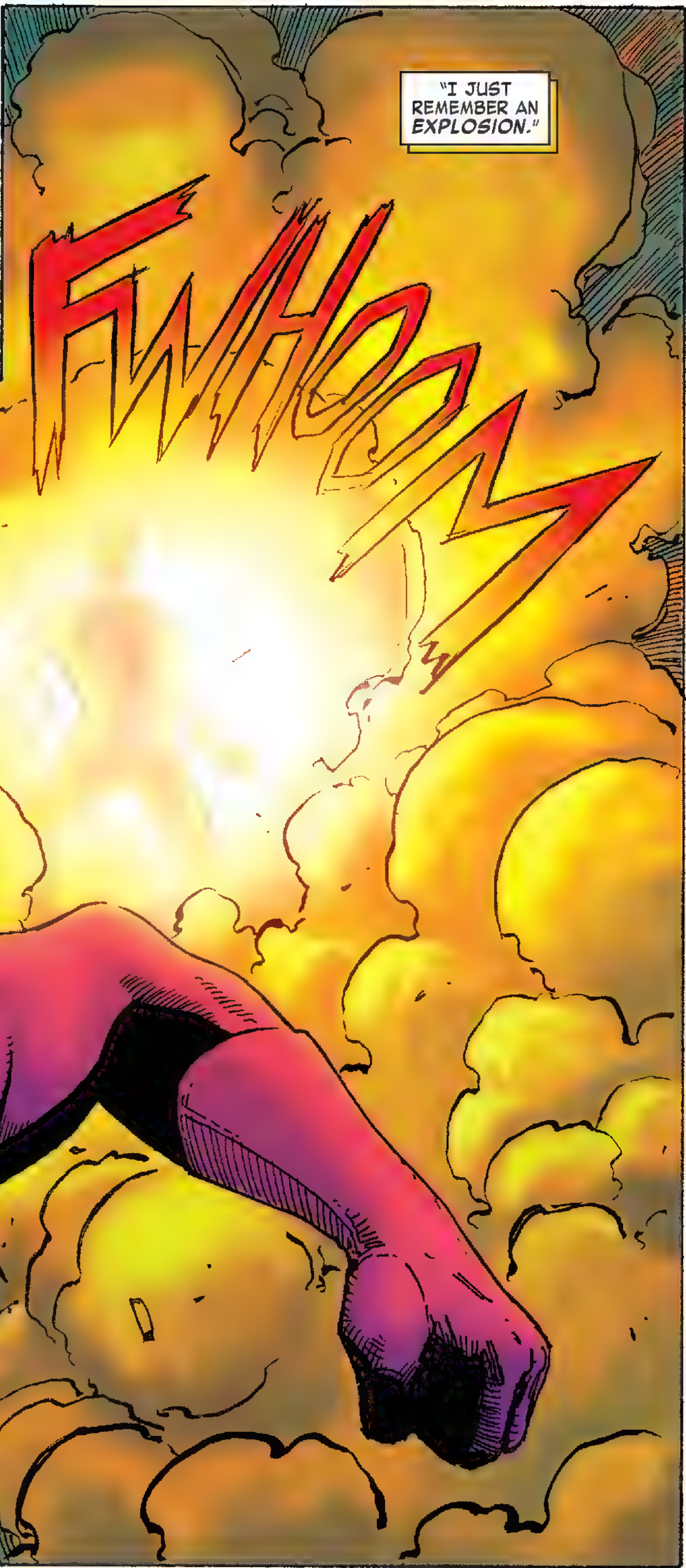
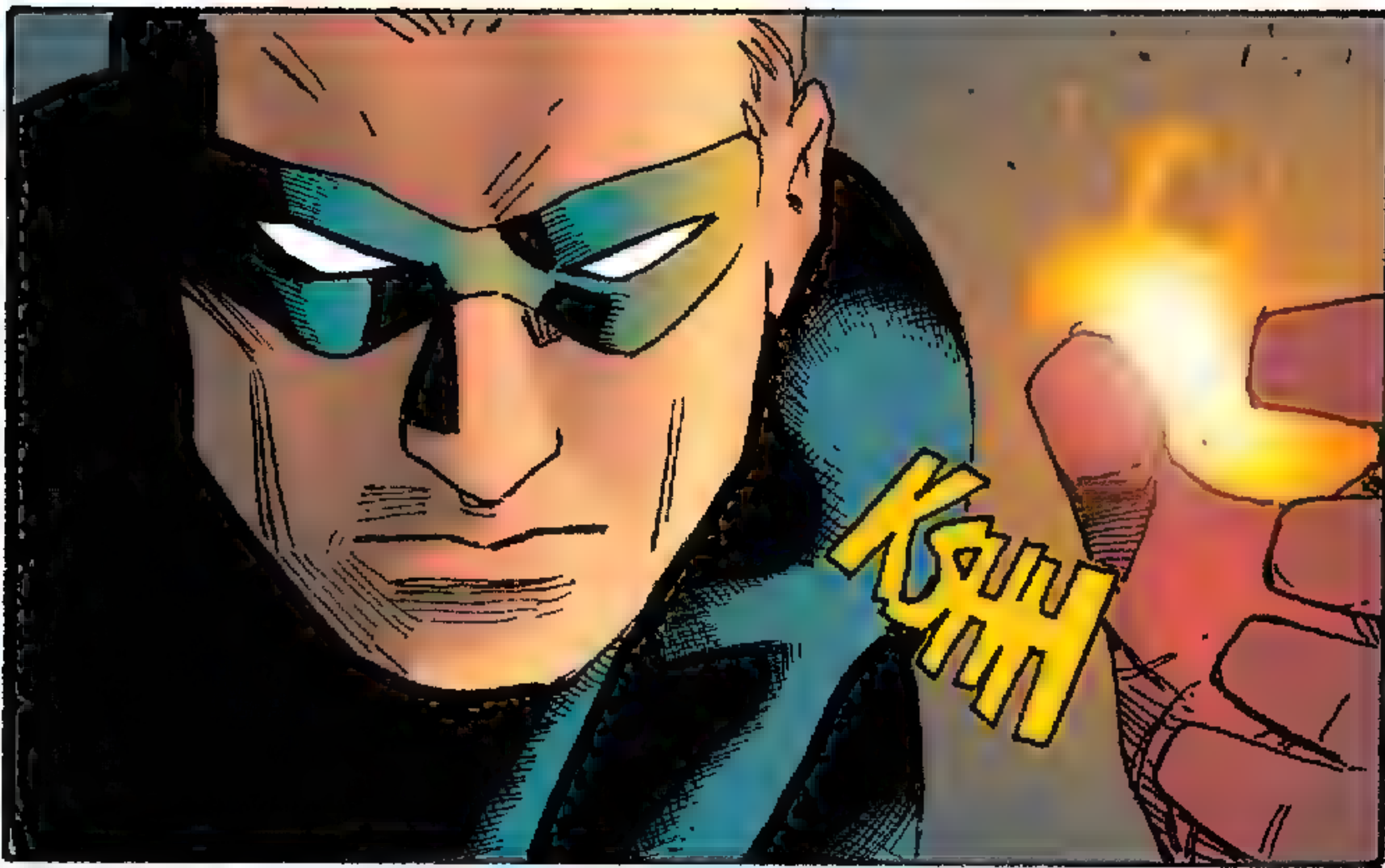
Nolan doesn't even *notice* all the *sub-* and *hyper-*sonics they're pumping in on *top* of the noise, but I feel them in my *skull*. I've got about three minutes before I *vomit*.

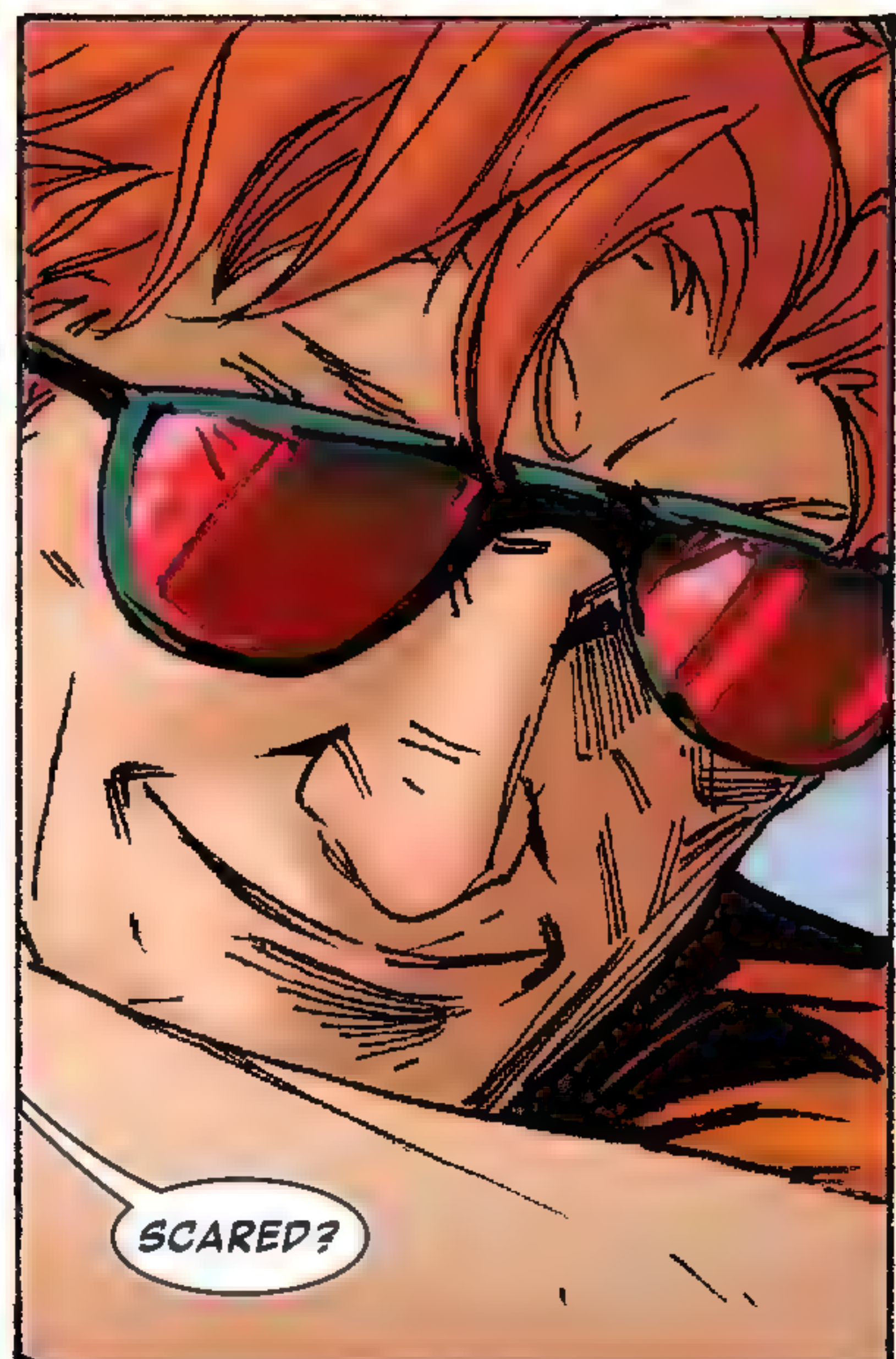
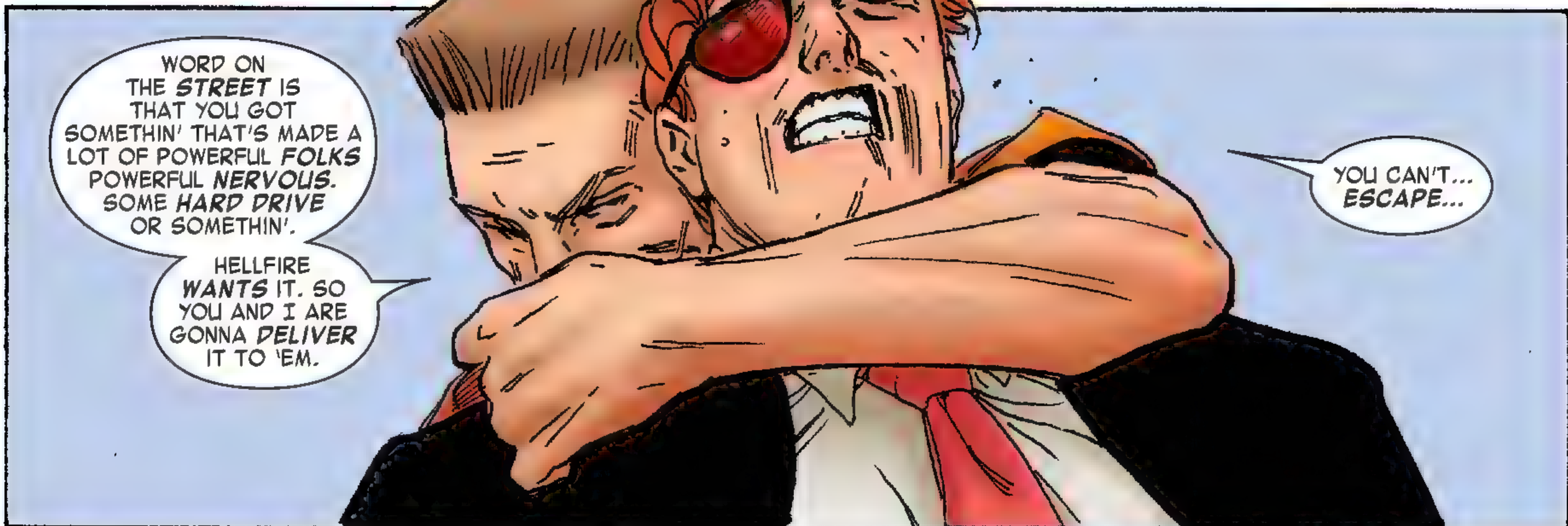
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"GO ON."

"I...

"...I DUNNO
THE REST."



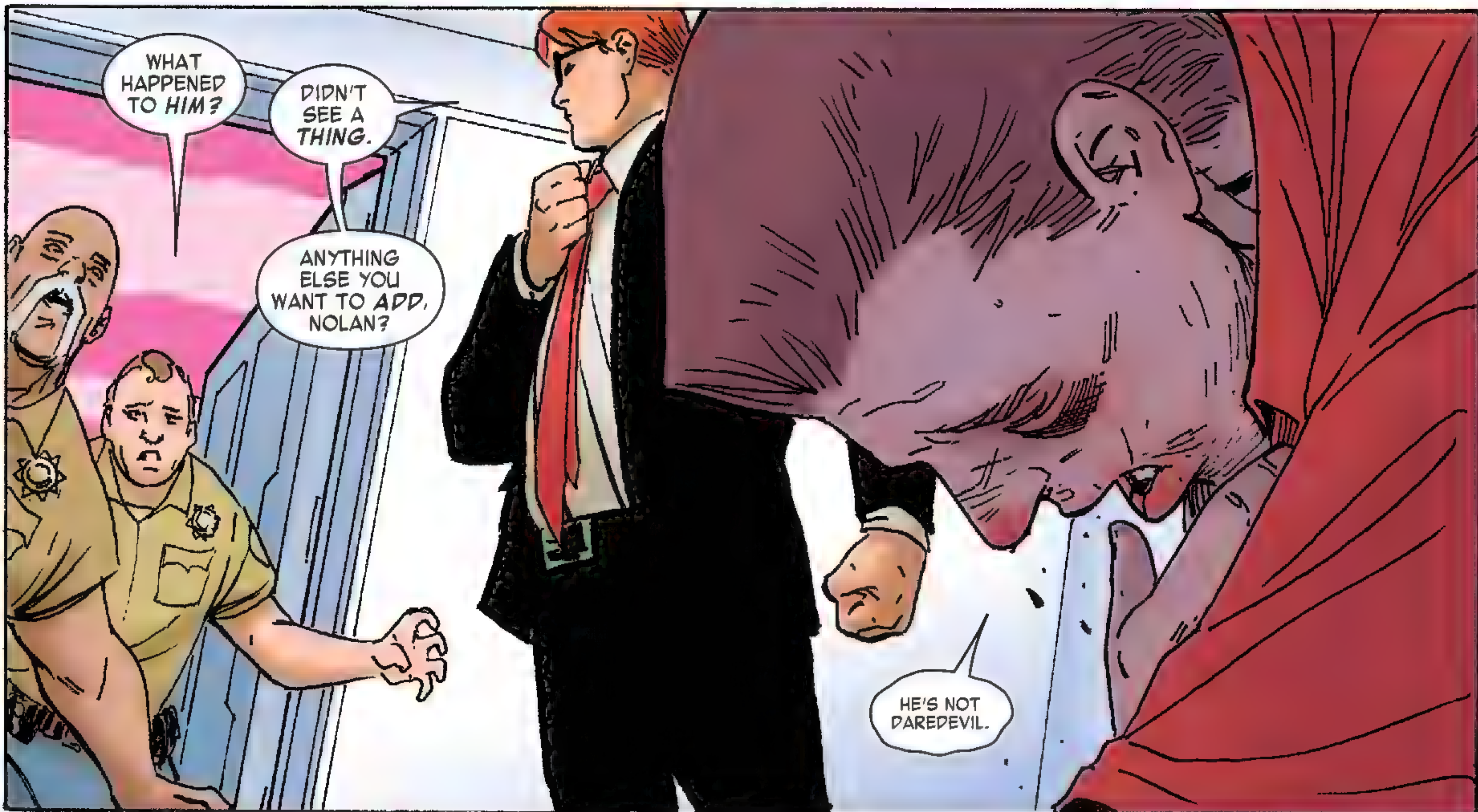




GUARD!
I'M DONE!
LET ME OUT!
GUARD!



HOLY--!



WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

DIDN'T
SEE A
THING.

ANYTHING
ELSE YOU
WANT TO ADD,
NOLAN?

HE'S NOT
DAREDEVIL.



WHAT WAS
THAT?

HE'S NOT
DAREDEVIL!
I SWEAR! MATT
MURDOCK ISN'T
DAREDEVIL!



AND THAT
CONCLUDES OUR
INTERVIEW.

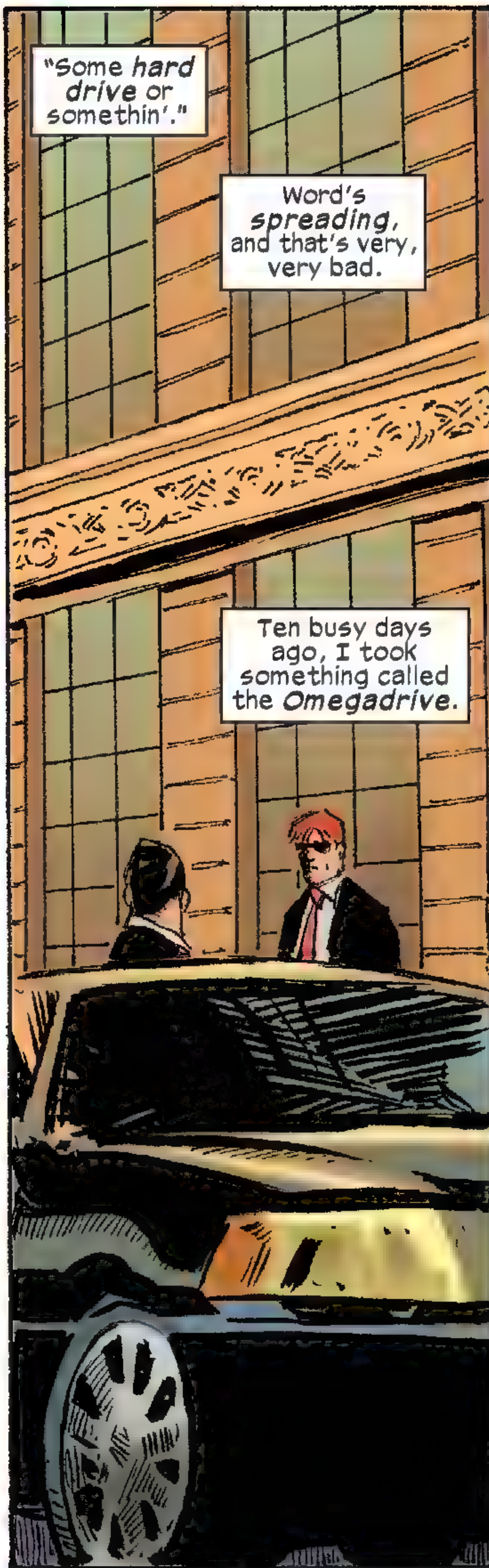
GENTLEMEN,
TELL THE WARDEN
I'LL BE FILING
NOLAN'S
APPEAL.



ARE YOU KIDDIN' ME? THAT LOWLIFE?

HIS TREATMENT IS STILL CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT BORDERING ON TORTURE.

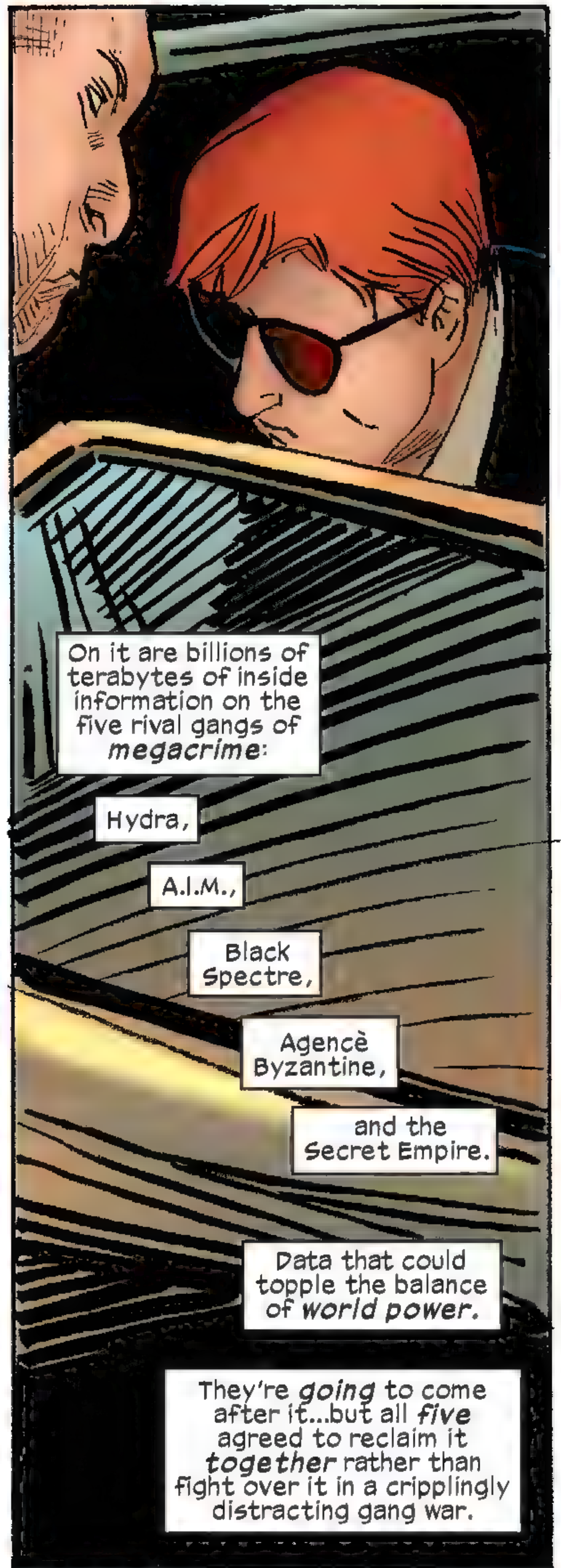
THAT HE DESERVES IT IS IMMATERIAL. I DON'T MAKE THE LAWS.



"Some hard drive or somethin'."

Word's *spreading*, and that's very, very bad.

Ten busy days ago, I took something called the *Omegadrive*.



On it are billions of terabytes of inside information on the five rival gangs of *megacrime*:

Hydra,

A.I.M.,

Black Spectre,

Agence Byzantine,

and the Secret Empire.

Data that could topple the balance of *world power*.

They're *going* to come after it...but all *five* agreed to reclaim it *together* rather than fight over it in a cripplingly distracting gang war.



Spectre's already made an ill-advised move on me since, though, and the others know the clock is *ticking*.

I'd bet *anything* one of them leaked word of this to The Hellfire Club (and who knows *who* else) so *they'd* grind me while Megacrime strategized.

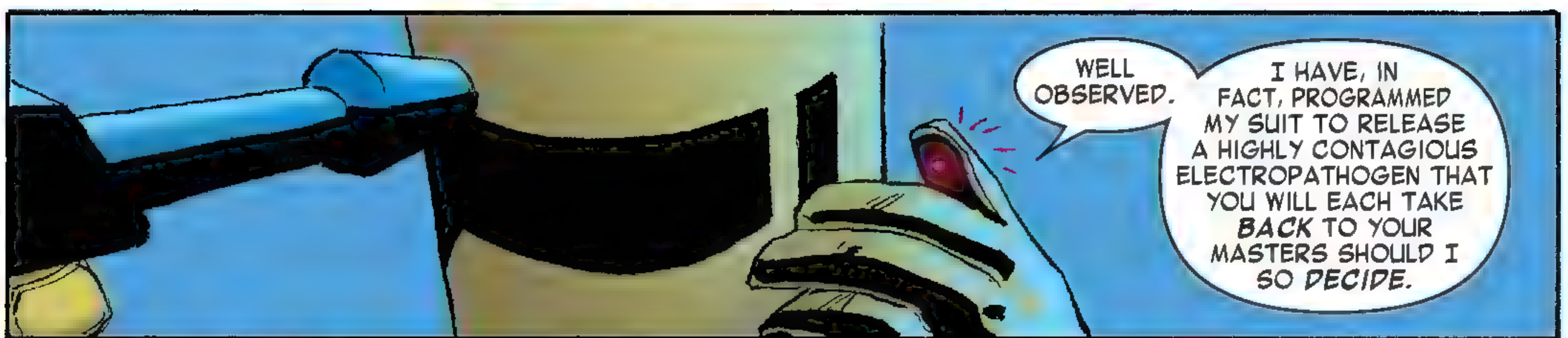
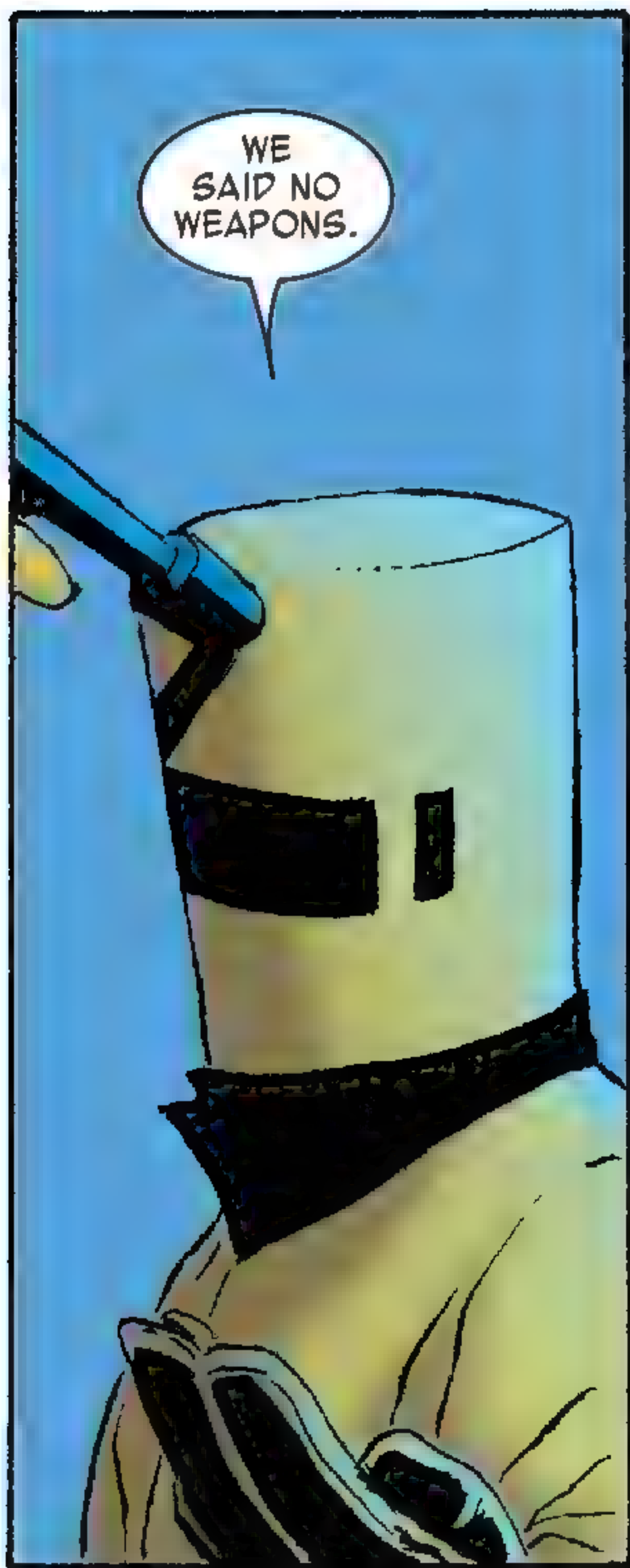


I can't just hand the drive off to the *Avengers*. Having it's the only leverage that saves Nelson & Murdock from being *nuked*.

But *holding* it makes me and everyone I *know* a *target*.

That leaves me with only *one* play.

**LATVERIAN EMBASSY,
NEW YORK CITY.**





AGREED. THAT SAID, THE **SECRET EMPIRE** IS PREPARED TO EQUIP A HYDRA ASSAULT TEAM WITH **TECHNOMANCER**--

--TOYS. MURDOCK IS WITH THE **AVENGERS** NOW. SUPPOSE HE CALLS THEM IN?

WHEN HAS THIS **SORCERY** YOU'VE SO RECENTLY EMBRACED EVER PROVEN EFFECTIVE AGAINST THEM?

NO. **BYZANTINE** AND A.I.M. HAVE DRAFTED A STEALTH AGENDA--



--AGAINST A LONE **BLIND MAN**? THIS WHOLE CONVERSATION IS **ABSRD!**

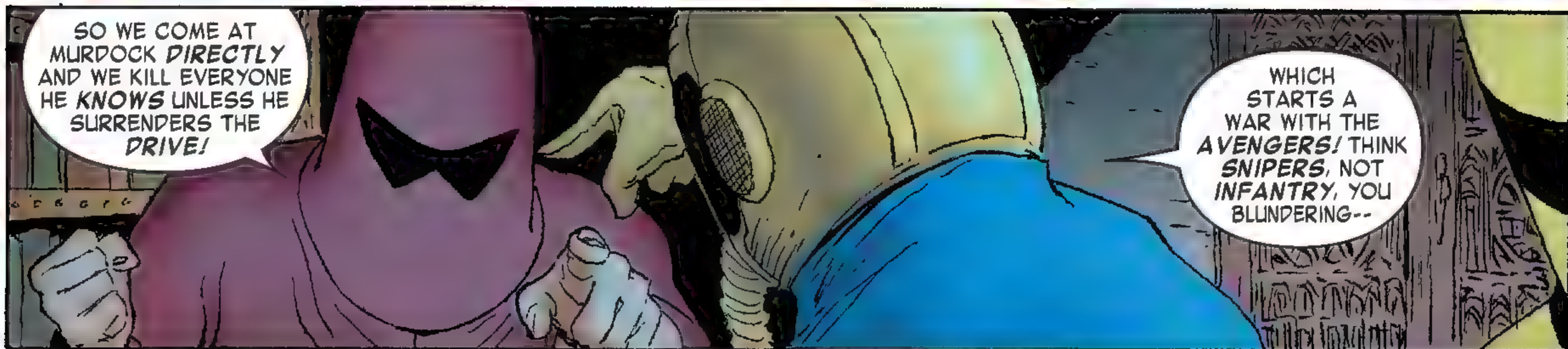
WE HAVE **TELEPATHS** AT OUR COMMAND! SO DOES **HYDRA**! ANY ONE OF OUR AGENCIES COULD **EASILY** HAVE TAKEN THE **OMEGADRIVE** FROM **PARDEVIL** BY NOW!



ONE, YES. BUT WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE THE **OTHER FOUR**? AT BEST, INDEBTED. AT WORST, **VULNERABLE**.

EITHER, **UNACCEPTABLE**.

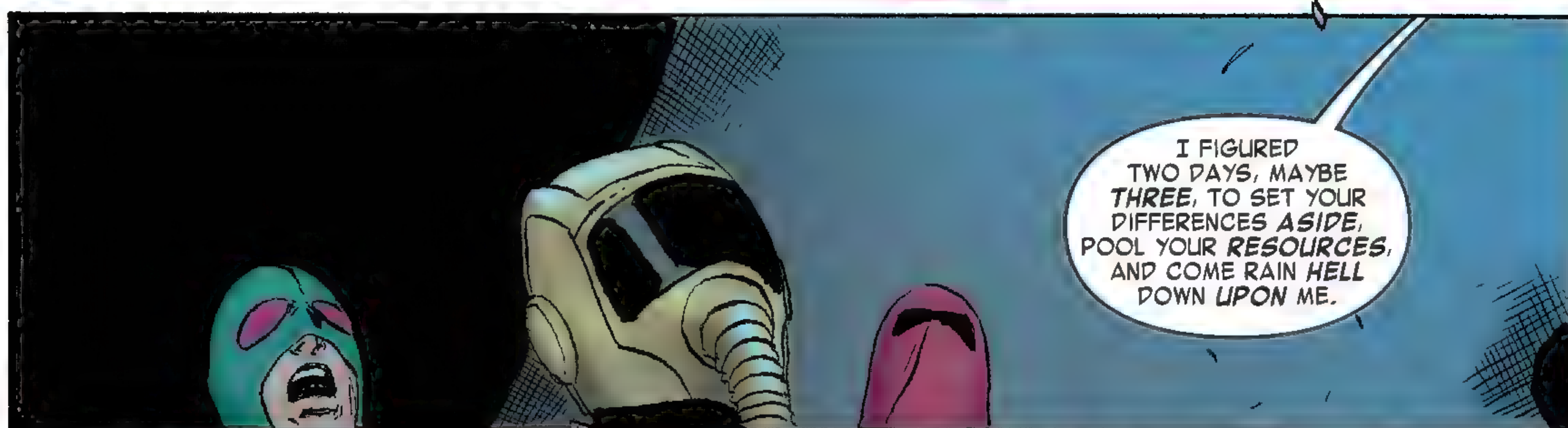
WE MUST COOPERATE **EQUALLY** IN THIS STRIKE, AND WE DO NOT LEAVE HERE WITHOUT A STRATEGY THAT GIVES NO ONE GROUP THE **ADVANTAGE**. THOSE ARE MY ORDERS. SO?

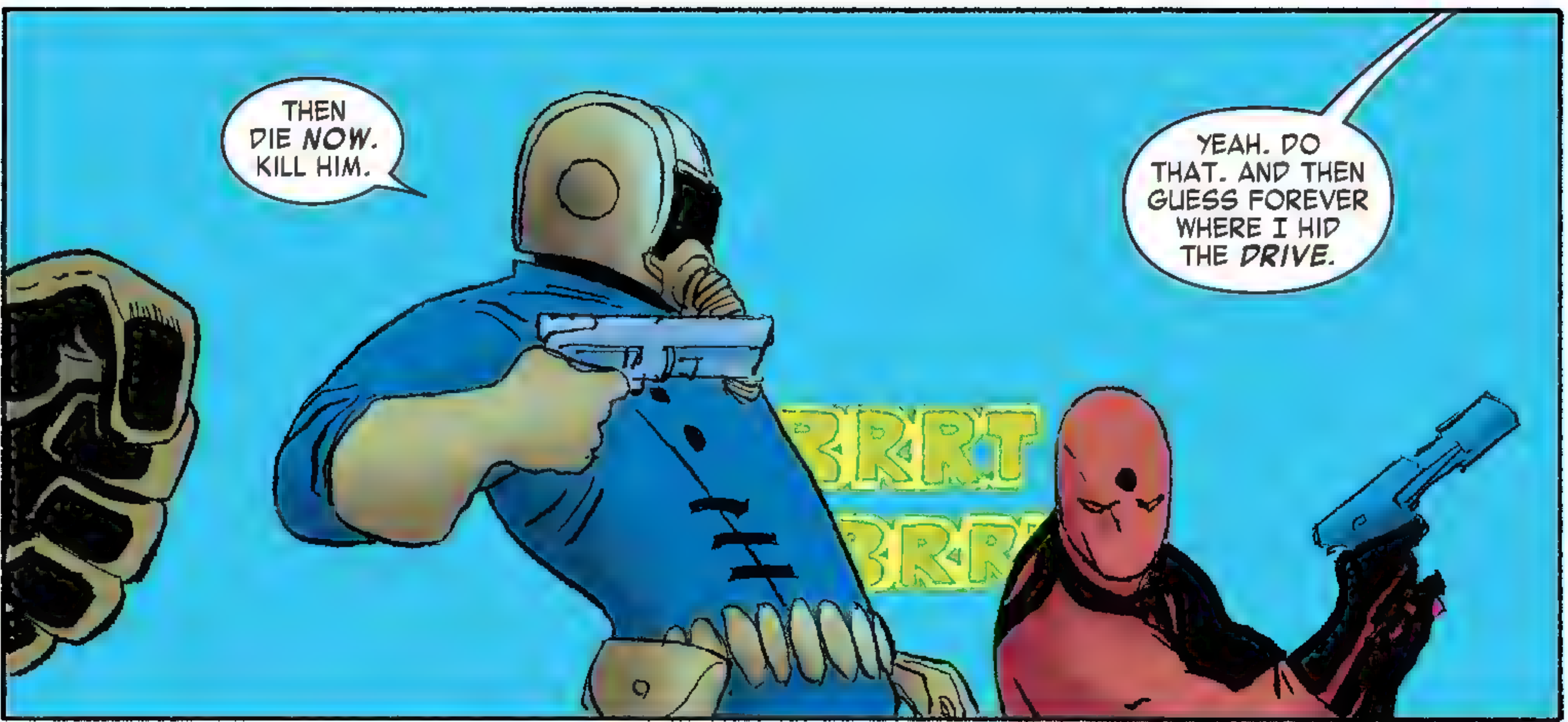


SO WE COME AT MURDOCK **DIRECTLY** AND WE KILL EVERYONE HE **KNOWS** UNLESS HE SURRENDERS THE **DRIVE!**

WHICH STARTS A WAR WITH THE **AVENGERS!** THINK **SNIPERS**, NOT **INFANTRY**, YOU BLUNDERING--









I HAD REED RICHARDS TRANSFER THE OMEGADRIVE DATA ON **BLACK SPECTRE** TO THE BUGLE'S SERVERS.

THEN I TOLD EVERYONE FROM THE **FEDS** TO THE **BOY SCOUTS** WHERE TO DOWNLOAD IT...AND ALL THEY'D FIND.

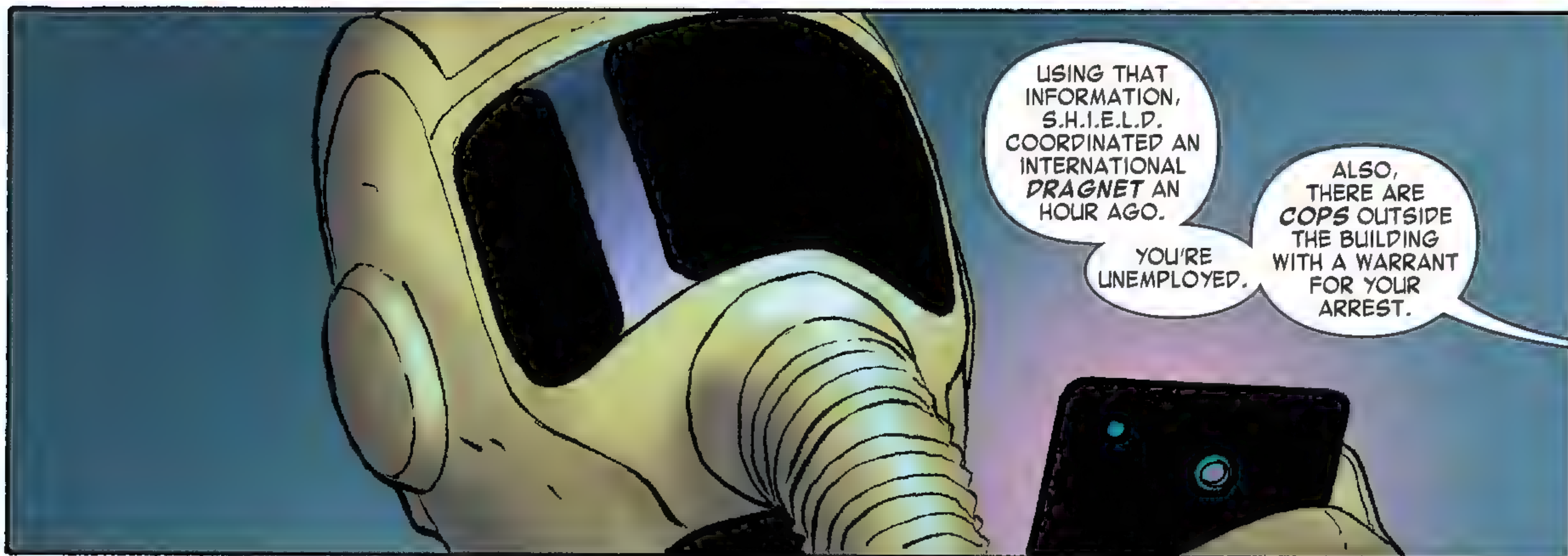


"STRONGHOLD LOCATIONS. GUNRUNNING TRANSACTIONS, ILLEGAL HOLDINGS.



"LEDGERS INCRIMINATING EVERY ONE OF THE FRONTS SPECTRE USES--USED--TO LAUNDER ITS BILLIONS--

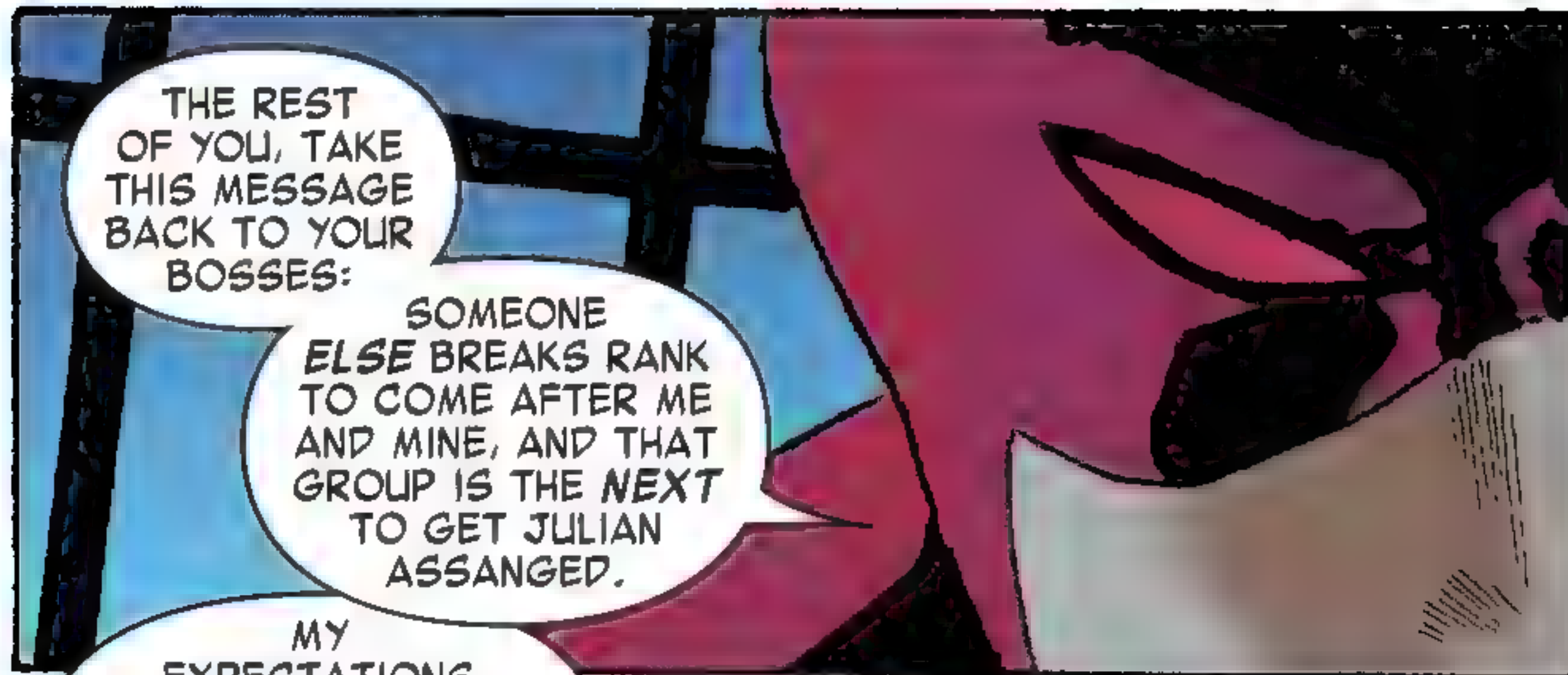
"--AND DAMNING DATA ON EVERYONE ABOVE JANITOR LEVEL."



USING THAT INFORMATION, S.H.I.E.L.D. COORDINATED AN INTERNATIONAL DRAGNET AN HOUR AGO.

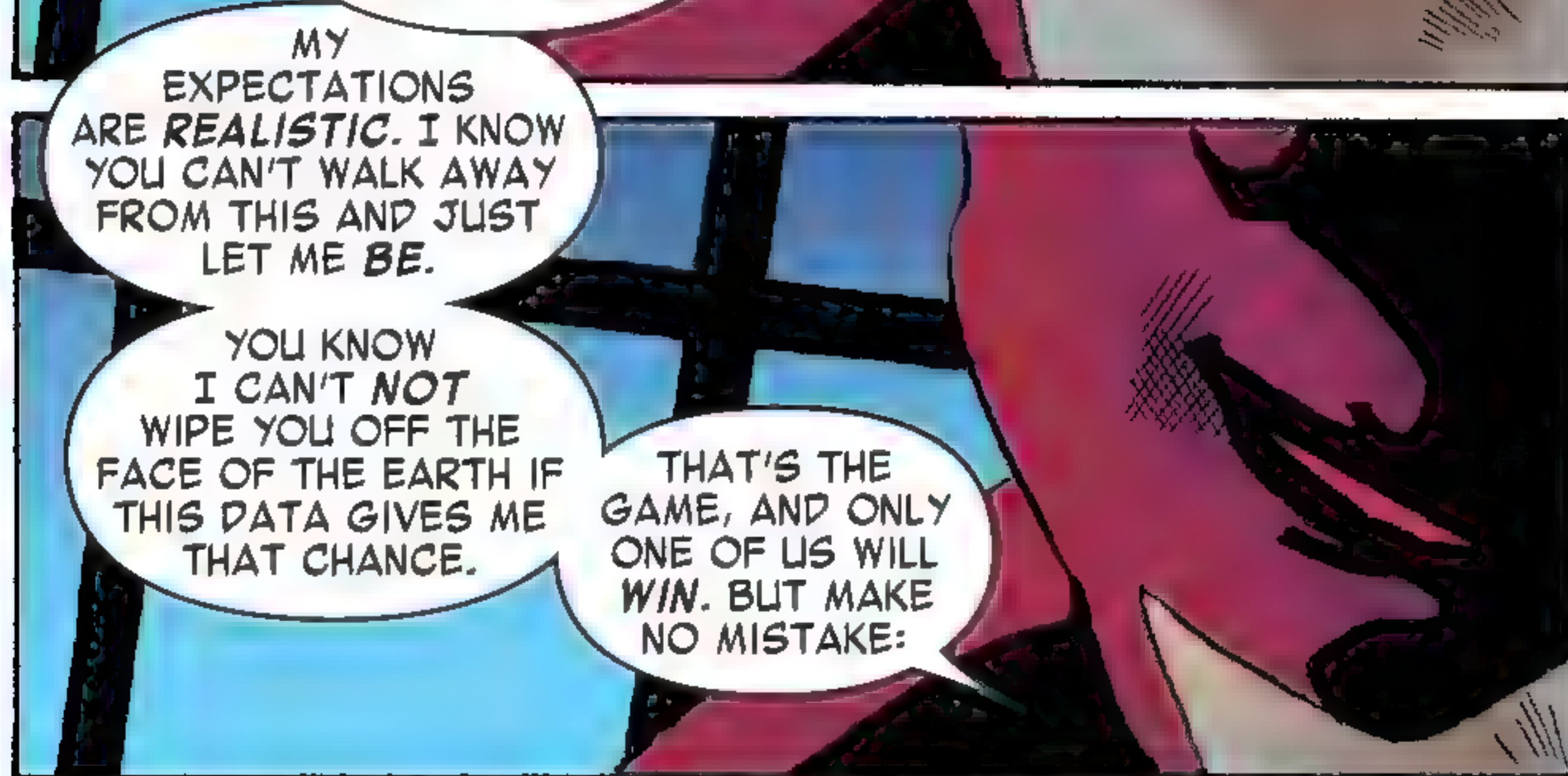
YOU'RE UNEMPLOYED.

ALSO, THERE ARE COPS OUTSIDE THE BUILDING WITH A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST.



THE REST
OF YOU, TAKE
THIS MESSAGE
BACK TO YOUR
BOSSSES:

SOMEONE
ELSE BREAKS RANK
TO COME AFTER ME
AND MINE, AND THAT
GROUP IS THE NEXT
TO GET JULIAN
ASSANGED.



MY
EXPECTATIONS
ARE *REALISTIC*. I KNOW
YOU CAN'T WALK AWAY
FROM THIS AND JUST
LET ME *BE*.

YOU KNOW
I CAN'T NOT
WIPE YOU OFF THE
FACE OF THE EARTH IF
THIS DATA GIVES ME
THAT CHANCE.

THAT'S THE
GAME, AND ONLY
ONE OF US WILL
WIN. BUT MAKE
NO MISTAKE:



RIGHT NOW,
I CONTROL THE
PIECES SO I
MAKE THE
RULES.

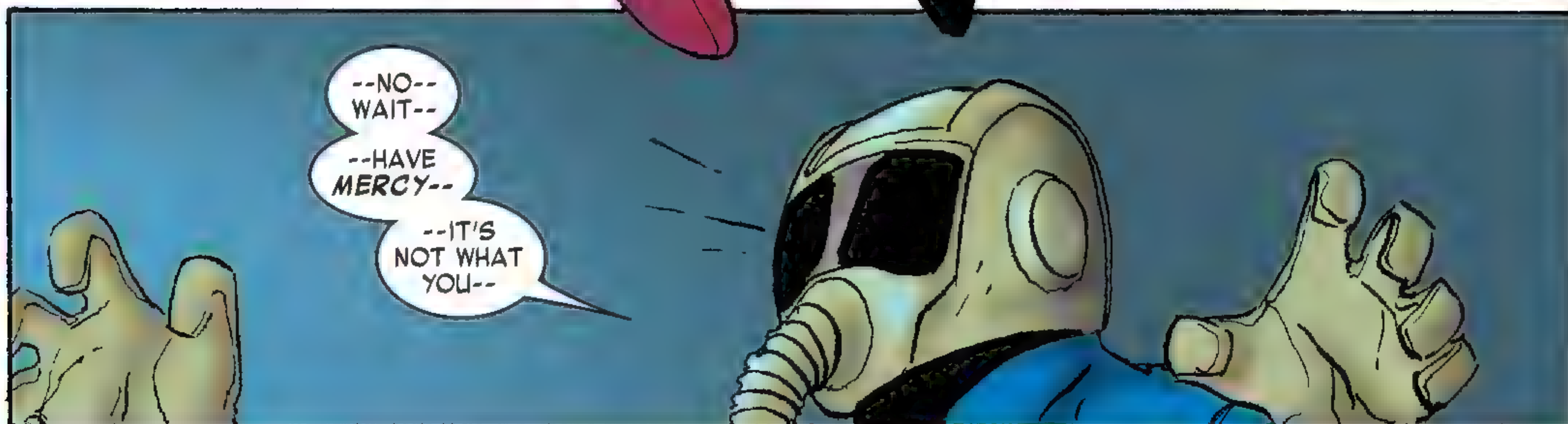
YOU WANT
TO CHANGE
THAT--



--YOU
KNOW
WHERE TO
FIND ME.

JUST
DO IT
QUICK.

AGREE ON
SOMETHING.



--NO--
WAIT--

--HAVE
MERCY--

--IT'S
NOT WHAT
YOU--



NEXT: ACT THREE

AMAZING DAREDEVIL



SEVEN MARVEL 50TH ANNIVERSARY VARIANT BY ALEX MALEEV



AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #677 VARIANT BY LEE BERMEJO



EIGHT VARIANT BY LEE BERMEJO

HORNHEAD AND THE WEB-SLINGER — TOGETHER AGAIN!

A piece of cutting-edge technology goes missing from Horizon Labs, and an unexpected visit from his friendly neighborhood Spider-Man sends Daredevil on a titanic team-up to track down the device and clear the Black Cat of the crime. But the wall-crawler and the Man Without Fear learn the hard way there's more to this heist than meets the eye, and the Black Cat is never completely innocent! And when someone exhumes the graves in a New York cemetery from the ground up — including Battlin' Jack Murdock's — Daredevil heads underground to find the nefarious villain responsible for the appalling desecration.

Plus: The hunt for the Omega Drive continues!

Collecting *Daredevil* #7-10 and #10.1, and *Amazing Spider-Man* #677 — written by Mark Waid; and illustrated by Paolo Rivera, Emma Rios, Kano and Khoi Pham.



MARVEL

